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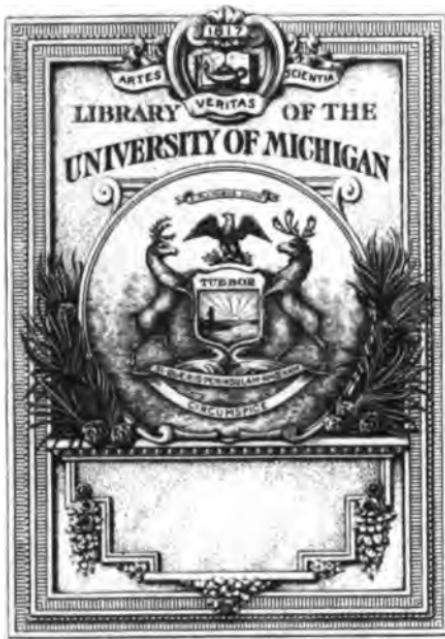
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.
CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.”

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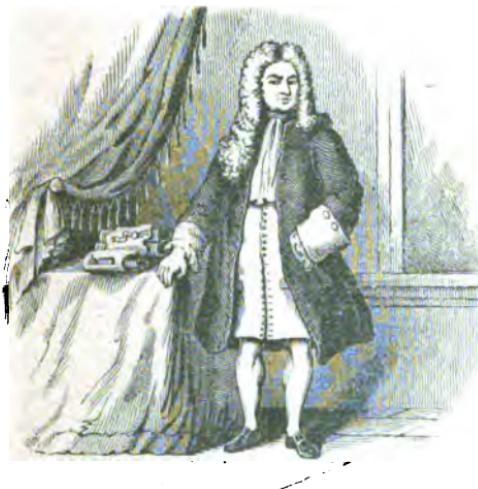
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. OCTOBER, 1871. No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE, JOHN H. HINCKS,
CHARLES C. DEMING, CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,
GEORGE RICHARDS.

THE INFLUENCE OF AUTHORITY.

THE chief characteristic which should distinguish a liberally educated man is the power of independent thought. He will, of course, in the process of his education, derive a certain number of other advantages. He will gain a certain degree of elegance and fluency in speech, a power of readily grasping facts, and a general breadth of view which men of limited culture are apt to lack. But these acquirements, though possessing a very high degree of importance, are not the direct object which education should aim to effect, but are to be regarded rather in the light of subsidiary advantages. Neither their intrinsic importance nor the difficulty of their acquisition will justify the expenditure of the amount of time which is ordinarily devoted to what is called a liberal education. But that result of education which is most valuable, that characteristic which makes an educated man a power and a useful servant in society, is the ability to form an accurate and independent judgment—the ability to deduce general principles from the mass of facts which are presented to him, and not simply to swal-

low them down without reference to any principle of classification and without any comprehension of their relations and inter-dependence.

To any one who has carefully examined the results of the discipline of Yale College it becomes apparent that, excellent as are many features of that discipline, it is not entirely successful in developing this power of independent thought. The college succeeds, it is true, in sending out a fair percentage of good scholars—men who have a creditable knowledge of the studies of the course, and who possess very considerable powers of acquisition. But of independent thinkers it must be confessed that it manages to turn out very few. We naturally think of a college as a place where all the questions which agitate the age are fermenting. We naturally suppose that, in an institution where men are devoting themselves solely to the cultivation of their minds, there will be a keen appreciation of those questions which are uppermost in society at the present time. We expect to see students active partisans in the various questions of politics, of finance, of social order, of education, of science, of religion. At all events, we look to see them keen critics of the subjects which they pursue in their studies, to see various theories prevalent in regard to this or that historical character, the literary merit of this or that classic, to this doctrine of philosophy or to that dogma of moral science, or teaching of political economy. But are our expectations justified? How many men in a class have any well-defined political views? How many can take up a newspaper and form judgments of their own upon questions of public interest from a simple perusal of the news columns? How many can point out the superiority of our system of national banking over the system which it superceded? How many can discuss intelligently the various labor problems, or educational theories, or the inroads of science upon religious dogma? Or, to come down to matters in which we are daily employed, how common is it to hear any question raised—other than of the most superficial character—in regard to the studies of the course? Who

praises the beauty of this or that line, criticises the force of this or that sentence, or questions the truth of any position which is laid down in the text-book or put forth orally by the instructor?

It is not, of course, desirable that men should be bookish or pedantic. It is not desirable that they should let their minds dwell so exclusively upon their own pursuits that they can find no other topics of conversation than such as are suggested by them. But, on the other hand, it is not too much to expect that men whose professed occupation is the culture of their minds should give evidence of the possession of a reasonable degree of independent thought, if not in matters which interest the world at large, at least in matters which they make their daily study.

We can hardly account for this deficiency on the ground of the crudeness and immaturity of youth. In a well-developed mind there is some sort of proportion between its powers of acquisition and reflection. It will be readily admitted that there is no branch of knowledge so difficult that it cannot be successfully pursued by intelligent young men of the average age of students. There is no study of the curriculum which they do not or may not readily comprehend. Why, then, do they not exhibit a corresponding maturity in their reflective powers?

The reason for this failure we believe to be the fact that the system of instruction here is based too much upon the spirit of authority. In the ordinary requirements of the course there is very little to call into exercise any other faculties of the mind than the power to absorb such facts, thoughts and opinions as may be placed before it. Outside of the composition exercises and forensic disputations, whose tendency after all is to lead the student to display such thoughts as he already possesses, rather than to stimulate and train such powers as are undeveloped, there may be said to be almost nothing at all. From the very outset, independent thinking is discouraged by the custom of marking daily recitations. The strong motive which this system puts before every student

to obtain the highest mark in each lesson that he can, induces to an intellectual process which may be called a sort of mental gagging. The student, naturally supposing that an instructor will place a higher value upon his own opinion or upon the opinion of the text-book than upon any he may advance, endeavors to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the words of the text-book or tutor. If he does not stultify his intellectual and moral sense by repeating, often slavishly, what he does not fully understand or believe, he at least is pursuing a course which is utterly subversive of intellectual independence. But the system of daily marking is not all. There is hardly a recitation room in the college where questions are invited—least of all a discussion. But there are recitation rooms where a question would be regarded as almost an insult. In general, it may be said that, from the time a student comes here till the time he gets through, the last faculty, apparently, which he is expected to exercise is his judgment. He is expected to listen, but not to ask questions; to receive, but not to criticise. He is not expected to form an opinion himself, but to learn other people's opinions. It is not necessary nor is it desirable to enter into particulars. But a general fact is one which will be admitted by any candid observer who is familiar with the circumstances of the case.

It is easy to see how such a state of affairs may have arisen. Up to a certain point of mental development, authority must be the ruling spirit of instruction. Doubtless there has been a time in the history of Yale College, when the age of its students and the nature of its curriculum rendered little other instruction necessary than a simple drill in facts. That time has gone by, but the system which then prevailed would seem to be handed down after the foundation upon which it was built has passed away.

We hear complaints, from time to time, of a lack of enthusiasm in study. We hear dissatisfaction expressed by the alumni at the result of Yale's training. We hear slurs cast upon the value of a collegiate education. We

are pointed to men of brilliant scholarship who, in certain directions, give no more evidence of strength of mind than so many children. And we are asked if this is the result of our boasted training.

All of these complaints run back to the same cause. They are all, consciously or unconsciously, protests against the spirit of authority. They remind us that a system which forces the memory at the expense of the judgment cannot excite the highest enthusiasm for study nor produce strong and independent thinkers.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN COLLEGE.

A SHORT time since, there appeared a book by Wilkie Collins, entitled "Man and Wife." It is said by many that the object of this work was to bring into disrepute what is popularly called "training." It is, in the first place, by no means the opinion of all his readers that such was his intention. But, granting to the opponents of training that this was his object, and granting to the story all the arguments that it can carry, just what does it amount to?

The hero, Geoffrey Delmaine, is followed through a course of physical training which demoralizes him and eventually causes his death. No evidence is given us that the story is a true one, none whatever that it is founded on other than partially selected facts.

In his famous poem—"Rosalind and Helen," Shelley endeavored, some years ago, to show, by a comparison of two entirely hypothetical cases, the disadvantage of the honorable institution of marriage. The verdict of the day was that, as an argument, the poem was an utter failure. Equally irrelevant is the attack, if an attack, of Mr. Collins upon the also honorable institution of training.

Argument from suppositions is entirely invalid, since one supposititious case is as good as another. We have in

this book no physician's statement to back the intimation that training was the cause of the visionary boatman's death, save the imaginary declaration of a medical expert created for the occasion. Nor does the argument admit the possibility of an advantageous use of the system. Complaint is never brought against mental discipline, nor against competition for scholarships or literary prizes, because of the overwork which sometimes attends such efforts. The mind in its preparation for such struggles is just as much worked beyond what it has been or expects to be accustomed to, as the body in preparation for any physical contests. And this is the one grand objection laid against training. The exertion of twenty minutes of boat-racing, which is forgotten twenty minutes after, is no more a physical strain than it is a mental strain for a scholar to sit down to a table and write off at an examination the results of preceding study.

Mr. Collins confounds sequence with consequence. He would have found a first-rate exemplification of his theories in the fate of the late Renforth. The verdict of the physicians who attended the oarsman in his last moments was, of death from congestion of the lungs, brought on by over-exertion and excitement. Granted. Many others have, after training, shown symptoms of heart disease. Granted. What, then, is the advantage of such exercise? A general elevation of the muscular system and great increase of action in the vital organs; a general toning up of the system, which enables it at the time and afterward to throw off disease more easily and to bear fatigue with less injury.

Now, these ends are not to be accomplished without risk. There is danger in vaccination of the development, not production, of skin disease. If, too, a man's abdominal muscles be weak, he stands two chances in training; one of wiping out the defect, another of rupture; his own care will determine which. So with heart disease. So, also, with congestion. Mr. Renforth, probably, had a disposition to congestion which was aggravated by over-training or carelessness. Either might have brought it

upon him without predisposition. The writer would state from his own experience that, having commenced a long course of training with the double disadvantage of abdominal weakness and a tendency to congestion, he is now about as free from either as men generally get to be. His intimate friend has been told by his physician that his judicious exercise, practiced for and culminating in a University race, saved him from death by heart disease.

But, perhaps, more men injure themselves than profit by such a course. More men die from knowing than from not knowing how to swim. Shall I therefore refuse to learn? Men are more often hurt by riding horses than by sitting still in the house. Shall I therefore stay at home? If a man is content with that half existence which is the necessary consequence of the half development of his powers, bodily or mental; if he is sure that there is no danger in avoiding danger, let him do as he has done. But if he will feel within himself the ability to meet the fatigues of life with a positive pleasure; if he will feel that he is a man complete in every fibre, let him strenuously cultivate his body as well as his mind; and let him understand, too, that a cool head in such matters will reduce the risk to a very low figure.

But to return to that phantom which has so troubled Mr. Collins' readers. It is claimed that Geoffrey Delmaine changed, by his training, a naturally good fellow into a beast, and we are called upon to draw from this particular case the general conclusion that great physical development debases the moral quality.

Large dogs are notably more tolerant than small ones. Strong men are of more even disposition than weak ones. The feeling of extraordinary power should, and most generally does, impress the idea of an imposed trust; it inspires a feeling of generosity toward the weaker. The University men have not been the teasers of their classmates, the placers of bent pins upon seats, the general tormentors of their fellows. It is not the strong man who does this, under cover of superior strength. It is the puny boy, relying on the generosity of his victim.

Training does not develope the appetites, except the appetites for wholesome food and drink, and a marked preference for roast beef over pie. This quality, perhaps brutal, it does develope—perfect fearlessness and indomitable pluck. Its moral influence is of the first order. The strict maintenance of a tedious course of discipline, with a complete abstinence from all improper diet and habits through long weeks and months, makes no ordinary demand upon genuine energy and manliness. It marks itself upon the character for a life-time. And if the man wins his race, he will remember it and swear by it, and not be found wanting when the next strain is brought to bear upon his manliness. And even defeat will not harm him, for, if he has done his best, he will be proud of that, and if he hasn't he will try harder the next time. Thus much for himself.

Now, further, he helps to bring exercise into popularity. Medical men tell us that we suffer more from lack of proper exercise than from any other cause. The chief advantage of training has not been to our University crews. The inter-collegiate races have popularized the oar, which was at one time rather in disrepute. It is generally admitted to be the best implement of exercise, calling into action, as it does or should do, every important muscle. The impulse has been felt in minor colleges, and students all over the country pull at the oar instead of lying on their backs, because, forsooth, we of Yale and Harvard pull, and it's the thing, and they want to do as other fellows do. And so, from colleges to business offices the influence spreads, doing more good in its ramifications than at the trunk, because less liable to be overdone.

Who can tell how much the general health of our young men in this country has been benefited by the different exercises which we have popularized? Let us not forget that we are at the bottom of it all, and that so surely as we let base ball and running matches, boating and the necessary training die out at Yale and Harvard, so surely this impulse for physical exertion will wear itself out; for young men in these matters do very generally follow our example.

E. T. O.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

In this sonnet the poet says that on Good Friday, in the church of Santa Clara in Avignon, he became enamoured of Laura, and blames Love for not causing at that time in her a like effect.

It was the day when the Sun his bright rays was obscuring,
 Through his compassion as life from his Maker departed,
 When my freedom I lost in a moment unguarded,
 Your lovely eyes, O Lady, my homage securing.
 Time it seemed not to be for raising defenses
 'Gainst the assaults of Love, so went I unfeigning,
 Careless and free from suspicion, and hence my complaining,
 In the great sorrow of all pious mortals commences.
 Love stole upon me unheeding and stripped of all armor.
 Found to my heart, by my eyes, the way unprotected
 Since of our tears, they are made the issue and portal.
 So, to my seeming, the god no great glory effected
 When he had pierced me defenseless, alone, with his arrow
 Showing not even his bow to you armed and immortal.

THE CASKET LETTERS.—AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

THAT Mary, Queen of Scots, was the most incompetent ruler that could be inflicted upon a nation in a period of revolution; that she evidently misunderstood the era which she attempted to guide; that she was a trifler in the midst of the gravest environments, and that she used the fascination of a most charming person and the grace of a most polished mind for the mere purpose of captivating and ensnaring admirers, abundantly appears upon the pages of her most uncompromising defenders. Whether she was guilty of adultery with Bothwell, whether she connived with him to murder her husband, and whether she, by transcending Clytemnestra in guilt, furnishes additional weight to the maxim that “truth

is stranger than fiction," depends, in a great degree, upon the correct answer to the question: "Were the casket letters genuine or forged?"

These famous letters derive their name from an elegantly enameled silver casket which Mary brought with her from France and gave to the Earl of Bothwell, her subsequent husband. In it he preserved her letters to himself, some love sonnets written by Mary, a bond signed at Seton, in which Mary pledged herself to marry him as soon as his separation from his "pretended wife" should be accomplished by form of law, and another bond, drawn up at Craigmillar, contemplating the murder of Darnley. These documents were, of course, of inestimable value to Bothwell, both as a proof that he acted not as principal but as accomplice in the murder of Mary's lawful husband, and as a check upon her in case she should wish to discard him when she no longer needed him for her atrocious designs.

After the murder of Ritzio by a band of assassins, of which Darnley was the leader, the queen and her husband had been separated, until they were compelled to meet at Stirling, where the right of baptism was administered to their only son. Previous to this, the court had been at Craigmillar, where the bond was signed in which certain noblemen banded themselves together for the murder of the King. At Stirling, to the surprise of everybody, the Queen pardoned Morton, who was in exile in consequence of his participation in the Ritzio murder, and pardoned, also, all but two of the noblemen whom Darnley informed his wife had been co-conspirators with him in the crime. According to Froude "the proclamation of Morton's pardon was his (Darnley's) death knell, and the same night, swiftly, without word spoken or leave taken he stole away from Stirling and fled to his father. That at such a crisis he should have been attacked by a sudden and dangerous illness was, to say the least of it, a singular coincidence. A few miles from the castle blue spots broke out over his body, and he was carried into Glasgow languid and drooping with a disease which the court and the friends of the

court were pleased to call small pox." The Queen spent her Christmas with Bothwell at Drummond Castle, and in a few days returned to Stirling, while Bothwell went south to receive the exiles. On the 14th of January she carried the Prince to Edinburgh, where Bothwell joined her. From this place she wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, complaining of Darnley's conduct, while he himself was lying sick, and she was living with Bothwell. On the 23d she determined to visit Darnley, and set out for Glasgow, accompanied by her lover. They spent the night at Callendar, and in the morning Bothwell returned to Edinburgh while she continued on to Glasgow.

On arriving at Glasgow, and after her first interview with the King, it is presumed that she wrote to Bothwell the first of the casket letters, in the following terms :

"I pretend that I believe what he (Darnley) says ; you never saw him better or heard him speak more humbly. If I did not know that his heart was wax and mine a diamond wherein no shot can enter but that which comes from your hand, I could almost have had pity on him ; but fear not, the plan shall hold to the death. * * * * * He has ever a tear in his eye ; he desires I should feed him with my own hands. I am doing what I hate. Would you not laugh to see me lie so well, and dissemble so well, and tell truth betwixt my hands. We are coupled with two bad companions. The Devil sundered us and God knit us together to be the most faithful couple that ever he united. This is my faith—I will die in it. I am writing to you while the rest are sleeping, since I cannot sleep as they do, and as I would desire—that is in your arms, my dear love ; whom I pray God preserve from all evil and send you repose."*

From these two brief extracts can be inferred the tone and animus of the casket letters.

On departing from Edinburgh Bothwell entrusted this precious box to Sir James Balfour, his confidential friend, and a party to the Craigmillar bond. After the unexpected defeat and hasty flight from Carberry Hill, Bothwell sent a servant to relieve Balfour of his trust and restore to him the casket, which, since the capture of Mary, was doubly valuable to him. Sir James gave the casket to the messenger, but at the same time sent secret

* Froude, Vol. VIII.

intelligence of his act to the Earl of Morton, who waylaid the bearer and captured these most conclusive proofs against the writer of complicity with the murder.

It will be necessary, for a moment, to explain Balfour's conduct. He was drawn into the conspiracy at Craigmellar because he believed, as the bond states, that "it was expedient and profitable for the common weal that such a young fool and proud tyrant (as the King) should not bear rule of them," and he was totally ignorant that he was being deceived by Bothwell, or that the murder was only to serve him as a stepping stone to Darnley's place. When, now, he perceived the relation between the Queen and Bothwell and became aware of the deception, indignant at being duped, he betrayed his friends, as was the custom in those wild times, to their enemies. I am thus particular in relating his conduct, because the fact that the casket passed through the Earl of Morton's hands has been considered proof against their authenticity, whereas, by explaining the action of Sir James Balfour, one can readily discover the reason of the transfer. If the letters contained in this casket are genuine, no ingenuity of argument, even when aided by that sentiment of gallantry which always pleads for Mary in every generous bosom, can withstand their testimony against the Queen. If forged, like meaner culprits, she is entitled to the benefit of a doubt.

From a careful examination of an author whom Robertson draws upon for his views, who has "inquired into the affairs of that period with great industry, and has published a demonstration of the forgery of the casket letters," I am able to gather the following reasons for doubting their authenticity. The writer finds his argument upon evidence internal and external. His evidence internal, briefly stated, is as follows:—

1. The *French* copy is plainly a translation from Buchanan's *Latin* copy, which is only a translation of the *Scottish* copy, and hence the assertion that Mary wrote them in French is groundless, and the whole letters are gross forgeries.

2. The style and composition of the letters are unworthy of the Queen and unlike her real productions.

3. There are many variations in the version where interpolations have been introduced, and direct statements have been made in them of facts which “he knows” to be untrue.

4. The second letter agrees precisely with Crawford’s deposition, showing that the material of the letter was derived from his testimony.

His external proof is based on the following grounds:—

1. The erroneous and contradictory accounts which are given of the letters upon the first judicial production of them. In the council, Dec. 4, 1567, they are described as “her privie letters written and subscrbit with her awin hand.” In the act of parliament for the 15th of the same month they are described as “her privie letters *written* (not subscribed) halelie with her awin hand.”

2. They clash with chronology.

3. They passed through the Earl of Morton’s hands—the most unscrupulous of all Mary’s enemies.

4. They were never examined publicly, since Cecil has left on record that, on the only occasion when they could have been properly examined, that examination was conducted in the most confused and hurried manner.

Lastly. The conduct of the nobles confederated against Mary, in not producing them directly as testimony against her, is held as a proof of their being forged. The casket was seized on the 20th of June, 1567, and the letters were not exhibited until Dec. 4th of the same year.

These objections have been answered by other authors, who have also “inquired carefully into the affairs of that period.” In regard to the French originals, it is affirmed that, even granting the author’s statement that they were copies of Buchanan’s Latin translation, the author’s conclusion will not follow unless he proves that the French originals, as we now have them, are a true copy of those which Murray produced in the Scottish Parliament, the Parliament at York, and at Westminster.

2. In answer to the objection concerning the style and composition, it must be remembered that most of these letters were written late at night and in great haste, many of them closing with such expressions as "I am writing to you while the rest are sleeping," "It is late," "Pray excuse the style," "My mind is so wrought up that I can hardly think." Persons writing letters of such a character are not apt to pay the closest attention to style, especially when the letters were intended for Bothwell's own eye, and some of which she advises him to "burn, for they are dangerous and nothing is well said in them." When it is objected that they are indecent and unworthy of the Queen, can we not look at her actions and see that a woman who could *do* the things of which she is known to be guilty, could *write* things indecent and unworthy of a high position and unsullied reputation? In addition to this there are extant letters of Mary to the Duke of Norfolk (the authenticity of which is undoubted), in which she declares her love to that nobleman "in language which would now be reckoned extremely indelicate."

3. We can readily account for the variations in the versions, when we remember that her own friends admit that the letters were translated and re-translated from Latin to Scotch and from Scotch back to French again. The facts in them which her defender "knows to be untrue" he neglects to bring forward.

To the last of his objections, internal, that the material of the second letter was derived from Crawford's testimony, we need only say, that such an objection can work both ways. It is more probable that Crawford gave his testimony in accordance with the letter than that the letter was drawn up and "forged" from the statements in his evidence. If the letter and the evidence agree, is it a proof that the letter was forged, or that the evidence is an accurate statement of the contents of the letter?

The first of the external objections, in regard to the erroneous and contradictory statements given of the letters, is one which can be accounted for either as a blunder

of the clerk, or, as Hume explains it: "The letters may have been only written by her, the contract was only subscribed. A proper, accurate distinction was not made, and they are all said to have been written and subscribed."

The second objection we have not space to answer, or by a comparison to settle this question of clashing chronology, but, in passing, we must give prominence to the following facts. The letters were seized in 1567. In 1570 the Bishop of Ross wrote his "Defence of Mary's Honour." It is almost impossible that he should not have seen a copy of these letters, inasmuch as Mary herself had obtained one from Maitland. If there were in the letters such anachronisms as our author asserts, is it possible that she herself, who knew her own motions, or that her able defender, should not have exposed misdates which would have been fatal to their authenticity?

The specification in regard to the examination of the letters, founded upon Cecil's assertion, can be best answered by reference to a letter written by Cecil to Sir Henry Norris, the English Ambassador in France. The letter is dated ten days after the contents of the casket were laid before the meeting of the privy councillors and peers, and informs him, concerning the letters, that, "being a commissioner, I must and will forbear to pronounce anything herein *certainly*, though, as a private person, I cannot but with horror and trembling think thereof." As a direct counter assertion to the presumption that they were once only hastily examined, Hume and Robertson both affirm that Mary's defenders had every opportunity, time and time again, to prove their forgery, but were unable to do so. A writer in the *Westminster Review*, after stating by whom they were examined, sums up his opinion of these letters in the following sentence:

"The Roman Catholic peers were also summoned to the Queen's council, to assist in the investigation, and pronounced these letters authentic, and, therefore, we are to suppose that the leading nobility of England, the ablest lawyers, the Bishops, Elizabeth herself, her ministers, the leaders of the Protestant party, all united in a fraud without parallel for baseness in all history, while Mary's commissioners, instructed by herself, were so infatuated as to neglect the only ground on which they could stand, and, by their own silence or evasion to confirm every worst conclusion against her."

I am prevented, by want of space, from answering at length the last objection, concerning the delay of the nobles in bringing forward these letters as proof against the Queen. It is, however, abundantly answered by Robertson, who assigns, as the cause of this delay, "the delicate and perilous situation of the confederates at this juncture."

With one more reason in favor of their authenticity we will close. Had Murray and his party any reason or necessity for undergoing the danger of the forgery? No. Their cause was sufficiently good and justifiable from Mary's known actions. Let us observe her conduct during the plot against and after the murder of her husband.

While she is with Darnley at Glasgow and continuing her correspondence with Bothwell, she becomes reconciled to her husband; she acts the part of the gracious mistress, she promises to live with him, as soon as he shall recover, she recommends the air of Craigmillar and acts her part with such success that he promises "to do all she would have him do, and love all that she loved." When he was well enough to be moved, she accompanied him on his way to Craigmillar, where he supposed he was going. Bothwell, however, favored Kirk-a-Field, and to Kirk-a-Field he was taken, in spite of the exclamations of his attendants and his own remonstrances. On his arrival at Kirk-a-Field—a roofless and ruined church standing just within the old town walls of Edinburgh—Mary left him in possession, as her own room was not ready to receive her. She spent her days at his bedside, she passed two nights in the same house with him, she treated him with the greatest kindness, she was with him the evening of the murder, she kissed him good night and remarked: "It is just eleven months since Ritzio's murder;" she went from his bedside to the marriage of one of her servants, she left him after midnight, at two he was dead. Mary slept soundly. In the morning Bothwell himself informed her of the murder.* She pertinaciously refused to order Bothwell's trial until, goaded to it by public opinion, she

* Froude, Vol. VIII.

contributed all in her power to make the trial a farce. As soon as he was acquitted and divorced she married him. All these facts were within Murray's knowledge. Why should he or anyone else forge the casket letters? We wind up with a quotation from Hume. "An English Whig who asserts the reality of the Popish plot; an Irish Catholic who denies the massacre in 1641; and a Scotch Jacobite who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary, must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason, and must be left to their prejudices."

C. C. D.

THE CUCKOO SONG.

IN the Harleian library is a manuscript volume, apparently a monk's commonplace book, which is especially interesting as containing the oldest extant music set to English words.

Its exact age has been a matter of some dispute. Hawkins and Burney, both of whom have published the song complete in their histories of Music, assign it to the latter part of the 15th century. They are led to this conclusion by the fact that the species of composition of which this song is an example is supposed to have been the invention of a certain John of Dunstable, who died in 1455.

A more recent and more careful investigation, however, has led Sir F. Madden to conclude that it is really of much earlier date, probably not later than the first half of the 13th century.

The volume contains, among other things, an unfinished calendar, giving the date of the death of the Abbots of Reading, of which monastery the monkish compiler seems to have been an inmate. These are in two hands, and the last *obit* marked in the older (in which the song is written) is in 1238. The latter part of the volume con-

tains a poem of some 1900 lines on the battle of Lewes (May, 1264), in which the side of the Barons is so warmly taken against the King, Henry II, as to make it almost certain that it was written, and probable, also, that it was transcribed, before the utter ruin of the Barons' party at the battle of Evesham, August 4, 1265.

An incidental proof is also found in the spelling of the word *cuccu*, which, in the 15th century had become *cuckow*.

There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that it was already a popular song in the first quarter of the 13th century.

This curious specimen of the music of our ancestors is not, as we might, perhaps, expect in an age which is apt to seem to us semi-barbarous, a rude melody merely, such as we may imagine the battle songs of the warlike Barons to have been.

On the contrary, it is a quite complicated example of a difficult species of musical composition. It is a canon or round, in four parts, with two additional parts (bass) forming the *pes* or burden.

It is interesting, therefore, not only as one of the oldest English songs, with or without music, but "as the first example of counterpoint in six parts, as well as of fugue, catch, or canon; and at least a century, if not two hundred years, earlier than any composition of the kind produced out of England." I quote from Sir F. Chappell.

The music is written on six lines, of which the upper five correspond to the five lines of the modern musical staff, with A C clef on the third line.

The notes are square and diamond shaped, corresponding to our whole and half notes, and the rhythm is perfect. In this respect it differs from the only other musical composition which can claim nearly so great antiquity—the "Prisoner's Song," which is plain chant, the division of time being left to the taste of the singer. The harmony of the piece is generally correct, although somewhat monotonous, and, if the *pes* is sung, an effect displeasing to a modern ear is produced by the frequent occurrence

of consecutive fifths and octaves, which, however, were not forbidden by the harmony of that age. Some years ago it was sung in London, a plain bass being substituted for the *pes*, and gave such satisfaction that a repetition was called for.

Accompanying the music are Latin directions for singing it, and, as they are brief, I insert them as a matter of some curiosity. "*Hanc rotam cantare possunt quatuor socii. A paucioribus, autem quam a tribus, vel saltem duobus non debet dici. Canitur autem sic. Tacentibus aliis, unus inchoat cum hiis qui tenent pedem; et cum venerit ad primam notam post crucem, inchoat alius, et sic de ceteris. Singuli vero repausent ad pausaciones scriptas, et non alibi, spacio unius longae notae.*"

The "cross," it may be necessary to explain, is a mark at the end of the first strain of the music. The directions to the singers of the *pes* then follow, but would hardly be intelligible without reference to the music.

There are two sets of words, the one English, the other Latin. Of these the English version is probably the older. It is a song of the opening of summer.

Somer is icumen in,
 Lhude sing cthccu !
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
 And spring' th the wode nu.
 Sing Cuccu !
 Awe bleteth after lamb,
 Louth after calve cu ;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth ;
 Merrie sing Cuccu !
 Cuccu, Cuccu !
 Wel sings thu, Cuccu
 Ne swik thu nauer nu !

I add a literal translation:—

Summer has come in, loudly sing Cuckoo ! Growth seed and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood now. Sing Cuckoo ! Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth after calf, cow ; bullock leapeth, buck verteth (a Norman hunting term meaning to " seek the green" (?)). Merrily sing Cuckoo ! Cuckoo, Cuckoo ! Well singest thou, Cuckoo, nor cease thou never now !

The Latin words have no connection with the English, as may be seen by the beginning—

“ Perspice, Christicola, quae dignacio,
Coelicus agricola, pro vitis vicio,
Filio non parcens, exposuit
Mortis excio—”

One of the chief merits of the song lies in the adaptation of the music to the words.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that there is no imitation of the cry of the Cuckoo, which, of all the songs of the birds, is most easily produced—its interval being simply a minor third—and which several composers in modern times have introduced with great effect.

The song has a high value as throwing some light on the much vexed question of early English pronunciation and accent.

This point is fully developed in Mr. Ellis' recent treatise on that subject, which has been my principal authority in this article, and to which the curious are referred for further information.

M.

MEDITATIO.

(PRIMO MANE.)

Conscious ego log.—Lecte mi! jucundus es,
Mollis, tener, suaviolus ;
Campana precum ! dira sonas,
Inexorabilis ut vox Parcarum.
Spiritus propensus est,
At caro, heu, quam languida !
Via recti quam angusta,
Sentibusque circumfusa !
Victor sui est rex regum,
Suique impotens spernendus ;
Jaciatur alea ; surgam !
Surgoque.

IMPATIENCE OF STUDY.

BEHIND the long rows of lighted windows night after night, before the cheerful grates of old South College in winter, or lolling in the hammocks of Farnam in summer, what different courses we each take to attain the one end we are all seeking—a fitness for life. Whether we look at the great problem in the light of Freshman hopes, with four years of delightful preparation before us, or whether we stand in the more solemn look-out of Senior year, when we know that the world will soon be before us where to choose our place—in every moment of the four years the great problem still stands out before us, and to solve it how differently do we each proceed. We meet with all degrees of self-satisfaction or discouragement in one's own method. Some with preconceived ideas of what shall be their line of effort devote themselves rigidly to it, and whether in study or writing, never bend from it. Such persons may gain all the benefits which are the fruits of unity of effort, may save their nervous energies from the waste which comes to the aimlessly nervous, and may largely do away with that "impatience of study" of which Johnson speaks, and which is one of the mental diseases incident to our college life. But such are generally so far wedded to their method that they despise or pity all who pursue any other. Again, there is another class who with talents or inclinations which lead them successfully to adopt a particular course, are nervously anxious lest they may be pursuing the wrong, and successively study, read or write, with constant purpose it may be, at all times, but with nervous apprehension regarding the policy of pursuing such particular course. Such are generally men of little self-reliance, willing—too willing—to grant that another's system is better than their's, but are morbidly anxious to get the most they can out of every field here open to them. Their course may not give them a very strong development. It has a tendency to degenerate into mere smat-

tering. It inevitably does so, unless coupled with hard work. But beside these two causes, there are others—some serious, others apparently ridiculous; one person pursuing a method which the general verdict of the College must pronounce pernicious, but which may be just what that individual needs; another, a course which is splendid in the eyes of all, and which makes its pursuer an object of emulation—one, however, which may render his life a brilliant failure, or a lie. Not one of us, as he blindly gropes on, knows by what golden cord God's destiny is drawing him to his appointed life-work. And amidst this maze each student stands, deafened mentally by the din of preparation for the future's battles, distracted by the multiplicity of counsellors, uncertain of the ground upon which he is standing. If we devote ourselves to the regular curriculum of studies, we doubt whether this be our best course, and easily convince ourselves that our great need is "general culture." We feel ashamed when some pretty questioner asks us about the last novel, or some grave uncle asks for light upon some disputed point in history. We may be surnamed "Dig." by some supercilious prize-man or self-satisfied fence-lounger, and yielding to their judgment, may think meanly of ourselves. Then we go to the Library, and the fantastic figures of the tower grin down upon our restlessness and hesitancy. Then comes the discouraging sight of alcove and shelf piled with the work of all time; tier upon tier of massive volumes look down upon us, and laugh at our longings; the wit and wisdom of ages combine to show us our own insignificance; the constrained "silence" of the Library "is vocal, if we listen well," with the thousand thoughts of thousands, and we turn away reflecting how few of these even we can master, and yet how few there are compared with the vast world of books. There is no sight more discouraging to the hungry student—none more humiliating to the conceited. We feel, the more we see, like Sir Thomas Browne when he says: "I know most of the plants of my country and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many

as when I did but know a hundred." Then, for a time, we may betake ourselves to reading—reading incessantly—doing little except reading—until, finally, what was started as a duty becomes a pleasure, and the pleasure degenerates into a sort of literary dissipation.

"Thought is not; in pleasure it expires."

We read as we smoke—for the pleasure of it; as we drink—for the excitement induced. This may be the necessary reflux from our former extreme study. In both cases we are intently anxious to get at the right method of culture. But from such an inordinate abuse of a thing, in itself eminently well under certain restrictions, we are turned again by a restless feeling that this is not what we need. We do not feel that we are any stronger by all this acquisition; we feel conscious that our minds, by the continuous passage through them of unarranged thoughts, figures, facts, by the crude mass of material which we never use, which we do not even attempt to retain, is becoming torpid, powerless, and as brittle as a piece of lead which has been permeated with mercury.

To make this discovery may have cost us the whole four years of our college course; but if less, we still stand irresolute, and each recitation bell and every passing moment weighs us down with the great sense of responsibility for preparation. We do not know what course next to try. We see others about us busy at self-regulated courses. We try reading again, more methodically; but here the question comes up: what shall I read? We ask advice of our elders, and their recommendations are diverse and bewildering. We wonder which is the most valuable of our regular studies. Each text-book claims that eminence for itself; each professor reiterates the claim. We read educational treatises on these different courses, and the relative importance of each grows in the mind as we read, and we study according to our transient enthusiasms. Then there are fields of topical reading in connection with our several studies, which are strongly recommended by our various instructors. Besides all

these various courses come the incitements to literary work, the strife for college honors, the seductive worship of the goddess who presides over college publications. And when we come to write, what a host of perplexing questions meet us: whether one's mind is better developed by the selection of themes upon which we can get no books, or by long and careful preparatory reading; whether the former course develops originality necessarily, and the latter insensibly leads to plagiarism; what plagiarism is, and at what point suggestions derived from reading become your own thoughts. And to add to all these perplexing questions and doubts, we are conscious that we are developing here our social characters; that here we must lay the foundations of a strong physique; that the development of a style is thought to be the result of a college training; that we shall be tested in after life by the powers of thought here acquired; that here we must begin the study of character; that here is the best field we shall ever be allowed to hold for the exercise of all the moral and Christian influence we may possess. All these thoughts crowd upon the mind of the nervous, anxious, conscientious student. What though one take Todd's Manual under his arm, and try to prearrange every moment. What though we strive to effect them all, and in our zeal for each, adopt the language of Mistress Quickly, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I would my master had Mistress Annie; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for all three." This is the logical conclusion to which many of us arrive, and while we are serving all, the Mistress Annie of our college devotion slips off with some Master Fenton, whose cooler eye and more single purpose found a satisfactory answer from his mistress. But it is only the very few who are endowed with that far-sightedness, that power of grasping the ultimate good of things now of such dark utility, who, if they have any appreciation of the situation at all, can look upon all these various advocates coolly and know how to shut the mouths of importunate claimants. Most

of us cannot see that our preparation here is not final. We are impatient to see the fruits of our labor. We are nervous because we cannot make this great life problem as simple as the foreknowledge of a morning. We are like the Apollo Belvidere: we have shot our shafts, and we are looking for the result of our aim. We may be destined, like the Marble Statue, to stand long years, through life, perhaps, before we see the fallen game. We write our college lines in invisible ink; the heat, the light, the actinic rays of the future will bring out the lines. But this exercise of faith is the hardest task we are called upon to perform. Our impatience of study cannot brook the slow and apparently fruitless task-work of the present. We are young, and restless, and hungry; and seeing the inside workings of "disciplinary studies," we are apt to think it all a farce. Dissatisfaction with the curriculum, disgust with the marking system, or a supposed slavery in prescribed work gives plausible pretext against the regular studies to the most ambitious seekers for knowledge, as well as to the lounger, the college cynic, and the intemperate reader. We carry the same skeptical views into study which we sometimes exercise in religion. We lose faith in agencies whose immediate workings we cannot see. We change our methods as we change our faith, and seek in vain for courses which shall satisfy our every aspiration, our peculiar ideals. But we've got to make up our minds to exercise faith here as well as in religion or in anything else. There are a thousand things in life which we must learn to accept blindly, through faith in the experience and wisdom of those who have preceded us in the same lines of effort. This impatience of study and restlessness in view of the many various duties and courses open before us, lies at the root of the constant clamors for change in our college courses of study; and the very fact that under a prescribed course, which gives us guidance, we are restless and nervous, is to me one of the strongest arguments against an elective system. Divided between different methods, as we now are under the present system, and in

a constant Lucian's dream of indecision, what would be our condition if, with our youth and restlessness, we did not have at least one line of study clearly indicated. We commence to see, as we go on in our college life, the anachronisms of our previous preparations. How this impatience is seen in our preparatory schools when we read Gibbon; in our Freshman year, when we forsook Horace and Harkness, and tried to grope through books which our Senior studies hardly fit us to understand. These mistakes are all incident to our impatience—a good sign, it may be, of a hungry and thirsting mind, which will some day be filled. Better to have made the mistakes than to have had no longings! We cannot exalt too highly the importance of these four years; but we cannot remember often enough that these four years are not all the years we have before us for preparation, nor the final ones. We may not be able to see that we gain mentally, and can only faintly perceive the progress when we contrast our habits of thought at long intervals. There are innumerable agencies operating on our minds, whose influences we cannot see, just as Tyndall says that two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fail to awaken in the eye the sense of vision. The rays exist just the same, and perform their work, though we cannot see them, and though they have no effect upon our perceptions. Some act apparently the most trivial, some work most disagreeable, most blind, is undoubtedly, in God's Providence, bound by some silver thread to some future blessing. Nor do we stand alone in our blind efforts. We are surprised, in reading History, to see how much blind legislation there is—how certain bills of the greatest importance to posterity have been passed by Parliaments utterly ignorant of their meaning and ultimate bearings. Thus the Licensing Act, which was passed during the reign of William III., and which was the parent of England's free press, was passed by blind Commoners to do away with local inconveniences, elections and political jobs. And Scotland's free school system, in the same reign, which has made the Scotch the most intelligent people of

Europe, was passed by men "who," Macaulay says, "knew not what they were doing, and whose understandings were as dark and their hearts as obdurate as the Familiars of the Inquisition." And how blindly have the most important facts in science been guessed at! We, then, do not stand in a position to judge of the utility of each line of effort; we cannot do everything which our enthusiasm or impatience prompts, nor crowd all our preparation into four short years. We shall be preparing to live till the day we die. All through life our progress will be like the progress of sound: "The wave of air travels swiftly forward, but the masses simply tremble in the line of that motion."

'Tis encouraging, while we repeat that line of Mrs. Browning's—

"With what cracked pitchers come we to deep wells in this world,"

to think that our pitchers, though cracked and imperfect, are not broken, and may hold some water to slake our own thirst and refresh our fellows.

A. R. M.

NOTABILIA.

AN attendance upon the last Commencement exercises reminded us forcibly of one peculiarity of college oratory. This peculiarity, and a marked one too, is the tendency to prophecy the most fearful political results from insufficient causes. It is amusing to see with what a gusto a college orator will prove that the country is going to the dogs. One would suppose that the contemplation of his country's ruin would lend a touch of melancholy to his tone. But no, he demonstrates the inevitable fall of our Constitution and liberties with a smack of satisfaction which suggests a suspicion that he takes a delight, rather than otherwise, in the impending catastrophe, which gives him so fine an opportunity to roll off his por-

tentious sentences. It can't be denied, of course, that there are certain forces at work in society which, if unrestrained, will lead to very serious consequences. But most of the evils from which are prophesied national disaster, are temporary and local in their character. Under ordinary circumstances, no one would think them of vast importance. But then, when we come to write pieces for popular effect, it is surprising what superior clearness is lent to our vision.

We regret to notice that the *Yale Courant* is departing from the decorum which ought to characterize college journalism. Not to notice some rather scurrilous personalities and questionable allusions to the motives of Sunday School teaching, it has lately inveighed against the tutors in a manner which seems to the impartial LIT. to be hardly less than insulting. What makes the matter worse is that the implied charges are, as a whole, without foundation. We do not know what particular grievance the editors of the *Courant* may have against any one of the tutors; but the statement that, as a body, they are disposed to stretch their authority, or to come into unnecessary conflict with undergraduates, is not one which will be borne out by the facts of the case. The Faculty very wisely do not interfere at all with the freedom of undergraduate discussion. But a few more articles like the "Talk about Tutors" may lead to the adoption of a different principle.

The recent "unpleasantness" at Princeton is a good illustration of the ease with which a large crowd of young men, supposed to be possessed of ordinary intelligence, can be led to do a very foolish thing. Leaving outside the question of abstract right, which perhaps it would be too much to expect the majority of a class in college to regard, provided they can carry their point, it might be supposed that considerations of policy would lead a class not to set themselves in defiant opposition to the authorities of a college. A little common sense, as well as an observation of similar cases in other institutions, ought to be enough to convince any person of ordinary

nary intelligence that the attempt to reinstate suspended men by riotous proceedings will result in injury to the very persons whom it is designed to aid, if it does not involve their would-be benefactors in the same fate. The threat of undergraduates to deprive themselves of the benefits of a collegiate education for the sake of coercing the authorities, is much more foolish than the attempt of the small boy in *Punch* to frighten his grandmother into giving him some more plums by threatening to swallow the stones of those which she has already given him. For grandmotherly and faculty solicitude are quite different in degree.

This year marks a new departure in the history of the *Banner*. Instead of being handed down by private sale from one resident graduate to another, as has usually been the case, it has this year been transferred to the Yale Lit. Board of 'Seventy-two, though no members of the Board have had any hand in editing this number. As the right of publication will probably be disposed of to the succeeding Board, the effect of this measure will be to render the *Banner*—so far as it is possible for any publication of the kind to become such—the official organ of the college. It will also have the effect of securing to the members of the Board, in each class, the pecuniary remuneration which the LIT. does not usually afford them, and which the amount of work they are called upon to do really deserves.

We regret to learn that the two lower classes, particularly the Freshman, are not showing a proper interest in boating. We can only remind them that the future reputation of the college rests largely in their hands, and that any neglect of interest now will surely be rewarded by failure and mortification in the future. Boating is a field in which class rivalry may legitimately show itself, and in which, we may add, merit is always appreciated.

It is with pleasure that we note an event which bids fair (for a long time, at least) to abolish hazing at Yale.

Three Sophomores, two of whom happened to belong to the University nine, having been detected in one of these acts, all college has united in a pledge to the Faculty that, in the case of the under-class men, they will refrain from such acts during their college course ; and in the case of the upper-class men, they will use their influence to discourage them ; and requesting, moreover, that the Faculty, in view of this action, will remit all punishment in the case of the offenders. This document, we doubt not, the Faculty will accept, and, at the same time with the restoration of valuable men to college, will strike a mortal blow at an execrable college custom.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from July 7 to October 15. It comprises the events of Commencement week, the long vacation, and the opening weeks of the new term. We have gathered again from the four quarters of the globe, and have gone to work. Our congratulations and experiences are all over, and our summer campaigns have been fought and refought by window and dining-table. To be sure, we still correspond with our newly-found *cousins*, and the vows of our passion we have not yet forgotten. But the present is all-engrossing and means business. No more *dolce far niente* for a time. Nine months of study are before us—to some of us, the last. We have reason to be grateful that during our separation we have been kept, as a college, untouched by death. We begin the year with 531 in the Academical department, 140 in the Scientific, 26 in the Medical, 20 in the Law, and last, though not least, 70 in the Theological. Before we touch upon matters of more recent interest, it is necessary to recall the prominent events of the closing week of last term. On the afternoon of Sunday, July 9, the

Baccalaureate Sermon

Was preached by President Woolsey. Although the weather was extremely warm, the chapel was densely filled, and there was scarcely

standing-room during the exercises. The text of the discourse was the fourth verse of the third chapter of Jeremiah: "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?" The sermon discussed the nature, value and extent of God's guidance, the faith and self-exertion required of man in its acceptance, and its especial application to the choice of a profession. The President, in conclusion, drew a picture of the gathering of the ten or fifteen members of the class at their semi-centennial, and closed by urging the graduating class to accept God as the guide of their lives. This sermon, together with the farewell sermon which the President preached on the previous Sabbath, has been printed, and can be readily obtained by all who desire it. The exercises of

Presentation Day,

Tuesday, July 11, passed off as usual. The *Orator* was O. J. Bliss, of Chicago, Ill. The *Poet* was J. A. Burr, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The church was crowded with students, graduates and friends of the College. The excessive heat, united with other causes, proved too much for our weak system, and, like Eutychus, we fell asleep. We are, therefore, unable to give a detailed account of the events of that memorable forenoon, but we presume the speakers were sufficiently eloquent. After dinner, the members of '71 assembled on the Green, in front of South Middle and the Lyceum, and H. A. Baldwin read the first class history. After he had finished, in spite of the threatening clouds, H. R. Elliot boldly started off with the second. He was, however, interrupted by the shower, and looked up from his manuscript to find himself surrounded by empty seats. The crowd adjourned to the chapel, and here the narrations were successfully delivered, N. H. Whittlesey being the last historian. It was a noticeable fact that, so far as the morality of these histories was concerned, the most hearty opponents of the system could find no fault. The class ivy was planted at the close of the reading, and was sprinkled by a slight shower of rain, in addition to the tears of the bystanders. It is to be expected, therefore, that it will take deep root and cover the appointed wall. The exercises closed with the customary process of cheering the College buildings. The graduating class marched in a long procession, winding in and out through the time-worn entries of the old dormitories, and standing solemnly in line before the more splendid entrances of Farnam and Durfee. They then visited the houses of their instructors, were addressed by President Woolsey in a few parting words, and then separated. In the evening many of them were present at the

Regatta Ball.

So far as enjoyment was concerned, this was a great success. Music Hall, in which, of course, it was held, was handsomely decorated with flowers, flags, wherries, and all the machinery and insignia of boating. Our bodies were fed with a feast of good things, ministered behind the scenes, and our souls were blessed by the presence and favor of scores of ladies. The floor was sufficiently covered to afford a brilliant appearance, and yet not so crowded as to render dancing laborious. The music was certainly very fine. Financially, however, we are sorry to state, the Ball did not pay. The outlay was unusually large, and the number of tickets sold was smaller than the Committee anticipated. Still, these college entertainments are never very profitable, and if the students and their friends only enjoy themselves, as on this occasion they certainly did, the Committee must be content to pocket their losses in ducats, and draw largely upon their stock in glory. The principal cause of their deficit was probably the

Sophomore Prize Declamation,

Which took place on the same evening (July 11) in the College chapel. The speakers were as follows: S. Nelson White on *The Roman Soldier*; Clarence W. Bowen on *Icilius*; Seth W. Williams on *Wounded*; Edward E. Gaylord on *Burial of Moses*; Chas. P. Latting on *Shamus O'Brien*; Frank D. Allen on *Death of Hamilton*; Herbert M. Denslow on *The Age of the Pilgrims—our Heroic Period*; Frank B. Tarbell on *Eloquence of the American Revolution*; and William A. Houghton on *Speech of Ringan Gilhaizae*. The first prize was awarded to Latting, the second to Williams and the third to Tarbell. The chapel was unusually crowded, and some of the speaking was extremely good. The enthusiasm created by this affair, however, was not sufficient to diminish the general interest which was awakened by the

Alumni Meeting,

Which was held in Alumni Hall on Wednesday morning, July 12. The meeting was called to order by Prof. Thacher at about 10 o'clock. Judge Pierpont, '37, of New York, was elected as chairman, and Hon. Albert Todd, '36, of St. Louis, as Secretary. After prayer by Dr. Atwater, of Princeton, Judge Pierpont made a short introductory speech. The obituary record was then read, comprising eighty-two names. The oldest living graduate is now Mr. Timothy Bishop of the class of 1796, who was present in the Hall. Prof. Gilman then read

several notices, among which was one stating that an apology was due to Prof. Dwight and to Dr. Tarbox for their announcement as orator and poet of Phi Beta Kappa, that society being at present in a state of suspended animation. Then followed the singing of a hymn composed by Mr. Finch, '49. The Judge announced the resignation of President Woolsey, and remarks bearing upon that event were made by Prof. Thacher and Dr. Bacon, the latter referring to the President's splendid gifts to the Seminary and to the College Library. Further speeches were made by Dr. W. A. Goodrich, Hon. John A. Foote and Hon. Cassius M. Clay. Dr. Tarbox was now called upon for his Phi Beta Kappa poem, which he read with great satisfaction. Prof. Gilman then announced several gifts which have been recently made to the College, and which are elsewhere recorded. Pledges were offered by Rev. E. Y. Hincks, '66, and Rev. H. M. Colton, '48, for the sum of \$5,000 apiece from their respective classes. Remarks were made, in addition, by Dr. Adams, '21, Senator Buckingham, F. J. Kingsbury, Rev. J. G. Vose, '51, Rev. W. W. Andrews, '31, and Hon. Albert Todd, '36. The present officers of the Alumni Association were re-appointed for the ensuing year, and resolutions appropriate to the change in the presidency were offered by Mr. Bliss, of New York; after which, with cheers for the President and President-elect, the meeting adjourned. On the same day the

Class Meetings

Of '41 and '61 were attended by those members who were in town. At 4 P. M. the representatives of '41 met in the parlors of the College Street Church. Twenty-eight members were present. The chair was occupied by Hon. M. B. Field, of New York City, who was the "Bully" of his class. The decennial meeting of '61 was held in Tyler's Hall on the evening of the same day. Forty-two were present at the supper. The President was Wm. H. Fuller, of New York. These meetings bore the same general character. There were toasts and stories, and the prominent events in the lives of each during the last ten years were listened to with the deepest interest. The meeting of '61 was especially hilarious, and closed at an early hour on Thursday morning. Perhaps it is proper to state here that on the previous Thursday (July 6) the class supper of '74 took place at the Guilford Point House. The class left New Haven at 7 o'clock, and returned the next morning at 2. The Guilford ladies wreathed the sweet children with flowers, and they returned full and happy. On the evening of July 13 the festive Alumni enjoyed a

Reception at the Art Gallery.

This took the place of the customary reception at the President's house, and was well attended by the Alumni. Many of the prominent visitors of the College were noticed among the spectators. The collection of pictures was unusually fine, and attracted universal admiration. The attendance was increased at a late hour by the arrival of many who had been listening to the sweet singers at Music Hall. Some of the members of the Glee Club were present in their blue uniforms, and unblushingly paraded before the astonished and disconcerted assembly—a sight at which Jeremiah was observed to shake his gory locks in anguish, and the venerable Mrs. Page, from the outskirts of the Colliseum, hastily finished buttoning her gloves and modestly retired. Notwithstanding the dissipation of this evening, the Alumni gathered promptly the next morning before the Lyceum, to attend the

Commencement Exercises.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, July 13, the procession started, led by the undergraduates. The exercises were held in the Center Church, the galleries of which were crowded with ladies. The following was the programme: Music: Stradella Overture—Flotow. Prayer, by President Woolsey. Salutatory Oration in Latin, Herbert Evelyn Kinney, Griswold. Dissertation, "Woman—Her Past and Present," by George Arthur Strong, St. Louis, Mo. Dissertation, "The Prophetic Warning of Alexander Hamilton," by John Gordon Blanding, San Francisco, Cal. Music: Kœnigslieder—Jean Strauss. Oration, "The United States as a Young Nation," by Cornelius Elting Cuddeback, Port Jervis, N. Y. Oration, "The Tyranny of Combination," by Charles Hezekiah Hamlin, Plainville. Oration, "Present Political Duty," by Charles Daniel Hine, Lebanon. Music: Fifth Symphony—Andante; Beethoven. Philosophical Oration, "Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, of Andover," by Warner Bradley Riggs, Palmyra, N. Y. Dissertation, "The Watch on the Rhine," by Gustave Mozart Stœckel, New Haven. Music: The Watch on the Rhine, and Hail Columbia, National Songs. Oration, "The Political Career of Disraeli," by Thomas Thacher, New Haven. Philosophical Oration, "The Emotional Element in Oratory," by Nathan Hart Whittlesey, New Preston. Music: Niel-fluthen—Joseph Strauss. Philosophical Oration, "The Atheism of LaPlace," by Charles Rockwell Lanman, Norwich Town. Philosophical Oration, "Theory Limited," by Alwin Ethelstan Todd, Ludlow, Mass. Music: Crown Diamonds, Overture—Auber. Dissertation,

"Communism in America," by Howard Mansfield, New Haven. Oration, "Our Country's Literary and Political Life," with the Valedictory Address, by Wilbert Warren Perry, Collinsville. Music: Tannhäuser—Wagner. Degrees Conferred. Prayer, by the President. Bliss, Dudley and Sperry, selected, on account of the excellence of their orations, as speakers, were excused, at their own request, from speaking.

Conferring of Degrees.

The degree of B.A. was conferred upon 102 members of '71. From the other departments, three received the degree M.D.; two, Ph.D.; one, C.E.; twenty-three, Ph.B.; and eleven, LL.B. The following gentlemen received the degree M.A.: B. M. C. Durfee, Fall River, Mass.; Henry Farnam, New Haven; Joseph Battel, Norfolk; Joseph E. Sheffield, New Haven; Simeon B. Chittenden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John B. Harmon, San Francisco, Cal.; Edmund C. Stedman, New York City; Curtis Thompson, Stratford; Rev. Charles Nichols, New Britain, and John T. Wait, Norwich. D.D.—Rev. Henry Allon, London, England, Editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. LL.D.—Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, Hartford; Hon. Dwight Foster, Boston, and Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, Hartford. By the time these exercises were over, all were ready for the

Alumni Dinner,

And, accordingly, the hall began to fill rapidly with graduates. The seven hundred and fifty plates were appropriated in the twinkling of an eye, although many, whom the experience of previous years had forewarned, took their dinners quietly at the New Haven House. Even those, however, soon found their way back to the hall, every inch of which was occupied, when, the inner man having been refreshed, the meeting was called to order, and the speeches began. President Woolsey, in nominating Prof. Dwight as chairman, made a very pleasant address, which was enthusiastically received. Speeches were then made by Prof. Dwight and by Governor Jewell, who responded to the toast: "The State of Connecticut always friendly to Colleges." President White, '53, of Cornell University, E. G. Mason, '60, of Chicago, and Frank Kernochan, '61, responded to the toast: "President Woolsey: his pupils offer the tribute of their gratitude and love." President Porter responded to the toast: "The Future of Yale College," in a speech of some length, which was listened to with the greatest attention

and interest. After speeches by Prof. Dimon, of Brown University, and Chauncey Brewster, '68, the Chairman read resolutions from the classes of '48, '49 and '52, offering \$5,000 each to the Corporation. The class of '68 subscribed \$7,000, and the fifteen members of '68 who were present guaranteed the amount of \$6,000. Rev. Joseph Twichell, '59, of Hartford, then made a few remarks, and read an extract from a letter received from William Walter Phelps, '60, now in Germany. Mr. Phelps wrote to explain the position which he took at the previous Alumni meeting, and which, he thought, had been mistaken and misrepresented. Mr. Twichell then advanced the proposition to raise a fund of \$500,000, to be called the Woolsey Fund, and to be devoted to the general expenses of the College. He was followed by Hon. Anthony Higgins, '61, of Delaware. Prof. D. C. Gilman then took up the proposition in regard to the Woolsey Fund, which seemed likely to come to nothing, and by his energy awakened new interest in the subject. On the motion of Mr. Field, of New York, it was referred to a committee of ten, consisting of the following persons: President Porter, Mr. Field, Professors Gilman and Dwight, Henry White, N. Dwight Collier, Rev. Joseph Twichell, Mason Young, E. G. Moore and Rev. William G. Sumner. It was now 7 o'clock, and the meeting adjourned. The Committee added to their number the following gentlemen: Hon. T. L. Bayne, Hon. B. Gratz Brown, Gen. J. Mason Brown, Hon. W. A. Buckingham, Hon. W. M. Evarts, Hon. Dwight Foster, Hon. W. L. Learned, Prof. F. W. Fiske, Hon. H. H. Haight, Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, Hon. W. P. Lynde, Hon. Wm. Strong, Hon. H. H. Raymond, Dr. W. H. Stokes, Hon. A. Taft, Hon. A. D. White, and Hon. R. P. Spalding. Of course the most important of the

Changes in the Faculty

Is the resignation of President Woolsey, and the election of Prof. Noah Porter as the new President. He was elected by the Corporation on the first formal ballot on Tuesday, July 11. At the same session of the Corporation, J. W. Gibbs, '58, was appointed Professor of Mathematical Physics; A. W. Wright, formerly Tutor in Yale, and more recently Professor of Chemistry in Williams College, Professor of Chemistry in Yale; E. L. Richards, '60, Assistant Professor of Mathematics; H. P. Wright, '68, Assistant Professor of Latin; T. R. Lounsbury, '59, Professor of English Language and Literature, in the Sheffield Scientific School; O. D. Allen, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, at the S. S. S.; H. A. Beers, '69, Tutor in English Literature; E. Heaton, E. G. Coy and T. Hooker, all of '69, Tutors for Freshmen. Some of our old friends have left. Mr. Miller tutors no longer, neither will he superin-

tend the drawing for rooms next year, a circumstance which will probably cause that process to lose all its interest. Mr. Perry and Mr. Brewster have also left us. We have as yet no College Pastor, and it is probable that the College pulpit will be occupied for the present chiefly by the clerical part of the Faculty, as it was last year. Notwithstanding the fact that we have not been blessed with a pastor, we have received a variety of other

Gifts.

Prominent among these is the provision of a fund for the establishment of an Observatory for astronomical purposes. This is the gift of Hon. O. F. Winchester. He has purchased a tract of thirty-eight acres north of his residence on Prospect street, at the expense of nearly \$100,000. This tract is to be managed by trustees, who will lay it out in a park, dispose of building lots, and appropriate the proceeds to the astronomical fund. It is expected that a sufficiently large sum will be realized to place this observatory among the foremost in the world. A gift of \$5,000 has been made by Buchanan Winthrop, '62, to found two prizes—the first \$200, the second \$100—for excellence in the classics. The conditions are as follows: the examinations are to be held during the third term of Junior year, and are to be in the Greek and Latin poets; the authors to be announced six months beforehand, and to be outside of the regular course. Then there is the gift of a prize of \$250 for the best essay written by a Junior, the amount accruing yearly from an established fund: Gov. Jewell has given three prizes of \$50 each to the Law School. E. Goodrich Smith, of Washington, D. C., has presented the Divinity School with 400 volumes, in addition to his former gifts. The Scientific School has received a gift of £5,000 from Mrs. Susan King Higgins, of Liverpool, who desires to connect with an institution of learning in her native State the name of her husband, recently deceased, who was for many years a merchant in this country. This fund is for the endowment of a Professorship of Dynamic Engineering—the chair to which Prof. W. P. Trowbridge was called last year. Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield, also, has supplemented his former gifts by recently presenting the Scientific School with an additional lot, as a site for a new building. We have already referred to the proposed fund of \$500,000 for the general purposes of the College. A somewhat different proposition has been advanced in regard to the S. S. S.; that is, a gentleman who conceals his name has offered \$10,000 towards a Professor's fund of \$50,000, and a second gentleman has guaranteed another \$10,000 on condition that the whole amount be secured within a year. It is perhaps appropriate to mention here some

New Departures

From the old ruts. Two post-graduate departments have been added to the regular academical course. The first is a Philological department. In this, instruction is given in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin and the modern languages. The instructors are Profs. Whitney, Hadley, Marsh, Thacher, Packard and Coe. The second is an advanced course of study in Mathematics, Astronomy and Physics, lasting two years. The instructors are as follows: Profs. Newton, Norton, Lyman, Loomis, Gibbs, Trowbridge and A. W. Wright. There is also a department of Political Science and History, the latter including constitutional history and the History of English Literature. Each of these post-graduate departments is divided into three sections, making nine courses in all, and the degree of Ph.D. is given to any graduate who passes satisfactorily through any three of the nine courses, and presents a thesis at the end of two years displaying a full knowledge of the subject investigated. In addition to the

Prizes

Mentioned in the last LIT., it was announced on Presentation Day that the Berkeley and Clark scholarships were assigned to C. R. Lanman, of '71, and that C. J. H. Ropes, of '72, received the first prize for the Clark classical essay and Greene Kendrick the second. In consequence of the new order of things at Commencement, we were unable to publish, in the July LIT., the

Appointments of '71,

Which were as follows:—*Valedictory*, Wilbert W. Perry. *Salutatory*, Herbert E. Kinney. *Philosophical Orations*, A. E. Todd, W. B. Riggs, C. R. Lanman, N. H. Whittlesey. *High Orations*, F. S. Chase, L. A. Sherman, C. H. Hamlin, F. Johnson. *Orations*, H. W. Pope, J. Starr, E. Gray, F. M. Parsons, T. Thacher, R. W. Archbald, C. B. Dudley, R. B. Lea, E. B. Guthrie, C. D. Hine, R. P. Maynard, C. E. Steele, E. A. Wilson, F. L. Auchincloss, C. E. Cuddeback, A. A. Moulton. *Dissertations*, L. Fuller, J. A. Burr, H. Mansfield, G. A. Strong, A. P. Bradstreet, J. H. Hoffecker, O. J. Bliss. *First Disputes*, C. H. Clark, J. McNaughton, C. H. Board, E. D. Coonley, J. K. Howe, W. M. Janes, G. M. Stoeckel, A. F. Henlein. *Second Disputes*, W. D. Mills, C. Starling, J. G. Blanding, W. R. Sperry, F. Potter, J. B. Uhle, W. Morris. *First Colloquys*, C. Beebe, I. D.

Decker, W. K. Townsend, J. W. Hird, F. Mead, Jr., R. B. Wheeler, I. O. Woodruff, E. F. Sweet, A. W. Curtiss, O. H. Darlington. *Second Colloquys*, G. Stelle, A. Seesel, H. R. Elliot, J. B. Morse, W. Townsend, L. B. Landmesser. The committee appointed by the class is as follows: Howard Mansfield, W. K. Townsend and C. B. Dudley; class secretary, C. B. Dudley. And now we have reached the close of last year. But before we leave the hot weather behind us we must notice, briefly, the

Philological Convention

Which was held in New Haven during the last week of July. The opening exercises took place on the 25th in the State House. Many of the most prominent scholars of the country were present. The President of the association was Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York. A number of papers, some of great interest, were read by the intellectual giants there assembled. After the reading of each there ensued a general discussion, and sometimes the debate was carried on with considerable excitement. A few ladies were present at the morning session on Wednesday, and in the evening a reception was tendered to the members of the association by the citizens of New Haven at the Art Gallery. On Thursday the linguists visited the Scientific School and looked over the college library. And thus the labor was interspersed with play spells. It will interest the Freshmen, doubtless, to hear that the following subjects were discussed at length. "The Dacotah Belief," "English Vowel Quantity in the 13th and 19th Centuries," "The so-called Attic Second Declension," "The Relationship of the Tuteloes to the Dacotas," "The Algonquin Names of Men" and "The Discrepancies of Ellis' System of Palaeotype." The members of the association were politely entertained by the citizens of New Haven. The next general meeting will be the fourth, and will be held at Providence, R. I. We omitted the account of the

Boating Matters

In our narrative of Commencement week, because they form, with the base ball items, a connecting link between the two years. Notwithstanding the fact that Yale did not race with Harvard, we had boating enough during the week. On Monday, July 10, took place the race between the Atalanta crew and the Yale '73 crew. The train, consisting of nine cars, all well filled, arrived at Lake Saltonstall about four o'clock. The Atalantas were found fast asleep in their boarding house,

and the Sophs were busy polishing their boat. However, the sleepers were roused at last, and the boats prepared, and a few minutes before half-past five off the crews started. The Yale struck the water first, but the Atalantas took the lead almost immediately, and very gradually drew ahead until after the turn. On the home stretch the Yale crew gained, and at one time it seemed likely to win, but the Atalantas made a spurt when within five hundred feet of the stake boat, and so came in one length ahead. This is considered to have been the best race ever rowed upon Lake Saltonstall. The time was—Atalanta, 19.6 $\frac{1}{2}$, Yale, 19.15 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Atalanta crew was as follows: Smith (bow), Handy, Le Roy, Waterbury, Van Raden, Withers (stroke). The Yale '73 crew—Adee (bow), Heminway, Day, Davenport, McCook, Flagg (stroke). Judge for Atalanta, George B. Springsteen. Judge for Yale, George Adee, bow oar of Yale '67 University crew. George R. Babcock, president of Nassau boat club, was referee, and Josh Ward starter. The

College Races

Took place on Wednesday, July 12. The number of spectators was slightly larger than on Monday. The contestants had been rowing daily for several weeks, and were, for the most part, in good condition. The usual delay was avoided, and, as soon as the spectators were comfortably settled on the bank along the course, the races began. First came the double scull race between the Juniors, D. F. Brannan and P. Martin, and the Freshmen, G. M. Gunn and G. E. Munroe. In consequence of the inferiority of the Junior boat, the Freshmen were handicapped thirty seconds. The turning stake was a mile up the lake, so that the whole course was visible from the start. The Juniors took the lead and came in 27 seconds ahead, deducting the handicap. Time—Juniors, 10.10; Freshmen, 11.07. The entries for the single scull race were as follows, in order of positions: W. P. Hall, '72, inside, Carrington Phelps, '70, second, J. W. Smith, '73, third, F. H. Ferry, '72, fourth, and J. B. Mills, '73, outside. The word "go" was given by Pres. Ford, of the U. B. C. Phelps rowed splendidly from the outset, and kept ahead during the entire race. Mills and Smith struggled for the second place, which was won at last by the latter. They passed the stake in the following order: Phelps, 16.46 $\frac{1}{2}$, Smith, 17.05, Mills, 17.17, Hall, 17.35, and Ferry, 17.45. Phelps, therefore, received the Southworth Cup, but we presume that he will row in all the college races so long as he breathes the breath of life. The shell race then closed the "show," the Scientifics rowing against the Freshmen. The former had the inside position at the start and the leading position during the entire race,

which was, however, close enough to be interesting. We have already given the Sophomore crew; the Scientifics were Sargent (bow), Taylor, Smith, Nevin, Cogswell and Davenport (stroke). The time was—Scientifics, 19.50; Sophomores, 20.39. It will be noticed that the Sophomores made better time by a minute in their race with the Atalantas. As this race practically closes the administration of Pres. Ford, it is proper to testify, in this place, to his conscientiousness and faithfulness in performing the duties of his office. In regard to the boating matters of this term much has been done already. There seems to be a lively interest in everything watery from the open Polar sea to the fountain opposite the New Haven House. The annual races will take place on Oct. 20 at Lake Saltonstall. At a regular meeting held on the 20th of September, L. G. Parsons, '72, was elected President of the Yale navy, S. L. Boyce, '73, Secretary and Treasurer. The class then voted to adopt the plan of throwing the club open to the whole university. It will be necessary for those who enter the races to present certificates of membership of the university, and thus all deception will be prevented. It is probable that Harvard will accept this plan also, and it will be even a greater advantage to her than it is to us. The prizes for the fall races have been announced, and are as follows; for the shell race, the champion flag and six boating badges; for the barge race, six silver goblets; for the double scull race, two silver goblets, and for single sculls, two prizes, one of which will be a gold medal. The impecunious

Base Ball

Nine is reorganized, and the men are in daily practice. At a recent meeting, Hoyt, '72, was elected President, and Wicks, '73, Treasurer, the other officers remaining the same as last season. H. C. Deming, '72, has, for the present, taken the place of G. A. Strong, '71, who graduated last year, playing, however, in a different position. At a meeting held near the beginning of the term, it was proposed to throw open the university nine to all departments. The measure, however, did not meet with general favor, and did not succeed. The nine has, thus far, played two matches, one on Sept. 27, at Bridgeport, with the Osceolas, whom they defeated by a score of 14 to 3; the other at the Park, on Wednesday, Oct. 4, with the Mansfields of Middletown, whom they also defeated by a score of 20 to 11. Several matches have been arranged, and the nine seems to be in good condition and in good spirits. We commence the

College Year

With a few external changes. Durfee College is completed, and is pronounced satisfactory. The building is certainly ornamental, and the rooms spacious and elegant. There was lamentation at first when the weather grew cold and the steam heaters refused to grow hot. But after a while everything was serene, and now the building is said to hiss whenever it rains. Fortunately the Freshman rains were early this year, and those unfortunates who came back early to move were obliged to sit on muddy trunks for forty-eight hours. The amendments were unusually abundant during those days, and considerable furniture was moved, in regard to which no one knew whence it came nor whither it went. The

Class of '75

Is not very large, but, its members think, a good one. It contains about 130 men, of which 38 are "working up conditions." As far as societies are concerned, Delta Kappa did itself proud, winning the campaign by an overwhelming majority. The great rush came off at the Park on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 23. Each onset was a failure as regards a trial of strength. But the general disorder and the ruin of fine linen were eminently satisfactory. The Seniors, who might have been better employed, were active in exciting both parties, and, in some instances, took part in the contest with a ferocity worthy of lunatics. Two fellows who struggled together violently for five minutes, discovered, on being separated, that they were both Freshmen. They have become reconciled. The usual Statement of Facts was omitted this year, to the general satisfaction of the college. There has been little hazing this year, and the Freshmen have, in consequence, ample opportunity to enjoy the

Studies of the Term.

The Seniors recite in Human Intellect to President Porter, in Perry's Political Economy to Prof. Thacher, in Cicero Pro Cluentio to Prof. Thacher, in Goethe's Egmont to Prof. Coe, and in Loomis' Astronomy to Prof. Loomis. They attend lectures on History twice a week from Prof. Wheeler. They write essays twice this term. The Juniors recite in Plutarch to Mr. Perrin, '69. They commenced the year under Prof. Hadley, but his poor health has obliged him to give up his work for a few weeks. They recite English Literature to Tutor Beers, and Olmsted's Natural Philosophy to Tutor Thacher. The Sophomores recite in French, Tableaux de Literature, to Prof. Coe, in Horace, *Ars Poetica*,

to Prof. Wright, in the Olynthiacs to Tutor Beckwith, and in Loomis' Trigonometry to Tutor Heaton. Prof. Richards has discarded Playfair's Euclid, and is instructing the Freshmen in Todhunter's Geometry. They recite also in Lincoln's Livy and Madvig's grammar to Tutor Day, and in Arnold's Latin Prose to Tutor Hooker. Prof. Northrop does not act this term as a regular instructor of a single class. He intends to give personal criticism to writing of the Seniors and Sophomores. Prof. Newton has withdrawn from the academic course, and will devote himself exclusively to the post-graduate courses in Mathematics and Physics. But none of the changes in the academic Faculty can compare in importance with the events of

Inauguration Day.

On Tuesday, Oct. 3, in consequence of notices read to all of the classes in college, the President's Lecture Room was crowded with students. Mr. Boomer, '72, took the chair, and called upon Mr. Lines, '72, to state the object of the meeting. The students were assembled in order to take action in regard to the celebration of Inauguration Day. The chairman announced the names of two committees, one to take charge of the procession and the other to superintend the singing. The names of these committees are as follows: 1st, Beecher, '72, Boyce, '73, Wicks, '74, Jenks, '75, A. J. DuBois, S. S. S. 2d, Boomer, '72, Richards, '72, Howard, '72, Slade, '72. Mr. Beecher afterwards resigned, and Mr. Boomer made several alterations in the list. At half-past ten, Tuesday morning, Oct. 10, the undergraduates of the University joined the Alumni, who were gathered in front of the Library, where a procession was formed under the direction of Tutor Heaton, assisted by the marshals chosen from each of the classes. The procession, headed by Felsburg's band, marched to the Centre Church in the following order: Academical Department, Scientific School, Medical Department, Theological Department, Law Department, President Woolsey, President Porter, State officers, the Corporation of the College, the Faculty of Yale and other colleges, invited guests and Alumni in order of classes. On arriving at the Church the procession opened ranks while the President and President-elect, followed by the dignitaries, passed through. The body of the church was filled by the graduates and guests. The gallery was well filled with ladies, and on the stage were the officers of Yale and other colleges that were represented. The music, consisting of a choir of students, was under the direction of Dr. Stoeckel. The exercises were conducted according to the following programme:—1. Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." 2. Prayer, by

Rev. Dr. Bacon. 3. The Introduction of the President-elect, with address by President Woolsey. 4. Congratulatory address in Latin, by Professor Thomas A. Thacher. 6. Congratulatory address in English, by Henry Martin Sanders, of the Senior class. 7. Chorus, "Domine salvum fac Praesidem nostrum." 7. Inaugural address by President Porter. 8. Doxology. 9. Benediction. After the exercises at the church were concluded, the assembly adjourned to Alumni Hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion, where a collation was provided. To those ladies who so kindly assisted in the decoration, and whom we are prevented from mentioning here, especially to that one whose judicious supervision was of such material aid, the college is greatly indebted. Prof. Dwight presided at the repast, and speeches were made by Dr. McCosh, Senator Buckingham, President Woolsey, President Porter, Wm. Walter Phelps and others. Mr. Field, chairman of the executive committee of the Woolsey Fund, gave some information concerning this fund, and the meeting then adjourned. All who were interested in the subject of the Woolsey Fund met in Linonia Hall directly after the adjournment, where the matter was more fully discussed. In the evening the colleges were all brilliantly illuminated and presented a fine appearance. About eight o'clock the torchlight procession, arranged in order of classes, and headed by the band, under the command of the marshals, took up their line of march down Chapel St. to Church, up Church to Elm, up Elm to College, College to Grove, Grove to Hillhouse Avenue, up Hillhouse Avenue to President Porter's, where the procession halted, and the Glee Club, assisted by Dr. Stoeckel, sang several college songs. "Three times three" were then given for the President, who responded in a very neat speech. He finished by an allusion to the transparency carried by '73, and after "three times three" again, the procession countermarched down the avenue, cheering the professors and others interested in the college. From thence it moved to Church Street, where it halted in front of President Woolsey's. The Glee Club again sang, and after repeated cheers for our old President, he made a very touching speech calling upon us to support our new President, as he had been supported for the last twenty-five years. More cheers were given, and the line of march was again taken up to Crown Street, up Crown to High, through High to the campus, where the procession disbanded. The whole affair went off very creditably in spite of the rain, and great credit is due to the marshals for their energetic and skillful management. During the procession a few students were taken to the City Hall for blowing horns, but were immediately released by the Mayor. After disbanding, many of the "torchlights" listened to an address by Hon. Hannibal Silliman on the "Advantages of

a College Education." Olympic games under the direction of a committee from '72 were then celebrated, continuing until a late hour, when they were interrupted by an unsolicited visit from the superior powers, and the stragglers returned to their rooms after an exceedingly interesting and never-to-be-forgotten day.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

The old time customs are disappearing so rapidly that there are few opportunities to give vent to our bottled spirits, or, in other words, "to let natur' caper." The Thanksgiving Jubilee, however, will survive the finical restrictions of the Faculty, and promises, in the hands of the present committee, to afford the usual quota of enjoyment. It is the very last celebration which the college should allow to die out. The committee is as follows: Howard and Tilney, from '72; F. Allen and Latting, from '73; Dodge and Munroe, from '74; Collin and Jenks, from '75, and Davenport and Hoyt from the S. S. S. We have not taken these names from either of the

College Publications

Of this term, since the *Banner* was published before the committee was appointed, the *Pot-Pourri* has the names wrong, and the College *Catalogue* looks down with disdain upon matters of such trivial importance. The *Banner* appeared on Wednesday, Oct. 11, Inauguration Day. It has been compiled this year by George D. Miller, '70, and Thos. R. Bacon, '72. It contains 76 pages of matter and 56 pages of advertisements. The latter render the publication rather unwieldy, but, doubtless, yield the compilers a comfortable income. It wears the same outward form as last year, with the exception of a wood cut on each cover. It contains the usual lists of the Corporation, Faculty and Students, a directory of the dormitories, arranged according to entries and floors, statistics of residence, appointments of '71 and '72, the degrees conferred at the last commencement, the statement of prizes awarded during the year, together with the subjects of compositions and debates, a full list of the periodicals of the reading-room, a list of the members of all the societies, the boating organizations, the programmes of the races, the base ball clubs, the musical organizations and the eating clubs, and about ten pages of miscellaneous items, including college editors, chess clubs, campaign committees and the like. Scattered here and there through the advertising pages are unique and astonishing statements—the relative population of our cities, the New Haven physicians, city officials, public halls, time tables of railroads, and, on page 54, a

really useful time table of the horse cars. The *Banner*, of course, has a great number of errors. Of these the worst are the omission of the '73 and '75 Base Ball nines, the omission of the '74 Boat club, and the omission of the degrees of D.D., LL.D. and LL.B. The new features of the *Banner* are chiefly these: a map of New Haven, and a view of the college green in 1761, a list of the Department Faculties, a programme of Junior Exhibition, a plan of New Haven in 1742, and a collection of interesting items under the head of *De Omnibus Rebus*. This is the twenty-eighth volume of the *Banner*. The seventh number of the *Pot-Pourri* appeared on Saturday, Oct. 14. It is compiled by H. W. B. Howard, '72. It is very neat, compact and methodical, and a marked improvement over the number issued last year. It contains 76 pages of matter and 22 pages of advertisements. It is well printed and gotten up in good style. It is, however, rather crowded and cramped. We notice in its lists many of the same mistakes which appear in the *Banner*. For instance, in the Directory there are several errors in each publication, and both omit the college dormitory on Library Street. The names of the non-resident lecturers are omitted. The Glee Club of '71 and the Yachting Glee Club of the vacation are hopelessly mixed. The name of a Junior is also omitted. We imagine that it is almost impossible to avoid mistakes in the society lists, and we pass over those in the *Pot-Pourri* as in the *Banner*. The *Pot-Pourri* has several new features of importance. It comprises, in addition to its regular contents, the following novelties: value of college awards wherever they are mentioned, Entries for the Fall Regatta, Publications of the year, Inauguration statistics, Class Secretaries, with their addresses, Gifts to the University, Delegates to Society Conventions, and a "Condensed Memorabilia" for the year '70-'71. The last is a unique and valuable addition. The cover of the *Pot-Pourri* is extremely tasty, and the scarcity of advertisements gives it a more convenient size. There are two serious defects in the *Banner* and in the *Pot-Pourri*. First, the omission of an index. In pamphlets which contain so many things and upon such an endless variety of subjects, it is absolutely necessary that a table of contents should have a place. It is true that a careful and systematic arrangement has been adopted, but this is insufficient. The Religious organizations, for instance, are bounded on the east by the "College Publications," and on the west by the "Pi(e)oneer Club," but who would have thought of finding them there rather than anywhere else? Second, these publications should be accurate in their society lists. The compilers should not depend upon casual statements, but should make a rigid investigation. The *Banner* has at least a dozen errors of this kind, and the *Pot-Pourri* has nearly as many. We must

pass over a number of minor inaccuracies. Upon the whole, both publications are good, and reflect great credit upon their compilers, to whom we are indebted for complimentary copies. We are *not* indebted to the Faculty for a copy of the 1st Term *Catalogue*. It has been published, as usual, preparatory to the completer one which appears later in the year. We notice a number of changes in the Faculty. The Kent Professorship of law is still unfilled, as also the Professorship of Divinity. The *Catalogue* has led the *Banner* and *Pot-Pourri* into error by neglecting to assign an occupant to 81 N. M. A very culpable mistake! In the Summary we notice the following facts: in the Theological department the increase over last year is 15; in the Law department there is a decrease of 3, and in the Medical department a decrease of 7; in the department of Philosophy and the Arts there is an increase of 33 over last year. We notice in the *Pot-Pourri* the statement that the increase of volumes in the college Library during the past year amounts to 8,700, and that the total number of books in the University Libraries is 97,983 volumes. The compiler of the *Banner* will publish a supplement in a few weeks. In this the mistakes and omissions of the present edition will probably be rectified, and some hundred wood-cuts will be added. And now, at last, we come to a miscellaneous collection of

Items.

During the vacation a party of eight, mostly members of '72, made a cruise of ten days in the yacht Wish-ton-wish. They went up the coast to Nantucket, had a good time, and came back smiling and sun-burnt.—On the authority of the *Yale Courant*, we state that the Theological building was occupied by a young ladies' school during the summer months.—Arvine, '69, spoke at a temperance meeting on the Green, on Thursday evening, July 6. —President Porter delivered an address before Φ. B. K., at Trinity College, on Tuesday evening, July 11.—Orlando Cope, of '70, whom many will remember as a fine scholar and a member of the University crew, died in Jasper, Ind., during the latter part of July.—In a recent number of *Hearth and Home*, we find the following: "The New Haven young ladies are learning to play the violin, immensely pleased with the idea of having four strings to their bows."—It is a note-worthy fact that none of our ball players, or boating men, were conditioned at the last annual.—In a July issue of the *Worcester Spy* appeared this remarkably comprehensive statement: "A large crowd assembled on the campus at Yale to witness the class-day exercises of Trinity."—Prof. D. C. Gilman delivered an address at the Teachers' Convention, held in Fitch-

burg, Mass., on July 29. His subject was the Relation of Scientific Schools to High Schools and Colleges.—The chapel pulpit was filled on Sunday, Sept. 17, by Dr. Harris; on Sept. 24 by Mr. Newcomb in the morning, and by Prof. Hoppin in the afternoon; Oct. 1 by Dr. Bacon; on Oct. 8 by Dr. Harris, who has seemed to "take" with the students better than almost any preacher who has occupied our pulpit for a long time; and on Oct. 15 by Prof. Fisher.—The Faculty have given regular seats to those who attend Trinity Church, and have at last succeeded in obtaining a monitor among the Episcopalians.—The books formerly in Linonia Library have been transferred to Brothers. It is now allowable to draw five books at a time. It is confidently expected that this arrangement will save \$375 per annum to—no one knows what.—The college deacons have undertaken to re-organize the Sunday Reading-Room, and have, to that end, accumulated much treasure.—The Freshman initiations took place as usual. Sigma Eps took the lead in time, but Delta Kap made up in numbers.—The Junior societies began the campaign on Sept. 22, by pledging a number of Freshmen. Thus far, it may be remarked, Δ. K. E. is ahead.—There has been no statement of facts this term, as the open societies are practically abolished.—Ramsdell, '72, Holbrook, '72, and Starr, '71, are the librarians of the consolidated Library.—Curtis, '72, has charge of Commons, and is giving general satisfaction.—The Yale expedition to the Rocky Mountains makes frequent report of successful progress.—A number of the graduates of '71 are engaged as editors upon neighboring papers. Sperry is on the *N. Y. Evening Post*, Mansfield on the *Evening Register*, Elliot and Dudley are on the *Palladium*, and Clark is on the *Hartford Courant*.—It is reported that Mr. Welch has injured himself by attempting to exercise in the Gymnasium. Freshmen take warning! Always keep in your legitimate sphere.—Rumor says that \$130,000 have been subscribed toward the Woolsey fund.—Fifty Juniors have preferred Calculus to Greek.—The exhibition at the Art Gallery is about to close. It is probably the finest ever held in New Haven.—The College Library has been thrown open to all the classes.—A plumber who entered one of the closets in Durfee with a lighted lamp, to mend the gas-pipe, was severely injured by an explosion.—The church papers are disbursed by Tutor Thacher.—The Jarves collection of paintings is now for sale, and will probably be carried off before long.—On Friday evening the Williston class of '68 held their triennial, which was well attended by Yale representatives. Baldwin, '72, was the Presiding Genius.—In consequence of Prof. Hadley's illness, Mr. Perrin, '69, has taken charge of the Juniors in Greek for the present.—Dr. Harris delivered his inaugural speech as Professor of Systematic

Theology, on Tuesday evening, October 10, at the Centre Church. The introductory address was delivered by Pres. Woolsey.—The Theologues have started a Taylor Rhetorical Society, of which T. Clinton Welles is president.—Bushnell, '74, has been elected president of the '74 Base Ball Club.—The Sophomores have organized a literary society, which is to convene every Wednesday evening, at Brothers' Hall. The following is the list of officers: Stapler, President; Ragan, Vice-President; Farnam, Secretary; W. Kelly, Treasurer; Whiting and Harris, Editors of paper.—The Freshman societies have been gloating over pea-nut bums.—Over a hundred students board at Commons.—The Friday evening prayer-meeting is hereafter to be held in the new Divinity chapel.—The Chicago fire created quite a sensation about college, as the homes of several students have been destroyed.—The sweeps have begun to heap up the leaves upon the college campus. May they be preserved from the pestilence that walketh in darkness.—The *Yale Courant* has found it necessary to add another editor to the board, and has settled upon D. W. Herring, of the Scientific School. It needs him.—During the vacation Prof. Gilman made a tour of inspection of the agricultural colleges of the New England, Western and Middle States.—We have heard that C. H. Board, '71, who died last August, left \$2.500, to form a library of Political Science.—The Medical School building has received a coat of paint.—Prof. Wheeler, Tutor Heaton and H. R. Elliot, '71, have been appointed a committee to consider the subject of obtaining a more convenient playground for the students than Hamilton Park.—Oct. 4 the laying of the corner stone of the Hillhouse Public High School took place with appropriate ceremonies. Pres. Porter delivered the address.—During the past week the American Oriental Society have been holding their usual Autumn meeting in this city. Papers have been read by Pres. Woolsey and Profs. Hadley and Whitney.—The Theological Seminary is overflowing with incipient divines, and it is thought that it will soon be necessary to complete the quadrangle.—In the death of Rev. John Milton Holmes, of Yale, '57, Congregationalism has suffered a great loss. He was a man of unusual gifts of mind and heart.—We are obliged to omit the account of several minor events. Our memorabilia has outgrown our own calculations and doubtless the patience of our readers as well.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

This properly commences with the account of Commencement exercises, which occurred on Monday evening, July 10, at Sheffield Hall.

The attendance was large. The *elite* of New Haven was present. Everything passed off successfully. After the reading of the theses the company partook of refreshments, which were served in the drawing-room. The following were the candidates for degrees, and the subjects of their graduation theses. Those marked with an asterisk were read in the evening, before a large audience, in the Lecture-room ; the others in the morning, before the Faculty and a few other interested persons : **FOR DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY** (2). **Bernard James Harrington, B.A. (McGill Univ.),** Montreal, Canada ; on the Siemens-Martin Steel Process. This thesis occupies about sixty manuscript pages, with working drawings of furnaces, and a detailed account of the process, from a study of its practice at Trenton, N. J. It also contains a chemical investigation of the materials used, and the changes which take place in their conversion to steel, with quantitative analysis of different grades of Martin steel. ***Henry Shaler Williams, Ph.B.,** New Haven : on the Muscular System of Turtles. This thesis contains ninety-five manuscript pages, with numerous drawings. The greater part of it is devoted to a careful and original description of a fresh-water turtle (*Trionyx*), of which the anatomy had not been previously described. **FOR CIVIL ENGINEER** (1). **William Dennis Marks, Ph.B.,** St. Louis, Mo. ; Design of a Bowstring Girder Bridge. **FOR BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY** (23). ***Horace Andrews (Engineering),** Tarrytown, N. J. ; on the most advantageous Employment of Wind as a Motive Power. **Edwin Faxon Bacon (Select),** Norwalk ; on the rise of Mark Brandenburg. **Luther White Burt (Engineering),** East River ; on the Hartford Double Tunnel. ***George Benjamin Chittenden (Engineering),** East River ; on Safety Railway Brakes. ***Russel Wheeler Davenport (Chemistry),** New York City ; on the Hot Blast Applied to Iron in Smelting. **William Cecil Durand (Select),** Milford ; on the Historical Changes of Alsace and Lorraine. **Charles Hascall Dwinelle (Agriculture),** Oakland, Cal. ; on Forage Crops for Dry Climates. **Charles Addison Ferry (Engineering),** New Haven ; on the Comparative Value of Iron and Steel for Bridges. **Charles Henry Green (Engineering),** Cincinnati, O. ; on the Generation and Utilization of Steam. ***Charles Woodford Griswold (Engineering),** New Britain ; on the Modern Methods of Laying Foundations in Water. **George Macculloch Keasbey (Select),** Newark, N. J. ; on the Fire Clay Deposit of New Jersey. ***Joseph Frederick Klein (Engineering),** New Haven ; on Turbine Water Wheels. ***George Granville Lobdell (Chemistry),** Wilmington, Del. ; on the Siemens-Martin Steel Process. **Thomas William Mather (Engineering),** New Haven ; on the Teeth of Wheels. ***Mansfield Merriman (Engineering),** Plantsville ; Preliminary Design of a Bowstring Wrought Iron

Roof. Alfred Louis Moore (Engineering), Fond du Lac, Wis.; on an Iron Pier of the Crumlin Viaduct. *Daniel Hobart Pierpont (Engineering), North Haven; on a newly invented Pump for raising water from Deep Mines. Ferdinand Eugene Powell (Engineering), on Centrifugal Pumps. John Franklin Quigly (Engineering), Wilmington, Del.; on the Potomac Aqueduct. Frederick Lockwood Sanford (Engineering), New Haven; on the Bucket Wheel as a Hydraulic Motor. Henry Bradford Sergeant (Chemistry), New Haven; on the Working of Zinc Ores at Bethlehem, Penn. Edward Clinton Terry (Engineering), Terryville; some Calculations for a Wrought Iron Crane. Harry Degan Ziegler (Chemistry), Philadelphia, Pa.; examination of a Copper Clay from Jones' Mine, Berks county, Pa.—The following is a list of the prizes announced at the close of last term: Class of 1872—For excellence in French, a prize of \$10 awarded to Charles H. Dwinelle, Oakland, Cal.; for excellence in Botany, a prize of \$15 awarded to Mansfield Merriman, Plantsville, with honorable mention of C. H. Dwinelle, second in rank; for excellence in Zoology, a prize of \$15 awarded to George G. Lobdell, Wilmington, Del.; for excellence in Chemistry, a prize of \$15 awarded to George G. Lobdell, Wilmington, Del.; for excellence in Civil Engineering, a prize of \$15 awarded to D. H. Pierpont, North Haven; for excellence in Mineralogy, a prize of \$15 divided between R. W. Davenport, New York City, class of 1871, and T. M. Prudden, New Haven, class of 1872, equal in rank. Class of 1872—For excellence in Mathematics, a prize of \$15 awarded to Daniel W. Herring, Johnsville, Md., with honorable mention of Frank O. Maxson, Norwich, second in rank; for excellence in English, a prize of \$15 awarded to George N. Miller, Wallingford. Class of 1873—For excellence in the studies of Freshman Year, a prize of \$15 awarded to William L. Scaife, Pittsburg, Pa., with honorable mention of William H. Jenks, Brokville, Pa., second in rank. The premium given annually to the candidate who passes the best examination for admission to the Freshman class, has been this year awarded to Henry J. Kellogg, of Milford, Conn.—The Senior class is enlarged by the addition of two new men, and the Juniors have received the same number. The Junior class, at the commencement of the term, selected the courses which they intend to pursue. They have divided as follows: Mechanical Engineering, 11; Civil Engineering, 9; Select, 9: Chemistry, 3; Medicine, 1. There are also two new Professors, namely: T. R. Lounsbury, of English Literature, and O. D. Allen, of Chemistry.—A circular has been issued this term from the two oldest societies in the School (Berzelius and Σ. Δ. X.) to the Freshmen, urging them to abstain from pledging of any sort, and to give an answer to a society only when

an election was offered. They also stated that they should give no pledges, make no representations concerning any other society, and offer elections simply, without any previous pledging. The merits of such a circular are too obvious to need any comment here.—Prof. Brewer is still at Cambridge.—Last, but not least, are the Freshmen, who have the largest class that has ever entered, numbering 54. They still pursue the time-honored custom of meeting on the steps ten minutes, at least, before the time, and of watching the clock attentively until the first stroke, when there is a rush for the recitation room. The last man in is groaned over and given up as lost. On account of the size of the class, it has been divided into two divisions—an unusual occurrence.—A boating meeting was held the latter part of last term, when the following officers were elected: C. T. Morse, '72, Captain; T. P. Nevins, '72, 1st Lieut.; C. T. Smith, '73, 2nd Lieut.; C. L. Johnson, '72, Purser. At another meeting held this term, P. D. A. Panott, '74, was elected 3rd Lieut. No regular crew has as yet been decided upon. We are glad to state that H. H. Buck will fill his old place in the boat. A ball meeting has also been held, although the interest excited by the national game is at present slight. The following officers were elected: A. L. Sellers, '73, President; H. T. Gause, '73, Vice-President; J. S. Torrence, '74, Secretary and Treasurer; and H. S. Hoyt, '73, Captain.

EXTRA.

On Saturday, Oct. 14, the 9.45 a. m. train took down a number of students to New York. They were attracted by the hope of a good game between Yale U. B. B. C. and the Stars. It was considered the important game of the season. If it was won, the amateur championship would be, nominally at least, in the hands of Yale. But New York seems to be always a Waterloo to our nine. We have never yet shown the Gothamites how we can play ball. The game opened auspiciously enough, with good playing on both sides. But in the 3d inning we began to muff, and the Stars gained steadily until the 5th inning, when the lateness of the hour put a stop to the game, which was commenced too late, and which we wish had never been commenced at all. The score is 14 to 6 against us.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We regret to say that some unknown individual who labors under the delusion that he is connected with the LIT. has applied to his own purposes the usual supply of books which should come to us, through Messrs. Judd and White. If he had only furnished us with appropriate notices, we would have readily forgiven him his iniquity, feeling sure that he had been sufficiently punished in being obliged to read several new stories by Oliver Optic and works on the Lord's Prayer, which publishers are wont to send us out of consideration for the tender years and deficient religious instruction of the members of the college. We commend to him the generous example of the Messrs. Peterson, who, with a kind appreciation of the burdens of editorial responsibility, and of the difficulty of literary criticism, have been good enough to offer to put into our mouths a criticism upon a book which we have never seen, as the following circular will show :

"PALACES AND PRISONS" is the name of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new novel, now in press, and to be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It will command a very large sale, for "Palaces and Prisons" is an entire new novel from the pen of this talented American authoress, and is superior to her world-wide celebrated work, "Fashion and Famine." The scenes in this novel show great dramatic power, and the characters are strongly and strikingly drawn, and are worked up with the skill and power for which this authoress is so distinguished. From the first page to the last the reader will be enchain'd by its absorbing interest and charming style ; and when that last is reached the volume will be laid down with regret that the story is concluded. It will prove to be the most popular book that Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has yet written. "Palaces and Prisons" will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of \$1.75 in cloth ; or \$1.50 in paper cover ; or copies will be sent by mail to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

To the Editor :

Please copy the above as "Literary News" in your paper and oblige, and mail us copy of your paper with it in, directed to "Petersons' Bank Note List," and a copy of "Palaces and Prisons," in cloth will be sent to you in advance of the day of publication by us.

Respectfully yours,

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is needless to remind Messrs. Peterson & Bros., that having complied with the terms of their circular, we are waiting with the liveliest impatience to be "enchain'd by the absorbing interest and charming style" of that "most popular book," in cloth, whose "strikingly drawn characters" and "great dramatic power" render it superior even "to the world-wide celebrated work "Fashion and Famine."

If we have not been favored with many books this month, there has been no lack of pamphlets. These are upon a great variety of subjects, from essays upon Higher Education down to the advantages of Quincy, Ill., as a home. None of them, however, have for us the interest presented by the various publications sent us by Woodhull & Claflin and Mr. Theodore Tilton, in pursuance of a deep-laid plot to enlighten the public mind upon certain points wherein it is hopelessly in error. The most amusing of these publications is one which purports to be the Biography of Victoria C. Woodhull, by Theodore Tilton. From this pleasant romance we learn that Victoria takes rather an unfair advantage over her brethren of the editorial profession, by repairing to "the roof of her stately mansion on Murray Hill, where she sits like Simeon Stylites on his pillar," and draws "principles, detached thoughts, hints of systems, and suggestions for affairs" from the spirits. When she wishes to write, she goes off into a trance and utters winged words, which Col. Blood, her husband *de facto*, writes down. This strikes us as being an

exceedingly convenient way to compose, unless, indeed, Victoria lays herself open to the charge of "skinning" quite as much as if she were to copy from the works of her favorite shades without going into a trance. So, too, Victoria's way of going to church, viz: "to the solemn temple whose starry arch spans her housetop at night," is not without its charms to the weary devotee of the chapel.

Turning now to our exchanges, we find their names to be legion. We suppose that each of them has a constituency of its own to whom it is interesting. But we must confess that most of our college exchanges ceased to have any interest for us early in our novitiate. A notable exception is the *Michigan Chronicle*, which maintains its position at the head of papers of its class. We derive quite a different idea, however, of Western culture from another paper, which we pick up at random. The Alumni of an Illinois college having appointed a committee to write a panegyric on a deceased graduate, are comforted by the following specimen of choice English:

"The days of his life have gone. They were few but bright. With a gentle swell comes their knell backward to us over the river. Slipped from their cables, they have glided one by one away from us, sounding faint, sweet measures as they recede from our longing.

We stand on the shore and call in vain for the days that will never come back. We may go to him, but he cannot come back to us. Solemn though grand is the thought of the Past. We weep for the days that are gone. We sigh as we think of happy hours spent with our friend, of his eyes that sparkled at the touch of thought, of his happy words and pleasant smiles.

But the hopes we had so fondly cherished for him in this world have all gone out with the ebbing tide."

The above extract illustrates the hopeless tendency which the Western mind has to "mixing ideas" as well as drinks. We cannot forbear quoting, by way of additional proof, a statement which we noticed some time since in the *Albion Annalist*, that out in Michigan "the whitened sepulchres of dissipation and corruption, clad in broadcloth, reign the lions of modern society; while poorly-clad virtue, integrity and worth are at discount." We should like to see some of those "whitened sepulchres" dressed up in broadcloth suits, with the incongruous appendages of manes and tails (as the metaphor implies), seated upon a throne and roaring at some poorly-clad abstractions not worth one hundred cents on a dollar.

But to come down to home matters, our subscribers will notice the department of "College Talks" is omitted in this number of the LIT. Three articles under this name were inserted in the first three numbers issued by the present board for the sake of giving uniformity to the entire last volume. But at the commencement of a new volume, the editors have thought it best not to continue the series, partly for the reason that so much space was taken up by the editors themselves that insufficient room was left for contributors; partly because most of the usual articles are of the nature of "College Talks," and do not need a special head to render them in place. We cannot issue our present number without testifying to the sincere regret with which we contemplate Pres. Woolsey's retirement, and our deepest respect and admiration for his character. It is seldom that true merit meets with so universal recognition. It is a triumph no less of high principle and of unwavering devotion to duty that President ~~Porter's~~ character and work meet with so hearty appreciation. In the enthusiastic devotion of the undergraduates, in the thunders of applause with which the Alumni greet every mention of his name, he must take a deeper satisfaction than any success in the fields of literature and jurisprudence can inspire. It would be out of place to speak of his successes in these pages. But it may be stated that he enters upon his work under the happiest auspices and with the most fervent hopes for his success. We feel assured that he may count upon being met half-way by the undergraduates in any schemes of reform, and we cannot doubt that the genial and liberal spirit which marks his works will characterize his entire administration.

Wards, Jr.

VOL. XXXVII.

No. 11.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens gratis manet, nomen indesque YALENSIS
Cantabrum sonores, minimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1871.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1871.

No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE, JOHN H. HINCKS,

CHARLES C. DEMING, CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,

GEORGE RICHARDS.

THOUGHTS ABOUT YALE.

YALE occupies a large space in our minds and it seems incredible that one should meet intelligent persons who scarcely know the location of the college.

For nearly two centuries its graduates have made themselves felt in the educational and professional interests of our country, reproducing and developing the prevailing modes of thought and teaching. Yet the genius of the institution is so entirely opposed to display that the alumni have caught the same spirit, and multitudes of our people have drawn instruction and guidance from the college unconscious of the origin of the forces acting upon them. Even in this day of youthful universities, whose rich foundations promise ultimate success, whose present advantages are heralded as the dawn of new educational systems, whose halls receive unprecedented numbers of students, even when older universities appear before the public with carefully arranged courses of lectures and invite attention to superior merit, we find no desire or intention at Yale to thrust itself forward into prominence.

To many, this indisposition to court notoriety and to take the lead in innovation is an evidence of want of spirit and lack of go-ahead-a-tive-ness. It accompanies an arrogant attempt on the part of a few learned impracticables to prepare the youth of the nineteenth century for the business of life, by teaching them whatever belongs to any age other than the all important era, *i. e.* their own time. These ideas are, of course, as unwarranted and absurd as much of the misrepresentation concerning us that creeps into the public prints.

Knowing that numerous advanced students at Yale are receiving the instruction they demand, and that of the best kind in each branch, we can well afford to smile at numerous professors elsewhere, who, with no pupils to attend their lectures, play the part of figure heads merely, admitting the courses entirely unnecessary, but counseling gradual withdrawal from the present advanced position.

Knowing that seven or eight hundred students of good capacity, ready for sharp, active effort are of more value to our institution than an unlimited number of those who are incapable, for want of previous training, of appropriating the benefits of a college life, we are content to have younger institutions deal with the crude masses which extraordinary inducements have attracted, and are even willing to provide instructors from our alumni, whose skill in disciplining and educating their pupils, shall, in time, bring order out of chaos, and again, indirectly it may be, prove the excellence of Yale's methods and culture.

Though there is little parade here, active work goes on none the less steadily, and a well grounded preference for doing, rather than for promising to do, is a well defined characteristic. Only those men are wanted who possess native ability, desire for learning and perseverance. These are welcome whether rich or poor. Others may enter, be spurred on to exertion, and finally graduate; but such students, so far as we are concerned, are better elsewhere, and the innumerable institutions which are near home, cheap and convenient, in the granting of patronage

to which one benefits local interests, are entitled to and ought, by all means, to have them. Men of ability, however, who are self-provided for, or whose friends can send them to some one of the centres of culture, should shun the folly of sacrificing themselves to the patriotic idea that every county must maintain its University.

The existing mania for establishing denominational institutions, for founding colleges whose names shall perpetuate the memory of the donors, renders our educational system more expensive, and, whether it be for ultimate good or not, has the effect of limiting the income of existing colleges to a moiety of their due. With difficulty our University keeps pace with the demands of the times. Its corporation is called upon for enlarged accommodations, for better appliances, and for the employment of experienced professors where tutors do well, but are not just the men required.

The needs set forth in the appeals to the alumni, therefore, are real, we might almost say, vital; but the impression that Yale is impoverished and unable to do justice to its patrons, is altogether erroneous, for whilst it could do more and better with increased endowments, it does not fail to make use of those at hand, advancing slowly but surely each year in its development from a college into a genuine University.

The Yale of former times was the academic Yale. There were other departments indeed, but so small as to be comparatively insignificant. The last few years have wrought change, and though the academic department still maintains its precedence, it will never again be regarded as comprising all that can be desired and obtained.

The progressive spirit is only one of the many characteristics that mark our University as peculiarly American. Elsewhere there may be an aping of foreign manners and methods of teaching, but all attempts here to assume foreign airs are unpardonable, and when presidents and professors are needed, there are found able men at home, more competent, to conduct the several departments than any who could be obtained from the number of

imported educational missionaries who sacrifice so much to elevate the rude tastes of our land.

In former years our numbers were largely augmented by Southern men, many of them talented and worthy of esteem. The unfortunate occurrence of the war does not altogether prevent their presence with us now. The college has ever drawn to itself representative men of all sections, and the peculiarities of each have left their impress until it is possible for a student, by yielding to the current of life here, to become a broad-minded man, unfettered by local habits of thought and speech. The semi-pedantic, over-nice and sometimes flowery, mode of expression, as well as the grandiloquent manner of writing and speaking, prevalent at localized institutions, gives way to a style which is concise, plain and vigorous, having somewhat of native grace, and showing at once culture and manliness.

Our social life is recognized as democratic in its tendencies. Congenial tastes, indeed, draw together certain classes of men, but there is far more freedom of intercourse and good fellowship among all, than the clique spirit of some institutions could endure. This man's riches, that man's poverty, and the family connections of a third, have their influence, but, in the main, the question is upon social qualities and intellectual gifts. With regard to the reputed high cost of living, which, it may be, deters desirable men from coming here, it is important to consider that if one has the mind to seek, and the determination to enjoy the highest educational advantages, a moderate sum can be made to serve his purpose, and that students who must have help, find numerous opportunities to help themselves, a Faculty willing to do much, and classmates who, so far from looking down upon them, respect their efforts, and receive them into as good company as their social qualities and worth entitle them to.

The remarkable ignorance of the religious press and of many good people concerning our moral *status* would be of little importance, if items of questionable truth were not spread before the public, and made the basis of un-

called-for and unjust editorial comment. We can remember the time when we should have been misled by their influence, and lamented the moral declension of Yale; but, in the light of facts, we can only advise reliable religious papers and professed friends to be sure of their *data*.

Our University has in its spirit and teaching, little that is sectarian. It has regard for the prejudice of every man and aims to warp no one into peculiar beliefs. As a necessary sequence of a regularly organized Congregational church, of which many of the professors and students are members, there goes out an influence favorable to that form of worship; but, with commendable discretion, controverted points are seldom if ever discussed; the fundamental truths of Christianity upon which most men agree, are presented, and voluntary association and effort among the students themselves complete the circle of religious culture. The result is that moral influences strongly predominate, and though it be inwrought with some men to be impure and irreverent, they are either partially lifted out of themselves into a purer atmosphere, or their indiscretions lead to expulsion. More than half the members of the college are Christian men, and the notion that skepticism and irregularity of life largely prevail, is erroneous. On the contrary, the influences to deepen a man's religious convictions are many and powerful.

The existence of secret societies is not altogether approved of by many, and the opinions of experienced men concerning their demerits should have respectful attention. It is true that secret fraternities are increasing in numbers yearly, and were it at all probable that their sway would, at any time, be felt, as injuriously affecting our political, religious and social relations, it might be questionable policy to encourage them.

Every man conceals more or less of his own thoughts and purposes. So certain sets of men attend quietly to their own business. Where their secrecy is not made a cover for deeds or councils of any kind inimical to public interests, but rather for the better accomplishment of honorable objects, the question of their utility alone should be

discussed. No doubt it will always be claimed that the benefits derived from secret associations can be secured quite as well by organizations whose deeds are public; but the fact that secret societies are doing much needed and efficient work in their several spheres, is a practical argument for their continuance, not easily answered by a theoretical assumption. When societies, whether secret or open, endorse wrong principles they should be shunned by all; not, indeed, because they are secret or open, but because they teach error. Undoubtedly there is as much diversity of worth among secret societies as among those that are open, and the excellencies or faults of one society are not, of necessity, the same as those of another, because secrecy is attempted in either case.

With regard to out-door sports, Yale has its record, which presents many bright pages; and though it does not always tell of victory, justifies us in believing that many of our men have attained an unusually high and enviable degree of excellence in physical culture. With little encouragement, until of late, from the "powers that be," Yale men have persevered, and proved themselves staunch antagonists in our inter-collegiate contests. These pursuits, though favorably looked upon, have been considered as incidental to our course, and little of the thought and energy of the institution has really been given to their furtherance. Many have mourned the loss of health consequent upon a college life; but certainly the evidences before us to-day are not calculated to excite fear, almost every one admitting the necessity of exercise, and acting accordingly.

The most important question of all that may be asked, and the one which calls forth most comment, is concerning the result of our life here.

Does such a course of study as the University offers fit a man for as useful, honorable, and successful a career as does a practical training in, and mastery over, some branch of active business at that very time of life when there is eagerness to learn and energy to perform?

This point has been endlessly discussed, the merits of college-bred and self-made men compared, the value of this course and that course presented according to the pursuits of the writer, and to-day no solution is reached which satisfies the world at large. To state that one is a college graduate, is enough to satisfy some merchants and business men, of good attainments themselves, that you are not the man they want.

Much of the difficulty arises from the fact that, whilst it is not anticipated that the mass of mankind will succeed very well in any business, it is expected that every man who is capable of going through college will exhibit brains, tact and energy, as though a college furnished powers which must be original with the man himself. Education is a developing and furbishing process, and there must be something to develop and polish. Every graduate undoubtedly has some talent, or he could not even pass through college; but the pride exhibited by some, on account of collegiate training, renders them unwilling to learn from those whose native ability, united with practical knowledge, gives them at first a real superiority in their special branch. If, however, we notice the leading men who furnish the thought and mould the destinies of our country, it will be found that nine-tenths are persons of liberal culture; and they occupy high stations, not because their native ability is greater, but because they have been taught early in life how to develop and use their powers. There are schools for specialists here, and men, if they choose, may obtain some general culture and prepare themselves at the same time for practical work as engineers, architects, artisans and journalists; but the academic course, or college proper, affords only that drill of mind and knowledge of elementary truths which, when graduation day comes, leave the man fit, it may be, for a teacher, but not for any other special business of life. It is *then*, with power to think, and a range of thought which sweeps over the past and links it to the present, which takes in at a glance the general relations of science, literature and art, of commercial business,

morals, and law, that he is enabled to select his field and apply himself with greatly increased capacities to that special work which is his choice. Inferior at first to those about him, he rapidly masters what has cost them years of effort, and eventually we find the educated man foremost in the walks of life; not a devotee at the shrine of a single pursuit, but one whose breadth of culture enables him to accomplish more for his own cause, whilst tasting innumerable enjoyments to which the specialist or mere business man is a stranger.

CRUISE OF THE YACHT THERESA.

“The yacht **THERESA** took a crew,
And they were dressed in suits of blue.”—*Old Song.*

THE Yale Glee Club of 1871 was one of the many so-called “best” Glee Clubs with which the college has been blessed; and as seven of its twelve members graduated last summer, it may be added, without indelicacy, that it deserved the distinction. The flattering success which had attended the occasional concerts given during the year, suggested the idea of a vacation tour; and, as the feasibility of such a trip had been demonstrated by previous experiments, no time was lost in hiring a trim little sloop yacht from New Bedford, and ordering twelve of the nobbiest uniforms and one of the most exaggerated streamers ever made. The day came; the uniforms were ready; the steamer arrived, which seemed fairly to shout “YALE GLEE CLUB,” and word came from Capt. West that he would meet us at New London. So nothing remained for us but to begin our yacht trip by rail. Arrived at New London, we spent our first two days in delightful laziness; graduates entertained us, ladies smiled upon us, and little boys jeered at us. As the canary prefaces his song with a warning note or two, so we, as a prelude to the burst of harmony which was to character-

ize our first concert, sang on Sunday in Dr. Daggett's church. But for one circumstance we had imagined ourselves back in the college choir; the tunes were familiar, the voice was very familiar—but the galleries in New Haven never shone like this. If New London depends upon her damsels for the discharge of domestic duties, many a fire went out that night, and many a lamp was left unlit.

Beginning with the next evening, which was Monday, fourteen concerts were given on fourteen successive nights, Sundays omitted. Artistically they were a success; for, although a single song fizzled, now and then, yet, considering that much of the time the weather was damp, and the voices were young and unaccustomed to such constant use, the music was remarkably good. Pecuniarily, our success was equal to our expectations, for we almost paid expenses. But setting out, as we did, for fun, the success of the trip was such as never was known before. To begin with, it was no slight pleasure to make the acquaintance of a lot of fellows of different classes, from knowing whom the unfortunate but unavoidable class etiquette prevailing at college had hitherto prevented us. It was well worth while to learn that he who used to roll you in the mud in the dark days of '68, and a piece of whose flannel cap you keep among your choicest memorabilia is, after all, a first rate fellow; and to find out that a Freshman is a good deal of a man, and a Sophomore very much of a gentleman, raises your opinion of the average student no less than to discover that a Junior can find time from his selfish "pipe" and everlasting "glees" to talk common sense, and that a Senior will unbend from his traditional dignity to be boyish again.

The concerts soon became an old story; and, though there was considerable pleasure and excitement in this, the legitimate business of the trip, yet the best fun was connected with the "side-shows." The sailing and the life aboard the yacht were, perhaps, the most enjoyable part of the trip. If at bed-time we made no bones of

being a little crowded, the party comfortably filled the yacht. The cabin seats, and sometimes the floor were turned into temporary bunks upon which no one was effeminate enough to spread more than an army blanket. As soon in the morning as the laziest of the party had vacated his couch, the cabin was turned over to the steward, who prepared such a breakfast as is eaten only by just such sunburned campers as we. As we sailed, the deck was covered with readers and smokers, the most fortunate of whom was he who fixed his blanket and pillow snugly beside of the bow-sprit, opened his Dickens and lit his cigar, which he took from his mouth and from before his eyes only to look at the blue sky above him or the spray dashed up by the vessel's prow. A plucky crew with a captain who was never known to take a reef gave us some sailing which often made our hair stand up, though, with the exception of one unfortunate brother, we managed to keep our breakfast down. There is little need to tell students how the time passed on board. Every one knows how all the old, often the very old college jokes and rigs were drummed up to do duty once more; and how many jolly hours were spent at the card table, over the book, and in the arms of "Murphy." So, singing at night and sailing by day, the time passed pleasantly and profitably.

At many places the club were entertained by graduates of Yale, whose enthusiasm for their Alma Mater seemed to revive whenever a blue ribbon came in sight. It is one of the pleasantest facts of college life that there is between graduates and students a common bond which they recognize most fraternally whenever they meet. At New London, Mr. Jennings, of the '67 Glee Club, did the honors; and, in addition to many other kindnesses, arranged for a sail in the bay on a little white yacht in company with New London's fairest daughters. That was an experience never to be forgotten, and it is with a peculiar sadness that these lines are written, for they recall a pair of blue eyes, a head of golden hair and a soft gentle voice which we may never again behold or hear. At the

same place Mr. Mason Young, of '60, had us to dinner on Sunday, and again invited us, after the concert, to meet some young ladies at his house, where he entertained us generously and gracefully. While in Norwich we were the guests of Mr. Lanman, at whose house we met other lovely damsels, and in Providence we were fraternally received by society brethren at the University. At Newport and Stonington, New Bedford and Narragansett, we met numbers of Yale men who seemed to be carried back to the old scenes by the sight of the familiar colors and faces. Indeed, we were nowhere without good friends, either old or new, who manifested their good will by their hearty hospitality.

It is far from the writer's purpose and foreign to his nature to neglect to mention the courtesies we received from the fair sex. It has been told how they beamed upon us from the galleries in New London; and, indeed, the audiences throughout the entire trip were mainly composed of ladies. At New London and Norwich they nearly won our hearts, and would have quite vanquished us, had we not known that our trip had but just begun. At Narragansett Pier they extemporized a ball in our honor, and repeated it on our return. At Newport we sipped sweet honey from the lips of fashion; at New Bedford the stalwart fisher-maidens kissed their hands to us; as we sailed into Edgartown a bevy of beauties showed their white stockings and waved their handkerchiefs from the bridge; and after the concert we walked with them in the pale moonlight; while the Nantucket girls, isolated, in a manner, from the rest of creation, and mindful of the terrible discrepancy between the males and females of that barren isle, in the proportion of one to nineteen, gave us such a reception as that to be accorded to the Russian Grand Duke will hardly rival. A pair of black eyes at Newport turned the head of the steadiest of our number; that moonlight stroll added no less than five to the acquaintance of our gayest Lothario, while there was soon not a Benedick among us but was half the day making verses "to his mistress' eye-brow."

It would be tiresome to read of all the interesting things we saw. The grandeur of the waves which rolled so high above our mast that they seemed about to engulf us, and which hid all of earth and most of heaven from our sight; the fairy-land we discovered in the Vineyard Camp Ground, where the boarded avenues were lined with brilliantly lighted cottages, whose folding-doors generously opened revealed charming pictures of domestic life; all these things are worthy of description, and certainly of passing mention.

It will hardly do to close this sketch without putting on record one or two incidents which never fail to come to mind in connection with this trip. Perhaps the most comical occurrence was the blue-fish experience of our heavy man. It was during the single day of good fishing we had. All who could find room, were trolling with eel-skin spoon hooks, and he among the rest. He tried to combine sport and repose, and lay on his back, gazing at the sky, waiting for the fish to bite. Frank Henry, the irrepressible ship's boy, had landed a fine six-pounder, which lay stiff and stark in the locker. Our friend called feebly to the boy to remove the sea-weed from his hook, that the fish might bite. Harry did as he was requested, and having freed the hook, passed it forward to the mate, who fastened on, tail foremost, the long-dead fish already caught. The line was quietly dropped overboard, and running out with the motion of the yacht, brought up with a jerk which aroused the dreamer from his reverie. He jumped to his feet, and pulled as for dear life. At each successive jerk, the fish leaped high into the air, which only increased the fisher's exertions. Cheered on by the rest of us, some of whom were in the secret, he labored frantically, cutting his fingers with the line, and finally lifted upon the deck, *tail first*, the dead blue-fish which the boy had caught. He never fished again.

At Nantucket it is the custom to announce all entertainments by the town crier. Preparations had been made by our agent, and soon after our arrival a big negro, followed by all the boys in town, paraded the

grass-grown streets, ringing a monstrous dinner bell, and proclaiming : "The Yale Glee Club—has arrived—and will give a Concert—in Pantheon Hall—this evening at half-past seven"—and so on, D. C., ad infinitum. This announcement attracted a very large audience to a very small hall. In Providence we were mistaken by the gamins for the Brown Crew, which had been defeated at Ingleside the day before; and we were greeted with : "Hi, yi ! them's the fellers that got beat !" One unlucky member of the Club had to remain over night at the Vineyard, to arrange for an extra concert; but was consoled by the prospect of a pleasant evening in the company of a charming damsel, who was a fellow-boarder at the hotel. Imagine his disgust when two callers were announced, who staid, by the watch, no less than three hours and a half. They turned out to be Bostonians, and one of them was a Harvard man. Among other topics of the day, the concert of the night before was mentioned, and the gentlemen informed of what a treat they had missed in not hearing it. "O, yes," said the collegian, "but I hardly regret it, for I have heard the same songs so much better sung at Harvard." The young lady suggested that, not having heard both, he was hardly fitted to make the comparison; but she was assured that he knew "that those songs *could* not be better sung than they were by the Harvard-Glee-Club-and-Pierian-Sodality on their starring tour in 1868." As a matter of opinion this was hardly interesting, but as a characteristic bit of logic it was well worth hearing. But there is no end of these reminiscences. They are suggested by every familiar face, by the memorabilia that hangs on the wall, by innumerable incidents of every-day life. We can never forget the ludicrous part of the life aboard ship, the toilet, the pulpit, the versatile power of mimicry which convulsed us with laughter, the "Doctor" in his berth, the "Dodger" and his misfortunes, the "Little One" and his after-dinner speeches; nor the short cut to the yacht, which carried us miles out of our way, through the deepest swamps and the densest fog.

It remains only to speak more particularly of the concerts themselves. Although some slight changes were made (generally "by request"), the programme was the same as that given in Music Hall before the tour began. The pieces which were best received were "A. B. C.," the peculiarly *college* songs, the base solos and the always popular warbles. The local newspapers gave the most gratifying notices; some comparing the singing of the club to that of the famous Russian Chorus and at Providence, where a comparison with Brown and Harvard was expected, the club received the most flattering commendation.

It was with heavy hearts that we separated at Narragansett Pier. For some of us it was the last experience of college life; for us all it was the breaking of a tie which had even in so short a time grown strong enough to make the parting painful. Every member of the club will remember as the pleasantest of all his vacation experiences the Glee Club tour of 1871.

H. W. B. H.



THE MISTAKE.

Within the bright and golden years
That span his college life,
Who seeks not out some kindred soul
With noblest motives rife,
And links not fast that soul to his
In friendship's lasting tie,—
Unknowing spurns a priceless gem
No after years can buy.

What though to rarest gifts of mind
He add in endless store
The choicest learning of his age
And mines of ancient lore,
And though his pen and lips are fraught
With all that gifts can lend,—
Yet is he poor in that he lacks
A trusted class-mate friend.

When on the lake his oar ahead
 Has shot the dainty prow,
 When all the shore his praise resounds,
 And laurels 'wait his brow ;
 Or when his dauntless nerve has won
 The close-contested game,
 And thousands mark his faultless skill,
 And oft applaud his name ;

Or when on higher fields of strife
 His mind, or tongue, or pen,
 Predicts his sway in after years
 Among his fellow men ;—
 Though to his soul the world's applause
 Its meteor glow impart,
 No honest, loving, class-mate grasp
 Shall ever warm his heart.

And when his arm, or nerve, or gifts
 Have failed to win the prize ;
 When some long-cherished college plan
 In hopeless ruin lies ;
 Or when, before detraction's breath
 His spotless fame shall flee,—
 Ne'er shall he prove the priceless worth
 Of class-mate sympathy.

For him shall be no distant walks,
 Beguiled by loving mirth ;
 No fond communings 'neath the elms
 Or by the blazing hearth :
 Nor shall a thousand purest joys
 That kindred souls may know
 With radiance gild the fleeting months,
 And lasting boons bestow.

And when the day shall dawn wherein
 His class bids Yale farewell,
 No answering thrill of tenderness
 Within his heart shall swell ;
 The Ivy Song, the faltering words,
 The last united cheer,
 Shall fall like twice-told tales upon
 His less than human ear.

D. N. B.

COLA DI RIENZI:—BULWER *vs.* THE HISTORIANS.

[YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.]

By SAMUEL OSCAR PRENTICE, of North Stonington, Conn.

FEW characters in history have acquired for themselves a more extended fame than Cola di Rienzi. The sphere of his life work was not large, the period of his prominence was not long, and few changes which he effected survived his generation. He was, in no respect, an Alexander or a Napoleon. Yet few names are more familiar to us than his. Dramatist, novelist, reviewer and historian have all conspired to tell the tale of "The Last of the Tribunes" in the most complete and interesting manner. The peculiar romance of his history has recommended him to the authors' pen, and, so much do the boldness of his attempts, the enthusiasm of their execution, and the tragic nature of his fall appeal to the admiration of men, that they never tire of hearing the "old, old story" repeated.

Of the English writers upon Rienzi, Lord Bulwer is most generally known. The peculiar relation which he sustained as an ardent admirer of his subject, the license which his chosen style of composition afforded him, together with the natural vigor of his pen, did not fail to make him a most acceptable and fascinating biographer. He seems well acquainted with his subject and did not hesitate to avow, in preface and note, that he believed the generally received conceptions of Rienzi were, in many respects false and unjust. He assailed Gibbon, Sismondi, and others, for taking what he considered a wrong view of the tribune's character, and boldly professed his faith in Rienzi as a man, a reformer and a ruler. He felt that these dull annalists could not appreciate the enthusiasm of the ardent Roman, and judged him by a standard unworthy of the man and the times. It is easy to see that in his heart of hearts Bulwer had enshrined the

Rienzi of history a hero. What else than a hero, then, should we expect from him in his character of a talented and privileged novelist?

Knowing Bulwer's position as we do, no one can be disappointed in his narrative. The most casual reader must see traces of a warm admiration and unfailing devotion. The enthusiastic career of Rienzi had its parallel in the enthusiastic appreciation of his biographer. It was a happy combination of hero and author, and the tale of "The Last of the Tribunes" was a fitting offspring of such a hallowed wedlock. Therefore it is no wonder that his story has been so much admired, and has contributed so much to extend the glory and the fame of Rienzi. Through its influence the popular English and American idea of the tribune has become scarcely different from what its author would have had it. It has stamped indelibly upon the mind of the reading public the impress of its own heroic conceptions. By this I would not imply that Bulwer's conclusions are false. For no one ever had better opportunities to understand his subject, and, to all seeming, no one ever employed them better. He was not free to use the license of the novelist, but observed with rare fidelity the facts of history and his own interpretation of "disputed ground." His views were carefully and honestly conceived, and he employed the utmost clearness of his diction to enforce them. For his studies and their results we should feel grateful, in that they have prompted to a closer study and a deeper insight into an interesting portion of Roman history. Doubtless the appearance of his work has led to a more favorable view of Rienzi among scholars in general. But at the same time, its charm as a novel has sent it where no other study of the tribune's life has ever gone, and has impressed upon the popular mind a conception of him which is at least questionable and unestablished. Such being the case, it may not be entirely profitless to compare, in some of its more prominent points, the interpretation which he has put upon Rienzi's career with that which has commonly been given by students of his times

Then, whether we shall learn of him in fiction or history, we shall know wherein he has been judged differently, and may set our own estimate upon him.

We need not dwell at length upon the conflicting accounts of the tribune's birth, and the minute details of his early years. We have not historical evidence enough to decide upon them, and they have little to do with his conduct or character. It is sufficient to know that he was born into an humble sphere of life, and that his inclinations led him to improve the opportunities of acquiring an education which fortune threw in his way. He became versed in all the lore of his day, and even in boyhood gave promise of uncommon genius and power.

Early in his youth, Bulwer has developed in the future tribune's breast, a definite and determined purpose. The corpse of his murdered brother is the altar upon which he swears vengeance, and devotes himself to the task of freeing and regenerating Italy. Henceforth, whether he is pursuing his studies into Cicero, Cæsar, and Seneca, and deciphering the inscriptions and marbles of the city, or whether he is playing the part of a buffoon in the palace of the Colonna, it is all with his one great end in view. He studies that he may acquire personal power. He becomes a jester that he may bring himself into contempt with the nobles, and may lead them to despise the influence he is gaining with the people. That the unity of Rienzi's purpose may escape no one, Bulwer has introduced a conversation between his hero and Adrian di Colonna, "the liberal prætrician." In this Rienzi rehearses at length the plan of his life. He tells his friend how he has toiled in private, how he has deceived the nobles, how he has prepared the people, and how eagerly he looks forward to the day which shall be the culmination of all his waiting and watching and working. It is a plan early conceived and never forgotten.

The historians, on the other hand, recognize no such early purpose. They are the rather fond of finding in Rienzi's classical studies the germ of a later determination. His researches into Roman history were very

extensive, and in these he became acquainted with his country as she once was. Her glory and pride as the mistress of the world and the abode of freedom, literature and the arts appealed to his patriotic nature. He realized the change which had come over his beloved city. She who once had ruled the nations, could not then rule herself. Torn from within and harassed from without, she was the scorn and pity of her neighbors. Her people were miserable, ignorant, downtrodden, the slaves of a merciless nobility, and, still worse, of their own uncertain caprices. The crown of the empire had passed into Germany, and the Pope had been driven beyond the Alps in search of a more congenial home. Rienzi felt keenly the degradation into which his city had fallen, and he longed to restore her to her ancient honors. But, as yet, he probably had not conceived the design of attempting so great a work. He longed and wished, but he had not the sense of power and co-operation which should give birth to hope. Soon, however, he was chosen an ambassador to the Pope, and his eloquence so charmed the holy father that he made no hesitation in expressing his delight. The people, of late, had also listened to Rienzi's teachings, and had shown that liberty was no unwelcome sound to their ears. He knew how discontented they were, and he saw how readily they were moved by inspiring words and eloquent promises of deliverance. As he won his way into their regard, he remembered how of old the people had been the strength of the Roman state, and he began to feel that, after all, he was not without the means which should be needed in working out the redemption of Rome. With the first gleam of hope his purpose began to be perfected, and soon he had consecrated himself to his life work.

Such is the view of the historians. In their minds it was no momentary passion, no boyish freak of vengeance, that formed the purpose, to the working out of which his youth and maturity were sworn. His scheme was rather of slow growth. He did not at first map out his plans, and then direct events and circumstances to their fulfill-

ment, as Bulwer has made him, but the characteristics of his nature were rather wrought upon by circumstances, and thus developed his design. He was patriotic, ardent, ambitious. His patriotism made him feel his country's shame, his enthusiasm established his power with the people, and his ambition made him seize upon that to advance his country and himself.

The story of Rienzi's rise to power from the time that he entered actively upon his design, has provoked little discussion. The history of his success is inspiring enough wherever we read it. The bare annals of the biographer cannot strip it of the glory, nor can the charming diction of Bulwer weave new laurels into its crown. He who has seen Rome as she was, and as he made her, has seen enough to prevent him from underrating the glory of the tribune. And it was all his work. None there is to dispute with him for even a share of the honor. His heart alone was touched by the shame of his country, and his strong arm alone struck for her redemption. He found her enslaved. He made her free and placed her among the nations of the earth. The results which he attained would have been wonderful enough in any age and performed by any means, however violent. But his was a peaceful revolution in the most turbulent of times. No massacre of nobles or rulers was demanded at his hands. No blood of barons or people cemented the corner-stone of his republic. Simple were the means; stupendous the results; and he the director of them all.

Thus, after a remarkable revolution, we find Rienzi at the head of the Roman state. The people are contented and prosperous, and it almost seems that, under their new leader, they would again become that august republic of which Rome had once been the capital. But, alas for human greatness! A short seven months hence beholds him calling upon the people in vain. The great bell peals out as it had done before, but no one responds to its summons. Rome has deserted her leader, and the new republic is dead.

The facts of the tribune's fall are as fully narrated as we could expect; but, unlike those of his rise, their connection and causes are not easily determined. Numberless complications appear, which render it impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions concerning the occasion of his fall. The fickleness of the people, the enmity of the barons, the uneasiness and interference of the Pope, and new features in Rienzi's own character which were called out by his new circumstances, all entered actively into the work of this period. But whether the tribune's own weaknesses, or other influences uncontrolled by him, worked out the destruction of his hopes, history leaves peculiarly unsettled. Such uncertain ground has been well adapted to the conflicts of opinion which have been waged by the score of writers upon Rienzi's times, and has been their favorite battle-field.

Bulwer has taken a strong stand in favor of the tribune. He says; "Whatever his faults, I repeat, that it was not by his faults he fell." He blames the people, and avers that however just had been his rule, however noble his conduct, his fate would have been the same. He says it would have been wonderful if the people, who for centuries had been schooled in corruption and degradation, had suddenly shown themselves worthy of liberty. This is indeed true. But he should remember that it was not so much liberty, as justice and equality, which Rienzi gave them. His power was virtually unlimited, and had he ruled without foolishly disregarding the superstitions of the people, and without rendering the detested tax necessary, he might still longer have retained their favor. Bulwer says that the needed *gabelle* first alienated the short-sighted populace, that excommunication was Rienzi's death-blow. But he should not forget that, if he had not been so extravagant, no tax would have been necessary; that if he had not been so rash, no opportunity would have been given the holy father to publish his fatal bull. It is easy enough to find immediate causes for his fall without himself; but, after all, do these not have their origin in remote influences from within?

It is difficult to see how Bulwer could have been so unmindful of the facts of history as to have arrived at the sweeping conclusions which he has. In his narrative he quite impartially refers to the different acts and conduct of Rienzi. But in his summary of the tribune's character he almost wholly ignores that foolish ambition and short-sighted arrogance which so continually mark his successful career. Rienzi seemed to place the most implicit trust in his own personal power, and in the constancy and coöperation of the people. He knew, as well as any one, the enormous work he had accomplished in the liberation of Rome, and he began to feel that no work was too great for him to undertake, no authority too great for him to usurp. With the imperiousness of a Cæsar, he called upon the Italian provinces to unite under the banner of his republic. He questioned the claims of the German princes, dictated to the Pope and his holy cardinals, and, in direct opposition to the observances of the church, bathed in the sacred vase of Constantine. How he could have been so blind as not to have foreseen the results of all this insolence is surprising. This chapter of his history, more than any other, argues a weak and childish side to his character. There is too much wild imagination and frenzy to spring from a truly great mind. The legitimate fruits of his folly he soon reaped, when prince and pontiff turned against him, and the holy father thundered forth his anathemas. Then, beset by foes from without, the slightest turn in the tide of popular favor engulfed him and his fortunes. We may argue and theorize as much as we please. We may blame excommunication, the enmity of foreign powers, or the *gabelle*, for Rienzi's fall. But we should remember that his own conduct produced these. As long as these facts remain, I do not see how we can say that it was not by his own faults that Rienzi fell. His actions may not have deserved his ruin, and under other circumstances might not have caused it. But, as he was situated and surrounded, they proved fatal.

His vanity and love of display we can more readily join with Bulwer in excusing. It was doubtless prudent for him, in his age and with his people, to surround himself with official dignity and grandeur. But this he carried to excess. The humble tribune needed no such appellations as he assumed. No sword of chivalry, no "white steed of royalty," no "guards with halberds," no princely holidays, were required. Such magnificence was uncalled for, and should have been avoided by Rienzi if only that he might guard against the *gabelle*, which he knew would displease the people. But he might have survived even the *gabelle*, had it not been proposed when he was reaping the fruits of his other follies, and his misfortunes were culminating.

The attacks upon Rienzi's personal courage and military skill, which have been made by some of his biographers, Bulwer has highly resented. Although the proofs which he has advanced do not substantiate his position in every respect, yet I cannot help agreeing with him that cowardice and military incapacity had little to do with Rienzi's fall. No evidence of physical or moral weakness, up to this time, is recorded. The charge is one deduced from later history, and applied to present failure. He had occasion to draw his sword against the barons only, and had he been the most successful in that direction, he could not have stayed the wrath of the Pope, nor the dissatisfaction of the people, which were the real causes of his downfall. Even in his struggle with the barons, he can point with pride to the battle at the gates, and no one can blame him for not leading an unwilling people against Merino, or the one hundred and fifty freebooters in the palace of the Colonna. It was no cowardice to surrender to their fate the people who had deliberately disclaimed him and the privileges he maintained. They refused to obey, and he could not command.

In Rienzi's sudden adversity, we see the spirit of his early manhood revive within him. A few sparks of his youthful fire still remained. "Tremble! Rienzi shall return," was his parting message to his city's conquerors.

This was no idle threat. No idle task had he undertaken. Tenacious of his purpose to the last, for seven years, through exile, and wanderings, and imprisonment, he planned and labored for his restoration. Five years found him an accused criminal in the dungeons of Avignon, farther than ever from the attainment of his object. But suddenly his prospects brightened. Through some freak of magnanimity or policy on the part of Pope Clement, his trial, which had been long delayed, was ordered. It was made a mere form, and Rienzi was restored to his city, under the protection of the Pope. He was received by the people with great rejoicing, and welcomed a second time as their deliverer.

But his exile had not taught him wisdom. No sooner was he again in power than his old vices crowded back upon him. Nor did they come unattended. Formerly his faults had been chiefly those of a public officer. He had been impolitic and extravagant. Now he was weak, tyrannical and dissolute. Bulwer has accredited him with a reform in his character, and says he strove to free himself from his former errors. But, if he made such an attempt, he most signally failed. No period of his life is more sad, either in its progress or its results, than this. His arrogance he did not, indeed, display on so grand and extended a scale as before, but it cropped out continually in his tyrannical exercise of justice and power. The dampness of his prison had ruined his stalwart constitution, and despondency and inactivity had sapped the vitality of his mind. He had become vacillating and capricious. He turned quickly from one plan to another without doing justice to any, and experienced alternately the promptings of hope and despair. Overweening confidence, at times, made him injudicious, and, at others, doubt and depression incapacitated him. Among the Hungarians and Germans he had acquired a love for wine and high living. He satisfied himself without restraint, and soon excess and intemperance were written upon every lineament of his frame. This vice most loathed by the Romans gave great offense, and destroyed

that respect which his rigid abstinence had won. They began to feel that Rienzi had faults in common with other men, and ere long failed to distinguish between him and the score of demagogues they had received and overthrown. They did not appreciate the benefits of his reign, and groaned under the burdens which he imposed. It was not long before they repudiated their former champion, and united in a conspiracy to depose him. Early one morning he was awakened by the cry: "Let the tyrant perish!" He found himself surrounded by an uprising of the people, and soon was besieged in the palace. Heroically he attempted to turn the tide of popular disfavor. He appealed to the multitude in the name of liberty and order, but all in vain. Rienzi was no longer shrined in the hearts of his countrymen. He was seized by the mob, and dragged to the place of execution. There, after a short parley, the daggers of the conspirators were plunged into his bosom, and "the last of all the Romans" fell a sacrifice to the popular displeasure.

Such, in general, was the career of Rienzi, and such are the common interpretations of his conduct. Whichever view we take of him, we must confess that he was a remarkable man; and the more we understand how fallen had been the condition of the Roman people for centuries before his time, the more must we appreciate his devotion, his energy, his perseverance, his greatness, his virtue. We may not, as Bulwer has done, fall down and worship him as a perfect being; but we cannot help admiring his rare and manly qualities. His early career was a marvel of success, and has had few parallels in the whole range of history. Then as a reformer, he played the part for which nature formed him. His spirit was thoroughly an aggressive one; and as long as he had wrong to combat, unjust rulers to criticise, and something higher to attain, the noblest part of his being was called into activity. Then his eloquence and enthusiasm came to his assistance, his inferior position taught him to lay aside arrogance and vanity, and hope and imagination fed his courage. As a revolutionist he has had few equals,

but in placing his reforms upon a firm basis, he failed. He could not live and rule up to his ideal. The very qualities which had won for him his triumphs proved his destruction. He failed to accommodate himself to his condition, and curbed not his inclinations until they had carried him to excess.

But, in spite of his faults, in another age and under other circumstances, his reign might not only have been uninterrupted, but even prosperous. His intentions were certainly good, and, even in his darkest hours, we cannot fail to recognize a dignity and manhood entirely foreign to his times. True, his last rule and final fall argue unfortunately against his character. But he is not without excuse. His seven years of misfortune had wrought a fatal work upon both mind and body, and he was no longer himself. In all justice we must deal leniently with his later faults. He did a noble work for his country, and has set in history a lofty example of a devoted patriot. It was not long ere the Romans themselves appreciated this, and they ever afterwards united in ascribing glory and praise to the last deliverer of their race.



THE SOCIAL LIFE OF COLLEGE.

THREE are two phases of social life: the gossiping and the intellectual. The end of the one is pleasure; the end of the other is profit. The first phase exhibits vapid nonentities, common-places, and the endless variations of small talk. The second phase shows us the products of the mind earnestly set on getting and imparting knowledge; the mutual play and interplay of thought and imagination with reference to a given result. It is of this latter phase that I purpose to treat.

Contrary to a just inference from the student's object, the social life of college does not, generally speaking, partake of the intellectual character. Without stopping

to give reasons why this is so, if indeed any other reason is needed than the thoughtlessness and inexperience of youth, it will be ours to show how our social life may be made a very important element in our education. Several paths present themselves, by treading any one, or all, of which, we arrive at the common goal. We name some of them :

First, there is the "*nosce te ipsum*" way. Other things being equal, the educated man stands the best chance of being successful in life. To know one's self is one of the essential elements of success. Study will, in part, develop it, but conversation will complete the development, and bring it to perfection. What more noble than the study of the mind! What undertaking more laudable than to sound the depths of the soul and try its powers! This we claim for our social life. How, better, than by means of conversation, can we know what great possibilities lie within us? The recitation-room is little else than a drill-room for the exercise of our conscious powers. The parlor develops new powers and acquaints us with them. The shock of two earnest minds elicits a spark which lights up the inner chambers of the soul; which shows its strong and weak points, its accomplishments, and its deficiencies. Just here, we reach the most feasible, as well as the most natural method of self-knowledge. The mind, heretofore all but unconscious of its powers, now sees how numerous and in how crude a form they are. The chaotic mass must be reduced to order. Says DeQuincey : "Simply to rehearse, simply to express in words, amongst familiar friends, one's own intellectual perplexities, is oftentimes to clear them up. It is well known that the best means of learning is by teaching ; the effort that is made for others is eventually made for ourselves ; and the readiest method of illuminating obscure conceptions, or maturing such as are crude, lies in an earnest effort to make them apprehensible by others." The process goes on with a rapidity proportional to the energy of thought. Is conversation light and commonplace?—the impulsive thought is feeble. Is conversation

stimulating and intellectual?—the thought of the mind is strong and weighty. In any case, then, a man's words are an index of his progress in self-knowledge.

And not only so, but another's mental calibre, compared with our own, seldom fails to prompt to self-examination. We take a mental inventory of all our possessions. The strong we discipline, the weak we strengthen. When conversation ceases, or, in other words, when the reciprocal action of the other mind is withdrawn, the impressions produced still remain. The man has had a clear view of what he is. His feelings are pleasurable and painful: pleasurable, because he has found something; painful, because he cannot utilize it when wanted. And now he will begin that process of independent thinking, the lack of which among us has been lately deplored. He has begun the study of himself, and its very beginning challenges to a renewal of the task. But in order that he may work effectively, or, indeed, work at all, he needs to be possessed of a purpose. For a want of such purpose, no outward inducements or *stimuli* can compensate. If we fail of developing independent thought, the blame rests with ourselves.

In the second place, he who would make his social life serve his education will obtain from it a knowledge of human character. To set out in life with hope of success, relying wholly upon one's self-knowledge, is the part of folly. The skillful mechanic must first familiarize himself with the nature of the implements he is to use. Mankind are the instruments by which the student must rise to excellence. Equally conversant must he be with the tools with which he is to work. His powers, unaided, can do but little. He must have help, or fail. And so he will seek aid and sympathy from his fellows. They stand around him on every hand. But to be an efficient master, he must employ the best means. Of which of the helps at his disposal shall he avail himself? A knowledge of human nature and character is needed to solve the problem. He who can best read the thoughts of the soul in men's conduct; he who can pry deepest into the secrets of

character, as portrayed in acts, will be most likely to make a judicious choice of helps. To this end there must be intimacy. And who so intimate as mutual friends? Many of our choicest and firmest friendships are formed in college. A splendid opportunity is here offered us of enlisting their aid in the service of our education. A friend will unburden his mind to us as none other will. He will not be at pains to conceal either his defects or his faults. Frankness is characteristic of friendship.

Experience in reading character thus derived will go far toward helping us in forming correct estimates of others who are not intimately connected with us. And this is, perhaps, the greatest benefit our social life confers, in this respect, for of the many with whom one meets, but few, in the nature of the case, can be his personal friends.

Aside from the knowledge of one's self and others which social life is able to give, it has still another product. It polishes and refines the manners and language. This result, because most palpable, is often esteemed the most important. Rather is it to be regarded, we think, as subsidiary to, or as a natural consequence of, the other two.

And first, as to its refining influence upon manners. Far as our social life is from what it might be, nevertheless it seems impossible for a man to go through college without undergoing a decided change for the better in his manners, even after deducting the influences of contrary tendencies. Refinement comes to all,—to him who looks for it, and to him who does not. But he who expects to get it, and puts forth effort in that direction, will be more truly successful. The opinion and the fact are abundantly confirmed in the history and experience of many a student.

Next, its effect upon language. The educated man, to fill up the complement of his powers, must not only know how to *think*, but also how to *talk*. He must not only have knowledge, but must have the faculty of intelli-

gently and gracefully imparting it. Such is the fascination of easy, graceful conversation, that he who can converse well, needs no other title to preferment. In many circles, the merest sciolist, by virtue of his words and his happy way of expression, commands a greater influence than the man of solid learning. With many people, it is not so much *what* is said, as *how* it is said. Conversation *without* brains is popular, not profitable. Conversation *with* brains is both popular and profitable. To unite, then, with his learning, the power of expressing himself fitly, clearly, and fluently, is the duty of the student. This can be effected by entrance into social life. More table talk, and less writing of books, would be an agreeable change. Then will the student not only have refinement himself, but his thoughts in those instructive subjects upon which he converses, as they find expression in language, will polish and refine his hearers.

These are some of the fruits which our social life can be made to yield. Enough has been said to show its bearing upon education, and the help which it stands ready to administer to the seeker after knowledge.

C. A. N.



THE COLLEGE BELL.

Bells are as pulses of nature, that vibrate
Tollings of sorrow and carols of mirth ;
Clangor of terror and pleasure's sweet chiming,
Callings of duty to heaven and earth.

Far from the voices of weeping and laughter,
Far from the summons of joy and alarm,
Ringeth a bell which all others excelleth,
Ringeth full oft with impassionate calm.

Lower he hangs than the bells of the churches—
Lower, yet lifted from mundane affairs ;
Bowing around him, the elms in a whisper
Waft him the knowledge that floats on the airs.

Hermit-like dwells he aloft in his turret,
 Hourly pursuing his dutiful round ;
 Hark ! The philosopher bell of the college,
 Well do we know the monotonous sound.

Morning is breaking o'er mountain and valley,
 Dew-filtered sunshine drips bright through the trees ;
 Wrapped in their doubtfully classical slumbers,
 Diligent students lie stretched at their ease.

Faintly at first, like the hum of an insect,
 Voices are heard in the chambers of sleep ;
 Ringeth a bell at the portals of dreamland,
 Doors which the powers of darkness must keep.

Opened before the imperious clamor
 Are those frail houses of sight and of sound :
 List to the meaning condensed in the cadence !
 Hark ! as the college bell slowly turns round :

Wake ! The morning breezes waft a
 Muffled sound of airy laughter
 From the spirits of the bell ;
 Smiling at the sloth of mortals,
 Ling'ring at the day-dawn portals,
 Putting off beginning well.

Wake ! Life's thorns to meet undaunted,
 Let thy feet be firmly planted,
 They may tire but not tear ;
 But who lies or creeps above them,
 Feels the wounds and gashes of them,
 Thistledown doth pillow care.

Hushed is the whisper of murmuring music,
 Hour-long silent the bell in the tower ;
 Then it resounds with a ponderous pealing,
 Gifted with sacred, mysterious power.

Calling aloft, like a Moslem muezzin,
 Over the city the summons to prayer ;
 Happy in seeing the multitude enter,
 Thinking that many are worshiping there.

Come, and consecrate the morning,
 Of the working-day the dawning,
 Of the mind the threshold here ;
 That thy steps may be directed,
 That thy work may be perfected,
 Filled thy heart with holy cheer.

Lift thine eyes unto the mountains
 Of thy help. Drink from the fountains
 Of thy life. Let there be light ;
 For he works in darkness dreary,
 Unrefreshed and ever weary,
 Who ne'er seeks the heavenly might.

Silent the bell which has summoned to labor,
 Silent, till summoned to labor again ;
 Calling us then, with a clamor resistless,
 In to our lessons ; too often our bane.

Like to a hive-full of bees that are swarming,
 Cluster the students around the old hall ;
 Some that are careless, and some that all breathless
 List for the names the instructor may call.

Hark ! On a sudden, with jocular ringing,
 Thunders the bell in a merry cascade :
 Restlessly dinning, the dinner proclaimeth,
 Joyful the summons, and promptly obeyed.

As of old in classic bowers
 Cups were decked with wreathéd flowers,
 While the beaker circled 'round ;
 So with wit and conversation,
 Flowers of speech and lip-libation,
 Be your merry circle crowned.

Eat to live—The Bell had spoken
 More, but his discourse was broken
 By the ringer's appetite ;
 Thus are wisdom's words curtailéd,
 Thus her precepts oft have failéd
 Through the passion's grosser might.

Stillness is brooding o'er college and campus,
 Shadows are lengthening over the green,
 When the ubiquitous chime from the tower
 Sounds, and directly gives life to the scene.

Once again the feast of learning
 Spreads itself before the yearning
 Minds of earnest students here ;
 Yet not all the breezes bring a
 Benediction to the ringer,
 Who thus heralds wisdom's cheer.

But the men, who will not nourish
 Thus their minds, shall never flourish,
 Shall be starvelings mentally ;
 While the eager ones that ever
 Strive to learn with long endeavor,
 Shall be blest eternally.

Evening is stealing o'er mountain and valley,
 Leaf-checkered sunshine gleams bright on the grass,
 Seeming a pattern of fairy mosaic,
 Changed by the lightest of zephyrs that pass.

Hark ! Once again 't is the voice of the hermit,
 Preaching crusade against evil and care ;
 'T is the philosopher bell of the college,
 Gently repeating the summons to prayer.

O, that thy voice might be borne on the breezes,
 Far o'er the world with a spirit of might ;
 Teaching the people thy method in working,
 Teaching the nations thy standard of right.

Then would the world but reëcho thy praises,
 Thou who hast disciplined, taught us so well ;
 Ring in our hearts and remind us of duty
 Ever hereafter—thou old College Bell.

R.



PLAGIARISM IN COLLEGE.

THE art of deceiving, in its practical applications, is, after all, an important branch of study here. Even the best of us sometimes give in sick excuses which have but slight foundation in fact. In making out church papers, we somehow contrive to forget the clause with reference to the "commencement of divine service," and too often sign them just the same if we get there during the first singing, or even during the prayer. Class statistics show that few men go through college without "skinning" at least once. While scarcely one can be found who has not, at one time or another, saved himself from a poor recitation and a poor mark by using the solicited sugges-

tions of his neighbor. Now, although something might be said to palliate, we cannot, and we know that we cannot, justify these petty frauds. As it is, we look at them and talk about them in a good-natured, jocular way, and so pass them by. Nor is it likely that we shall do otherwise years hence. Talk with a graduate, and—he minister, or lawyer, or doctor,—he, in nine cases out of ten, will jestingly relate some shrewd trick by which he, or some classmate of his, succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of a reverend faculty.

But there is one species of fraud which, though by no means rare, neither graduate nor undergraduate is ever heard to boast of—college plagiarism. By the side of this, the ordinary deceptions of the collegian seem almost justifiable. The moral aspect of the subject alone would furnish enough material for the sermon of even a theological professor. While the meanness shown in insulting one's fellow-students with spurious productions, and the mental injury sustained by the man himself, are ample reasons for the utter condemnation of the offense and the offender. But let us not be too severe. Indiscriminate denunciation is an easy task. Rather let us consider fairly the temptation which assails especially the collegian, and judge him accordingly. In the outside world of letters, the chances of detection are so great, and the penalty so severe, that the temptation to literary theft is stripped of almost all its power. Only a recklessness bordering on that of the common criminal could lead a writer to risk his reputation in such a cause. But in the compositions, orations and debates of the college, a man may use borrowed thoughts, or even borrowed words, without any great danger of being detected, while for other reasons the temptation to plagiarize is very strong. The great reason is undoubtedly to be found in the poverty of undergraduate thought. Some one has called the writings and opinions of collegians mere echoes. The comparison, on the whole, is just. The youth of twenty-one is but just beginning to develop his mental powers. All the opinions he has are those of

his father before him, of the authors he has read, and of the mature men with whom he has conversed. His mind as yet is a mere receptacle. His mental machinery is so imperfect that his opinions come forth as they went in—crude, and without the stamp of originality. Of all this he is but too conscious. And if he were not, the sneering tone in which all writers speak of "undergraduate eloquence" and "commencement oratory," could not fail to impress the reality upon him. He is profoundly distrustful of his own powers, and like a child just learning to walk, clutches eagerly at everything within reach in order to save himself from failure. "My own ideas about this subject," he says to himself, "are good for nothing. I must find out what some good author says about it." And he ransacks, not his own mental storehouse, but Brothers and Linonia library.

Then, too, the system is in some degree to blame. Subjects are given out which it is impossible to treat properly without a searching investigation of political or literary history. But this takes time—frequently more than the student can devote to the gathering of his materials. What, then, is he to do? He must have the knowledge, but he has not time to acquaint himself thoroughly with the facts and then to draw his own conclusions. He is forced to go to some writer who has studied up the subject, who has thoroughly digested the facts, and, in short, done all that the student is expected to do. In the reviews and magazines he finds an article, and generally several, which together cover the same ground as his proposed essay. They condense in a few pages an amount of well-digested knowledge, the mere collecting of which would require the careful perusal of perhaps a dozen volumes. He becomes so imbued with the ideas which they contain, that, when he comes to write, he cannot start up any others. He gives almost involuntarily the thoughts of the reviewer, and perhaps he even imagines them to be his own.

On revision he finds that the more nearly his language approaches that of the reviews the more finished and sat-

isfactory it is; so that, after various trials, he finally appropriates almost bodily the important parts of the various articles, and turns out a kind of mosaic made up of the views and the labors of half a dozen men. *His* principal labor is to fit the parts together neatly, to give to it all a certain unity of effect; and after a little practice he often displays no mean skill in blending his varied materials into one harmonious whole. He knows indeed that he is claiming as his own what is not really his. He has a glimmering idea that he is unfitting his mind for the hard grapple with knotty questions which is to come in after life. He would not have it known for anything. But he quiets his conscience with the thought: "Everybody does it more or less; the fellows don't care; the faculty expect it, etc.; besides, in all probability I shall never be found out." Shall we condemn him? We have supposed him to be an honest man at first. Is he so very much to blame that a combination of "circumstances over which he had no control" has made the temptation too strong for him, so that he is now dishonest? Without doubt he ought to have said in the first place: "No matter how worthless my thoughts may be, I will write my own or none at all." He showed a weakness. He was not sufficiently on his guard. But let us be lenient with him. If he is a real man, and the chances are that he is, he will assert his manhood and cast off the yoke.

But what shall we say of the man who, out of selfish ambition, deliberately steals the writing of another, and, without doing anything to it to make it his own, parades it before his fellows as a brilliant production of his own mind? He may have commenced in the same way as the other. But he has gone altogether beyond him. His abject spirit was incapable of rousing itself to overthrow the power that was dragging him lower and lower. Or, and quite as probably, he may be a man who is generally considered to be "smart." He has a reputation to maintain, and is so placed that he doubts his ability to maintain it. In his anxiety, he comes upon a piece just suited to his purpose, and that no one is at all likely to have seen. The temptation is fearful; and "the flesh is weak."

He may never be discovered. In that case his moral ruin is a practical certainty. But if he *is* found out,—the bitter humiliation of the class orator a few years ago, and the case of the man who, for altering “Pinchbeck” of the LIT. into “Oroide” of the Dartmouth, was driven by public opinion to seek refuge in a Western college,—show what mercy he may expect from the men whom he insults.

Few collegians, however, would deliberately plagiarize a whole piece. Fewer still would venture to deliver such a plagiarism in the presence of a whole college, or publish it in a college magazine. By far the greater part, too, of undergraduate plagiarists are drawn into transgression in some such gradual and half excusable way as I have pointed out. With impunity they become bolder. They may even win great reputations. They run great risks; but generally, by some lucky chance, escape. But granting all this, and leaving it to the college pastor—when he comes—to deal with the moral side of the question,—is it worth while for a man to substitute another's thoughts for his own? Does the short-lived, undeserved success of a year or two in any degree compensate for the loss of individuality? Is it wise for a man to throw away the literary advantages of his college course and deliberately to stunt his powers of thought? Are these four years all that we have to live? Do we not desire to distinguish ourselves in some other than undergraduate literature? But what distinction save that of infamy is within the reach of the inveterate plagiarist? “Plagiarism, like murder, will out,” says a writer in *Blackwood's*, after exposing some daring frauds of Coleridge. Even if our thefts are unnoticed now, we cannot hope that they will be when subjected to the scrutiny of thousands.

Plagiarism in college is more injurious to the offender than to any one else. So, too, the remedy lies with him alone. The temptation is without doubt great. But who will admit that it is greater than his self-respect and sense of honor?

W. A. H.

LAKE SALTONSTALL.

AFTER THE RACE.

The last, faint, lingering foot-fall dies away ;
 The echoing shout is heard no more ;
 The restless ripples that around the keel did play,
 Have told their story on the shore.
 And now the hill, that from its woody throat
 Gave back to-day the eager call,
 And friendly shout, to winning and to vanquished boat,
 Smiles grimly down on Saltonstall.

Thee, gentle lake, whose seldom troubled breast
 Seems heaving as with sorrow now,
 To-day a hundred feathery oars caressed,
 And wreathed with rippling smiles, thy brow.
 To-day a thousand friends stood on yon shore,
 To-night departed one and all,
 They think, deserted lake, of thee no more,
 Nor care for lonely Saltonstall.

What secrets in thy silent breast are locked !
 Couldst thou but speak in accents clear,
 What sighs of manly grief by triumph mocked,
 What purposes that knew no fear,
 What hopes, despairs, and wild victorious glee
 Would on the slumbering echoes call,
 Till night swift chased by rosy morn should flee,
 And leave thee, fairest Saltonstall !

v.

GROWTH.

LET us notice this young tree near by just sending forth its new branches. Here is no large mass hewn into a certain form, but first the slender sprout, then the expanding of it, lastly a perfected limb, the natural method of producing strength, beauty and permanency. True growth is ever like the progress of this tree—a development from the inside outward.

I recall instances of towns built where trade did not demand them; property and goods were bought and sold. Eventually this fictitious life ceased, and grass came up in the streets; for these towns did not grow out of the necessities of the surrounding country, but were as inserted branches having no proper union with the tree. There are colleges whose material resources have brought them prominently before the public, but on closer inspection these too prove inserted branches, lacking vital union with scholarly training and culture, which only result from long intercourse of fine minds both in teachers and pupils engaged in the pursuit of science and letters.

Ripe scholars given places of eminence in their respective departments assume the duties and perform them as naturally as the branches sent out still farther from the tree fulfill their part; but there are some who cling to institutions of learning, holding positions to which they may have aspired, but never grown up to—inserted branches, worse than useless.

One may well wonder at the ability which can control and successfully manage the business of the leading firms of New York and other cities; but the secret is in the fact that whilst the business was increasing through a series of years, the men were increasing in experience and ability to comprehend it, until that which to-day would confuse and ruin an ordinary trader, is simple and easy to the man that has developed gradually and well. Given the same resources and opportunities with men who have not grown up to the work, and the scheme will have failure written upon it from the very inception.

The attempt upon the part of those deemed statesmen to foist upon the people a kind of government foreign to their habits of thought and culture is another instance of inserting branches, or fashioning from without. True growth requires that the form of government shall result from the necessities, the experience, and practice of the governed. The most dangerous persons in our own country are those who, assuming a place in the body politic, at once appear as others, clothed with freedom and equality,

knowing not the meaning or use of either, their manner of growth and culture being alien.

Consonant with the true idea of growth is the scriptural teaching concerning the gradual outworking of the new indwelling spiritual life until virtuous actions are as prominent as the leaves and fruit of the tree. Vice perishes as the branch which no sap reaches.

We see men of ambition and ability as well enter the College here, who if it were possible would gladly leap over the intervening distance and rank as Seniors. They look over the range of higher studies and discover none so difficult, but that their thought is, this would interest and instruct me, that which I have in hand does not, why wait and plod. Those however who have been "ground in the mill" are candid in saying that the preliminary work if carefully done, brings such a one up to the higher branches gradually, steadily, and ably, until there is a far keener appreciation, and a better judgment, until looking back it is realized that the later without the earlier studies would have been almost valueless, perhaps even hurtful. There may be rapid growth and solid advance at the same time according to the talents and peculiar advantages of a man, but to be permanent, healthful, and fruitful it must be the natural outgrowth of ability, information, and experience, and never the sudden pushing up to a point beyond the proper limit.

In every walk of life there are those whom money, friends and influence have placed in a fictitious position. They are called upon to fill stations to which their growth of character and knowledge is unequal. They are as branches suspended in the air, and expected to grow downward and find root for a lasting support when the upper tension of friends is removed. The place is a hard one for the occupant, to all appearance highly exalted, but knowing within himself on how slender a cord he relies. Children of parents who have made their mark in the world through steady development are sent to College and expected to maintain the reputation of the family. It may be that their life has been far otherwise than that of

their parents, and has necessarily resulted differently, yet they who have not grown up to self-denial, economy and fortitude are thrust out into the world, and expected to display all the inherent strength which belonged to their sires. When they succeed in doing so, it is more miraculous than natural, and usually failure is written upon many a life of which too much was expected of a kind utterly foreign to the circumstances of its growth.

As we turn from the forest tree we can ask nothing better than that the silent, sure, and beautiful growth which it exhibits may be typical of our own lives, and that when called upon to occupy higher stations, it shall be because legitimate progress has placed us there, and not because friends have elevated us, be it with a cord of love or gold, to a point where the appearance of well being conceals the fact of incompetency and unrest.

C. B. R.

NOTABILIA.

A writer in the *Yale Courant* vigorously advocates the abolition of the open society debates and, with a touching disinterestedness, proposes to devote the prize money to purchasing books for the College Library. The proposition illustrates how unreasonable the spirit of the reformer is. If so many disputants enter as to keep the unsuspecting judges out till their families are alarmed for their safety, the reformer objects to debates upon the plea of cruelty to animals. If, however, only three or four enter, he forgets the unspeakable relief of the judges and the increased facility with which awards can be made, and objects to the waste of money for prizes which excite so little competition. Certainly reformers are hard men to please.

Seriously, however, we should be very sorry to see prize debates given up. They appear to us to be among the most valuable means of discipline which this

place affords. They call forth a combination of talent that no other exercises here require. Both from their stimulating effect upon the disputants themselves, and from the interest which is felt in the speaking, if it is passably good, they exert a strong influence in keeping alive an intellectual spirit in the College. They differ from the other competitive speaking which we have, in allowing of a very popular style. And a little infusion of the popular element into much of undergraduate speaking would be an unmistakable benefit.

The following article from the Constitution of the Chi Delta Theta Society may be of interest to certain parties: "On the Wednesday succeeding the third Tuesday of January the Chairman of the Board shall call a meeting of the Junior Class and oversee the election, by ballot, of five editors from and by that class." It may not be generally known that the *LIT.*, unlike most college periodicals, is copyrighted, and that the privilege of publication is handed down from one Board to another.

The excellent preaching in the chapel of late has been the subject of general remark. The resulting increase of attention in the audience proves that the pit isn't quite so unappreciative as has sometimes been supposed. In fact a more honest audience couldn't be found than that which occupies the body of the chapel on Sundays. For if the sermon bores them they are so completely shut off from the usual motives which prompt church-goers to a decorous bearing that they don't hesitate to exhibit their lack of interest in a manner which reminds one of Lazarus reclining upon Abraham's bosom ; that is to say, if we divest ourselves of all ideas of locality.

For the benefit of the college infants we will state that there is an unfailing mark by which Freshmen may be distinguished. On their way home during the Thanksgiving recess they collect in groups of half-a-dozen, more or less, at one end of a car, and persist in informing the rest of the passengers, by means of loud conversation

and discordant singing, that they are Yale students. If some fat green grocer's wife nudges her neighbor and says with an approving smile, "Them's college boys," their happiness is complete. We hope that the present Freshman class will not be so unmindful of old college traditions as to let slip so favorable an opportunity to annoy other people and to make themselves ridiculous.

The much talked of Jarves collection of paintings has finally come into the permanent possession of the college. It may be hoped that the beautiful specimens, which make up the collection, will have the refining and humanizing influence upon the undergraduate mind which is commonly anticipated. It is quite possible that in time the school may become such a centre of art culture as to make its influence perceptibly felt in the college. This will be especially likely to occur if any considerable number of the art students should happen to be of the fair sex. A few Vinnie Reams in the institution would inspire the lobbyists of Linonia with such a love for the fine arts, that ugly statues of former presidents would rise in every convenient corner. But so far as the present generation of undergraduates is concerned, the humanizing influence of the Art School couldn't be more effectually exercised than by throwing open its spacious apartments for recitation rooms.

The rapid disappearance of the grass from the campus as the result of ball-playing suggests the propriety of placing some restrictions upon the admirers of the national game. It is all very well to encourage the noble science and to provide opportunities for agreeable exercise. But these advantages would be rather dearly purchased if the beauty of the grounds must be sacrificed to them. A fair compromise might be effected by allowing "passing" in the rear of the buildings and by forbidding it in front.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from Oct. 15 to Nov. 11. It covers a period of supernatural tameness—a fact which, doubtless, will gratify those readers who have not yet recovered from the mental prostration occasioned by the length of our last Memorabilia. And yet the autumn days have gone by with an alarming swiftness. They have been passed in the usual way. The ball players hung up their uniforms rather earlier than common. Their last effort in Middletown was simply a struggle against the wind, while the Mansfields stood shivering and keeping the score. And the cruel boat-keepers have locked up their houses and refuse to allow their college patrons to voyage longer “across the stormy water.” Some of us indulge in occasional walks and the chestnuts attracted a modicum of pedestrianism; but the road to the Post Office is, as ever, the most popular, and the chestnuts on the corners have the advantage of being hot as well as handy. The game of hare and hounds has not been revived, and, sad to relate, the hope that it would remain a monument of the energy and enterprise of the class which introduced it, has been thus early blighted. Foot-ball is quite popular with the three under classes, though an attempt to practice this amusement upon the college campus resulted in an ignominious failure. To the advantage of our athletic interests, it may be recorded, that the Faculty have accepted the pledge, to which we referred in our last issue, and those members of the nine who enjoyed for a space the lively sympathy of the college have been permitted to pursue the even tenor of their way without interruption. The usual

Fall Races

Took place on Saturday, Oct. 21. The entries were as follows: *Barges*—Juniors: C. S. Hemenway (s), H. A. Oaks, M. Poston, F. C. Webster, C. A. Russell, F. D. Allen (bow), and F. W. Adeé (cox.); S. S. S.—C. D. Hill (s), R. D. A. Parrott, W. H. Kellogg, A. Rogers, J. C. Weber, A. S. Hall (bow), and H. S. Hoyt (cox.). *Double Sculls*—L. S. Boomer, '72, and G. L. Hoyt, '72; N. Martin, '75, and P. Martin, '72; H. H. Chittenden, '74, and W. Kelly, '74. *Single Sculls*—C. Dewing, '73, S. Merritt, '73, J. W. Smith, '73, G. H. Bennett, '74 and G. E. Munroe, '74. *Shells*—Juniors: W. W. McCook (s), C. H. Thomas, J. Day, W. E. Wheelock and F. W. Adeé

(bow). S. S. S.—R. W. Davenport (s), T. P. Nevins, F. Cogswell, H. H. Buck, C. T. Smith and W. R. Upham (bow). The contestants were somewhat retarded by the wind which blew violently during the greater part of the afternoon. In spite of this, however, the time made was very satisfactory. The first three races were rowed over a two mile course, and the winning crews made the following time:—Junior barge, 15 m. 25 s.; the Martins, 16 m. 43 s.; J. W. Smith, 18 m. 48½ s.; C. Dewing, 19 m. 41½ s., and S. Merritt, 20 m. 2¼ s. In the Barge race the boats collided, with some damage to each. The Juniors claimed a foul upon the ground that they had been pushed from their course and their victory was due to the fact that this claim was granted, for the Scientifics came in twenty-four seconds ahead of them. The shell race was rowed over the three mile course and was won by the Scientific crew in 19 m. 45½ s. All the races were reasonably close and quite exciting. Additional interest was given to the single scull race by the attempt of several contestants to perform a somersault while their boats were in motion. Their endeavors were hardly crowned with complete success, but their failures were not caused by a lack of exertion. The following prizes were awarded:—Shell, six gold badges and the champion flag; Barges, six silver goblets; Double Sculls, two silver goblets; Wherries, 1st, gold medal, 2nd, silver medal, 3d, silver goblet. The judges were Prof. Richards and Mr. Luther, Capt. of Brown U. C.; at the Point, L. E. Curtis, '72, at the stake; Bennett, '70, S. S. S., and W. L. Cushing at the judges' boat. The referee was H. R. Elliot, '71, and the starter, L. G. Parsons, '72. The attendance was large and the arrangements were made with unusual care. We record, also, with pleasure, that the affair was a financial success. During the past few weeks the combined boating talent of all classes has been brought to bear upon the Freshmen and several motley races have taken place in the harbor. The greatest time yet made upon the mile and a half course is said to be an hour and a half, and the winning crew thought they could have made it fifteen minutes longer if there had been any necessity for so doing. This spirit of determination we commend to the

Base Ball

Nine which has retired for the season. After the melancholy defeat in Brooklyn on Oct. 14, the nine decided to give the Mansfields a parting blow before closing up their account. Accordingly the club met in Middletown on Wednesday, Oct. 18. The weather was cold and a high wind prevailed. There were no balls caught by either side, and

the distances traveled by the Mansfields in pursuit of the balls which the Yale nine knocked around the neighboring hills were so great that the excitement was protracted through the entire afternoon. At last the Middletownies were too tired to chase any longer, and they were allowed to go home after the sixth inning, with a score of 39 to 19 in our favor. This closes our Base Ball record for 1871. The "stands" have not yet been made out, but we hope to be able to give the full list of "appointments" in our next issue. There have been several games of a nondescript character. On Oct. 19 the Medics played against the Law School nine and defeated them by a score of 17 to 4. Encouraged by their success they boldly challenged the Sophomores and on Oct. 28 were again triumphant; score, 14 to 5. It is rumored that they expect to make a tour during the holidays. We trust that the eagles of victory will perch upon their foul flags. In connection with this unwonted activity on the part of the disciples of *Æsculapius*, it is proper to record the revival of some of the so-called

Jamborees.

The attic of North college, the upper story of the Chapel, and Brothers Hall have been the theatres of these chaste entertainments. It is unnecessary either to explain the nature of the exercises or to describe, elaborately, the costumes and the order of the dances. They have been conducted with the usual system and decorum and yet with that lack of formality which lends to them such an irresistible charm. The music has been pronounced excellent and the accessories in the shape of illuminations and decorations were calculated to allure the most apathetic admirer of the Terpsichorean art. Additional life has been given to these delightful institutions by the occasional attendance of the Faculty, who show a commendable interest in all affairs of this kind. Their presence and sympathy were the only element lacking to complete, in every detail, the traditional and admirable Jamboree. Not altogether similar to these festivities was the

Dedication of the New Chapel

Of the Theological Seminary, built by the generosity of Frederick Marquand, of Southport. This took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 1. The services were conducted by Drs. Bacon and Harris, Prof. Day and Pres. Porter. It was not generally known among the students that the event was to take place at that time, and this fact, added to the necessity of procuring admission tickets, prevented us from gracing the occasion with our presence and approving smiles. A

Chicago Relief

Committee has been selected and contributions have been obtained from most of the students. More than was expected has been collected from the various classes and departments. The full amount is about \$800. The committee was appointed at a meeting of the students held in the College Chapel on Tuesday, Oct. 17 and presided over by C. B. Ramsdell, '72. Their names are as follows: Academical Department—C. H. Ferry, '72, Lathe, '73, Bushnell, '74, Cook, '75; Scientific and Post Graduate—H. S. Hoyt, '73 and R. W. Davenport; Theological—T. P. Prudden; Law—H. C. Baldwin; Medical—F. H. Hoadley; to receive the contributions of the Faculty—B. Hoppin, '72. The committee have selected Hoppin to act as treasurer. The

A. K. E. Convention

Was held at Cornell this year. The Delta Chi chapter entertained the delegates. The society was well represented and the exercises were unusually interesting. They occupied Wednesday and Thursday very completely and very pleasantly. Hon. Samuel F. Hunt, Speaker of the Ohio State Senate, delivered the address, Prof. Kellogg, of Brooklyn, the oration, and Rev. J. H. Andrews, of Iliion, N. Y., the poem. The supper was served in the "cascadilla," and was enlivened by the customary songs and toasts. The delegates from Yale were C. B. Ramsdell, '72, G. Richards, '72, W. F. McCook, '73, S. O. Prentice, '73 and F. S. Wicks, '73.

Honorable Mention

For excellence in English composition has been given to the following Sophomores: First division—C. W. Benton, G. F. Doughty and G. V. Bushnell; Second division—G. L. Fox, T. W. Grover and W. Foster; Third division—H. H. Ragan, J. C. Sellers and J. Leal; Fourth division—E. W. Southworth, A. D. Whittemore and H. B. B. Stapler. The compositions were handed in near the close of last term. We have not yet succeeded in discovering this list of prizes in the

Supplement to the Banner,

Which appeared on Thursday, Nov. 9. It contains twenty additional pages and accompanying it is an eight page sheet of cuts from previous Banners. The supplement proper comprises the following subjects:—miscellaneous organizations omitted in the *Banner*, including the pro-

gramme of the Fall Regatta, the committees and exercises of the Inauguration; an Historical Memorabilia, including lists of the Valedictorians and Salutatorians since 1798, a complete list of the Townsend and De Forest men, and the recipients of the YALE LIT. MEDAL, a list of the Class Orators and Poets since 1833, and a full list of the Editors of the YALE LIT.; an explanation of the accompanying cuts and an *addenda* and *errata* to the former edition. The illustrations referred to, include cuts of society badges and emblems, and of eating clubs from the *Yale Banner*, and a miscellaneous collection of burlesque designs from the old *Banger*, *Tomahawk*, *Gallinipper* and *Battery*—publications issued by Sophomore and Freshman societies some twenty or thirty years ago. We are indebted to the compiler for a complimentary specimen. This pamphlet does not contain the committee for

Class Pictures,

As it was issued before their appointment. On Tuesday, Oct. 24, at a meeting of the Senior class in reference to class pictures, Messrs. Cushing, Dubois, Hoppin, Hoyt and Parsons were appointed a committee to consult photographers and make estimates to be reported to the class at a future meeting. Since that time they have been busy receiving bids and examining the work of a number of photographers who have been presenting their claims in the strongest terms. Wednesday, Nov. 8, having received offers or refusals from all whom they solicited, another meeting was held at which Mr. Dubois presided. Mr. Cushing presented to the class a very full and satisfactory report of the style of work, prices and facilities offered by the different contestants. Notman, of Montreal, was the favorite and was almost unanimously accepted. The unsuccessful bidders were Prescott & White, of Hartford, Pomeroy & Phelps, of New Haven, Howell, of New York, Warren, of Cambridgeport and Rocher, of Chicago, while Kurtz and Gurney, of New York, declined to contest. The preparatory committee having performed their duty the regular picture committee was then elected as follows: L. E. Curtis, W. L. Cushing, E. R. Hall, D. S. Holbrook and A. A. Murch. At the same meeting the following was offered by E. S. Lines.—

Resolved, That a committee of three be chosen by ballot to have charge of the collection of a class fund to be invested for the benefit of the Yale College Library. This committee of three shall be empowered to add to their number at their discretion. The committee thus formed shall have entire power in reference to the collection of subscriptions and shall report progress at future regular class meetings. A final report shall be made upon or before the day of graduation of 1872, and the class shall then finally decide as to the conditions of the gift.

Several gentlemen spoke in favor of the proposition, and the resolution was immediately carried. On motion of Lines a committee was then appointed to solicit contributions and to take charge of the fund. This committee was chosen by the class and now consists of the following men: Clarence Deming, E. S. Lines, D. J. H. Willcox, L. S. Boomer and E. H. Hubbard. It may be interesting to the public, in general, to know that these men had nothing whatever to do with the sale of the

Jarves Collection,

Which was sold on Thursday, Nov. 9, at the Art Gallery. The pictures were brought to this country some ten or twelve years ago and placed upon exhibition in New York. In 1867 they were handed over to the college as security for a loan of \$20,000 made to Mr. J. J. Jarves. They consist entirely of some of the less famous works of early Italian artists. They are claimed to be "characteristic specimens of the schools and artists that illustrate Italian painting, in a series which gives a correct view of its progress from A. D. 1000 to 1600—six centuries, embracing its rise, climax and decadence." They were valued at \$60,000 by their owner, and their failure to realize this sum is due to the comparatively little interest which paintings of this class excite and partly, perhaps, to some doubts which have arisen in regard to their complete genuineness. Originally the collection contained 143 pictures, but one after another has been removed until only 119 remain. They were sold to the college for \$22,000, probably about half of their true value, although it is claimed that in Europe a still larger sum might have been readily obtained. The college is to be congratulated upon their possession, and the *Nation*, which has been worrying itself about them for some months may set its mind at rest. The contestants for the

LIT. Prize Medal

Have handed in their essays, and the prize has been awarded, this year, to SAMUEL OSCAR PRENTICE, of the Junior class. His essay appears in this number upon the subject—"Cola di Riensi: Bulwer vs. the Historians." The judges, in addition to the chairman of the Lit. Board, were Prof. James Hadley and Tutor Henry A. Beers. Ten articles competed, the titles of the others being as follows:—"A view of the Crusades and their Results for Europe;" "Philosophy, and the Influence of its study upon the Life;" "The Poetry of Whittier;" "Rabelais;" "On the Value which Speculation has attached to Human Authority;" "Massillon;" "President Dwight;" "Burke and Fox in

the House of Commons," and "The English and Athenian Idea of Liberty." The latter essay was regarded by the judges as worthy of high approbation. Our number of monthly

Items

Like the rest of the Memorabilia is rather smaller than usual. The college pulpit has been occupied by unusually attractive preachers. On Sunday, Oct. 22, ex-Pres. Woolsey preached in the morning and Mr. J. B. Miles, '49, in the afternoon. The pulpit was supplied on Oct. 29 by Dr. H. M. Scudder, of Brooklyn. On Nov. 5 by Prof. Dimon, of Brown University, and on Nov. 12 by Dr. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of New York University.—ex-Pres. Woolsey presided at a Peace Meeting held at the Centre church on the evening of Oct. 22.—The Second Anniversary Sermon of the Berkeley Association was preached at Trinity church on Sunday evening, Nov. 5, by Dr. Harwood.—The Jubilee committee have been making an effort to secure the services of J. B. Smith, formerly of '72, for their Thanksgiving entertainment. We trust they will be successful.—Howell, the New York photographer, has been distributing pictures of theatrical beauties to the admiring Seniors in a manner calculated to inspire the tenderest emotions.—Prof. Wheeler's lectures are now delivered in the Philosophical chamber.—An address was delivered before the Yale Missionary Society on Sunday evening, Nov. 5, by Rev. Mr. Peet.—Rev. Mr. Andrews, of the Church of the Ascension, addressed the Berkeley Association on Friday evening, Nov. 10.—The student mind was somewhat perturbed a week or two ago by an alarm of small pox. It was, however, discovered that the occasion was simply a case of varioloid and the excitement subsided.—Prof. Dana has recently written a book upon "Corals and the Coral Islands," which will shortly appear in print.—A review of several recent philosophical works by Pres. Porter is now in press. The title is, "The Science of Nature *vs.* the Science of Man."—The Chinese government has voted a grant of \$1,500,000 to meet the expenses of some native students who are to be educated in this country—at least so the *Palladium* says. Thirty of these creatures are shortly to make their appearance under the charge of Yung Wing, a Yale man. Members of Gamma Nu, take notice!—Prof. Brush has presented Williams College with some valuable minerals.—The *Meriden Recorder* objects to the practice of smoking at the alumni dinners. It is probable that the mere knowledge of the preference of the *Meriden Recorder* will prevent the repetition of this occurrence. But if not, the *Meriden Recorder* will experience the sublime satisfaction of having done its duty and struck a powerful blow in defence of propriety and justice.—An informal meeting of the

Woolsey Fund committee was recently held in New York at the house of Mason Young, Esq. There were present several members of the Faculty, including the President and Profs. Day, Dwight, and Gilman. —The Yale Exploring Expedition was in Salt Lake City on Nov. 2. They report satisfactory progress, and an abundance of game. They expect to return in December.—Prof. Weir has donated two fine photographs of Erasmus and Savanarola to the library of the Theological Seminary.—The Woolsey Fund was discussed by Pres. Porter, Prof. Gilman, Prof. Dwight and others at an informal meeting held in Norwich on Monday, Nov. 6.—There is a fearful rumor about college, to the effect that "Brick" Pomeroy, admiring the political sentiments and peculiar journalistic abilities of two of the editors of the *Yale Courant*, is laboring hard to secure their valuable services upon his independent and high-toned organ of public opinion. We respectfully suggest, however, that before they give him their final decision, they consider carefully the advantages of the position of collector of "Personals" for the *New York Herald*.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

Boating matters have attracted the greatest attention during the past four weeks. The Faculty have granted a petition which requested the release of boating men from afternoon recitation during the week preceding the race.—The result of the Fall Regatta is eminently satisfactory. Some of the shell crew still wear their badges. There is a general desire expressed that two members of this crew, at least, should be transferred to the University crew. With the decision of a foul in the case of the barge race there is, of course, and, we think, justly, dissatisfaction. The Juniors declare that they intended to challenge the Scientifics to row again for the cups, but were prevented from so doing by the inability of a member of their crew to take part in another race.—A championship game of base ball between the Freshmen and Juniors resulted in a defeat of the former by a score of 19 to 8. The Freshmen have taken to foot-ball, and hope to organize a class of twenty.—Subscription lists are abundant. The Freshmen were disgusted, not long since, by being cornered in their recitation room, and forced to subscribe to the Chicago relief fund.—The ground is being broken for the new building on Prospect St.—The course of Sunday evening lectures was begun several weeks ago. Ex-Pres. Woolsey gave the first lecture, Dr. Woodruff the second, and Prof. Gilman the third. The lectures are well attended by all the students and are of great interest.—The Seniors are making zoological and botanical excursions every Wednesday afternoon.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We are pleased to note the increasing favor with which the LIT. is received in college circles. Since '69 took hold of it, the character of the magazine has somewhat changed, and the able management of recent Boards has added greatly to its circulation and influence. We are not inspired, but might in this connection venture to predict that the day is not far off when contributions from all departments will be received, and the LIT. become a still more able periodical, reflecting even greater credit upon college journalism. There need be no haste in such matters, however, for when the times are ripe for change, it will come.

After numerous calls upon Messrs. Judd & White for our accustomed quota of books, we conclude not as does the editor for the preceding month, whose uncharitable spirit we lament, that an unknown individual applies them to his own purposes, but rather that some publishers, such as Rowell & Co., consider the LIT. dead because their youthful journals just out of swaddling-clothes and not important enough to claim a place on our exchange list, have failed to receive the magazine. But to return, we have on our table the following specimens :

Cicero—De Senectute et De Amicitia. Editors, Prof. Crowell and Mr. Richardson of Amherst. Published by Eldredge & Brother: Philadelphia.

No edition of these dialogues has been published in this country since Anthon's in 1848. We are sure, therefore, that many instructors will welcome this new volume of the Chase and Stuart classical series. The text embodies the results of the most recent German criticism; the notes are carefully prepared and we think judicious in both the kind and amount of help they afford the student; and it is published in the convenient and attractive form which have done so much to make this excellent series popular.

Song Echo. By H. S. Perkins. Published by J. L. Peters: New York.

A good collection of copyright songs, duets, trios, and sacred pieces suitable for public schools, juvenile classes, seminaries and the home circle, including an easy, concise, and systematic course of elementary instruction. *Palaces and Prisons.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros.: Philadelphia.

An historical novel based on some of the incidents of the French Revolution. The story is written in quite a dramatic style, and will be full of interest to a lover of historical novels. There are thrilling descriptions, exciting situations, but no very definite plot. It is hardly equal to the best of Mrs. Stephens' productions.

Our exchanges are many. An endless amount of small talk characterizes them, and the suggestion of one of our gifted authors, that a too early appearance in print is injurious to young writers, is steadily ignored. Nevertheless these little sheets afford a good outlook upon the college world, and as we are solicitous to know what is going on at other places, they prove excellent informers.

All subjects are freely discussed. Astronomy, for instance, is thus treated by a writer in the *Owl*: "The cold moon as regularly sails into the shadow

of the earth and emerges from it fresh like a sea-nymph's bride, as it did when the spheres were first separated from the conglomeration of all matter, each into its place of balance in space, and the sun with brother systems was set revolving, in tracks unvarying forever around huge central bodies, for which in common language we have no name."

The *Virginia University Magazine* is worthy of notice as among the best of our exchanges.

We counsel the *Cadet*, in which an article appears attributing many slang phrases to Yale, to purify its editorial pages, for if slang in conversation is an offence, in editorial writing it is unpardonable.

The *Williams Vidette and Quarterly* as combined, presents an attractive appearance.

The *College World*, of Davenport, Iowa, in an article on "High Knowledge," after showing conclusively the superiority of western colleges, sums up in the language of the showman, "Walk up, gentlemen. Here's where you get your good educations."

Favorable notices of the inauguration of President Porter appear in most of these papers, showing a friendly interest in our affairs.

The various magazines for November are at hand, and the weeklies come in regularly. Among them we notice *Appleton's Journal* as containing in each issue a variety of articles entertaining, instructive, and written withal in a polished literary style.

The *Overland Monthly* maintains its reputation as an able exponent of far western thought and sentiment. Every one who wishes to keep pace with the literature of our country, must give some attention to the works of the new *literati* who dwell on the Pacific.

American Homes puts in an appearance for the first time, published at Boston by Taylor & Co. The object seems to be to afford a good magazine at the small price of one dollar per year. The quality of the paper, and the fineness of the print may be objected to, but the articles are entertaining, tolerably well written, and something of interest can be found in it for every member of the home circle.

Numerous musical journals and other periodicals are received, accompanied by well written commendations, but we spare our readers the infliction, preferring to write our own criticisms when anything worthy of notice appears.

Among the most important home items is the action of the class of '72, in appointing a committee to secure a fund to be presented to the College at graduation, as a contribution to the Library. We have been inclined, however, to favor some plan by which a graduating gift from the senior class might be made, the use of which should not be restricted to any particular purpose. At triennial this sum could be augmented to a considerable extent, and so on at future class meetings, the amounts given being credited to the class of '72. In time, if following classes pursued a similar course, there would be a very respectable total, and some suitable name for the aggregate endowment fund could then be fixed upon. Whilst this would be a more permanent honor to the donors than the inscription of the number of their class on a few scattered books, it would increase the ability of the College to divert its funds to supply any pressing need. The Library, or any other

branch of the College, may at any time be so endowed as not really to require the constant application of the funds for its support. The College should have enough floating capital to make it the master of the situation, and the Woolsey endowment, though large, will be scarcely sufficient ten years hence. We heartily endorse the obtaining of the money for the Library, and if the class see fit, they can at the final meeting provided for, dispose of the amount as indicated above, with a statement of their preference for its present application to the purchase of books.

The north winds which howl around our editorial sanctum, the dreary looking trees, and the fall of snow, as well as the mass of copy and proof lying about with November printed upon it, remind us that winter approaches. But before winter, comes Thanksgiving, just in time to include itself in autumn. The visions of home enjoyments, well spread boards, luscious viands waiting to perish, are exhilarating, and with the wish that all our readers may derive pleasure from this annual feast, we take our leave.

C. B. R.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. III.

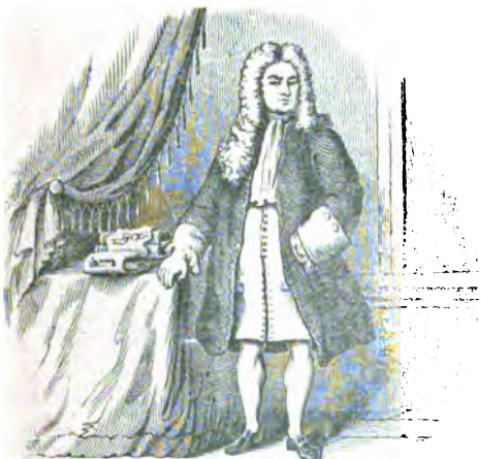
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.”

DECEMBER, 1871.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. DECEMBER, 1871.

No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE, JOHN H. HINCKS,
CHARLES C. DEMING, CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,
GEORGE RICHARDS.

COLLEGE WRITING.

IT is a fact which might well occasion surprise, that comparatively little interest is felt in college, in literary composition. From a variety of reasons we might naturally expect a very different state of things. As a rule college students are not without culture and refinement. They are training themselves to think and they live in an atmosphere of thought. Education, after all, is chiefly a development of the power of choice. If a man has increased his acquisitions, so that his mind, like some "fair-freighted ship," carries treasures which ensure it a joyful welcome, if he has stimulated his discernment for delicate distinctions, if he has enlarged his moral perceptions, catching inspiration from such words as honor, duty, justice—in short, if he has obtained the materials, the instruments and the intelligence which are demanded by an enlightened judgment, we call him an educated man. These, then, are the results of a satisfactory college training, and they begin to be perceived while the process is yet going on.

Diffidence is by no means a characteristic of the student. His opinion, so far as he is concerned is all sufficient and all correct, nor is he troubled with "that despicable virtue, prudence." He is never unwilling to let his left hand know what his right hand doeth. He is radical too in his aims and in his ideas. What more natural, then, than that his theories and conclusions should seek expression.

But perhaps our best reason for expecting the prevalence of literary tastes in college is found in the aims and prospects which have brought us together. A large proportion of every class propose to enter professional life. With this in prospect, it would seem not only natural but inevitable that thorough preparation should be earnestly sought. It will be replied that the same is true of the other practical studies. We are compelled to admit that a woeful lack of enthusiasm is everywhere manifest; that the study of logic, of philosophy, of history, is to many of us tedious and unfruitful. But in these departments some other incentive is at work. It may be the power of "stand," it may be the reluctance to appear stupid, or, possibly, it may be that these subjects excite more genuine interest. But, for *some* reason, they are pursued with more general energy than the art of writing. A dozen average scholars may be found for a single writer; when the amount of application which the scholars represent, if it had been expended upon literary work, would have been, at least, equally successful. In confirmation of this, we cannot evade the fact that, if we examine the list of alumni we find a host of men, who never, in college, displayed any literary excellence or even gave evidence of literary tastes, who yet, in after years, won influence and fame.

Nor is a lack of opportunities the cause of this literary indifference, if we may so term it. The college periodicals, if we may be pardoned the comparison, are admirable grindstones for sharpening the wits and polishing the style of the aspirant for literary culture, and yet they are rather suffered to hang like mill stones around the necks of the unfortunate editors. The daily journals offer simi-

lar inducements, and with similar success. The literary societies provide an ample field for essay writing and extemporaneous debates and yet most of them bear at present "a general flavor of mild decay." Now and then a feeble exertion has been made to revive the old spirit of Brothers and Linonia, but the spark has vanished into darkness blacker than before—and to-day the talk is about "abolishing" the prize debates. In such a measure as this will not college writing receive a fatal blow? If a crowded hall, an attentive and sympathetic audience, an opportunity to assume a popular style, and to address a body of kindred spirits, competition with interested contestants and the prospect of a more or less substantial pecuniary reward, will not provoke a man to the work of a few days and to a work, which, whatever be its result, yields direct personal benefit, is he not past all hope? We acknowledge the existence of many discouraging influences, but we claim that in a general literary spirit they would find an efficient antidote.

Then too there are the regular compositions of the prescribed course. How are they written? or, rather, how are they produced? Some are borrowed, some are the offspring of encyclopædias and histories. A few are original. We notice the results in abstracts of the life of Cromwell and Bonaparte, in curtailed speeches of congressmen, in extracts from Macaulay and Prescott. Hence it is that the system of buying compositions has arisen and flourishes; so that A can pay his term bill by selling a dozen essays at reduced rates, while B can pass through the entire curriculum without writing a syllable. Hence it is that a production of freshman year does service until the day of graduation and is then handed down intact to succeeding generations. That this state of things actually exists, no one will attempt to deny.

Now it is possible that we can account for it, partially at least, by two facts. Of course there is that distaste for hearty work, and especially for unattractive work, which is our natural inheritance. And then our time is most fully and remarkably occupied, in an endless variety of

ways. These, however, are obstacles against which other studies are obliged to contend. But in regard to writing there are peculiar difficulties.

There exists, in the first place, in many of our minds, the mistaken idea that in composition, as in the fine arts, natural taste and talent are indispensable to success. No one attempts to follow out the same principle in other relations. You would never neglect a history lesson, because your mind had a mathematical turn. You would never attempt to maintain the ground that a man cannot make himself familiar with Greek because he has a natural predilection for mechanics. Native genius, to be sure, is in either instance an undoubted title to success. But, in either instance are not ordinary minds governed by similar laws? Application and exercise are the conditions and the measure of proficiency. And if these are employed we can learn to write and to write well, just as certainly as, by the same process, we can learn to read Cicero's oration against Verres, without the aid of a translation.

The elements of composition are thought, which may also involve research, and expression. Now the former, as we have suggested, is the outgrowth of education. The direct object of our daily duties is to enlarge our minds and to stock them with ideas. Whatever be our personal aims as we look forward to our future lives, whatever be our views in regard to the value and the possibility of literary attainments, of this fact we may rest assured. We cannot be faithful and thorough in the studies which we are pursuing and which often seem to us so barren and unpractical, without acquiring the essential materials of English composition.

To teach the methods of forming a correct style is the province of our instructors, and though it is not our business to teach them the deficiencies of the college course, which they understand and deplore as well as we, we cannot but express our regret that so little attention is given to this subject. It can hardly be expected that a single man should give personal instruction to six hun-

dred students. And so this work is left to officers to whom it does not belong. The Faculty seem to say to us, virtually, "Pursue faithfully every other branch of learning. Study Greek about whose translation the gravest authorities are disputing. Study Analytics, even if you are obliged to commit to memory every demonstration. But, in English composition, we can do little for you. If your essays are good, we will mark them well. If they are poor, so much the worse for you!" They give us subjects, and their responsibility is ended. We appear at the appointed time. If our productions are short, and especially if they are funny, everybody is pleased and we are satisfied. If our themes have been carefully elaborated and our discussions of the subjects are full and complete, we hear sighs and groans from our listless audience and are very possibly cut short by the instructor in whose division we happen to be. We receive our mark and are dismissed. That very same composition will probably be read again, in each of the other divisions, and very possibly in our own. And that is all! No faults of style are pointed out, no inaccuracies in statement, no fallacies in argument. We have had a little practice. It may have done us good. It may have confirmed us in the wrong. We have had no practical instruction whatever. Recent changes have somewhat modified the evil and improved the system. But a thorough and radical reform must, sooner or later, take place.

And yet in spite of discouraging circumstances is it not possible for us, in view of the better advantages which the college is now offering, to cultivate an enthusiasm for literary work? We do not need scribblers. We do not need more men who can grind out miles of words, without an idea for a milestone. But we want a spirit of mental activity, to supplement our other acquisitions and give them grace and power.

We had something to say about the kind of writing which our college periodicals demand. We were intending to put in a plea for more spicy magazine literature, to inquire after the humorous element, to ask whether there

were no poets among us. But our article is already too long.

You have noticed in our college meetings that when there has been a free expression of opinion, when several classes have been represented among the speakers and a considerable degree of enthusiasm has been awakened, then men have astonished the audience and themselves by talking in a stirring and effective way. And what is thus done on a sudden impulse may be done also by a determined purpose. If we cherish free and original thought, if we strive to form a correct and pure style, if we improve our opportunities for general and thorough culture, we shall, in so doing, discover a new field of influence, and shall satisfy ourselves that if genius is more popular than work, work is more reliable than genius.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

THE circle of Mr. Browning's admirers, though select, has never been large. He has we think never desired that this should be otherwise. With a far higher conception of the Poet's mission than most of his contemporaries, whether authors or readers, he has written not for the applause of many, but for the loving approbation of a few.

To this chosen few it will be unnecessary to commend anything that Robert Browning has written. They will read his new poem again and again with the thoughtful attention it will so richly repay. But, unless we are much mistaken, this poem will be read and admired, perhaps not without surprise, by many who have been accustomed to hear its author indiscriminately condemned, as abstract and obscure. The plan of the work is a simple and attractive one, one too which left little room for the display of that metaphysical tendency which has so often been made ground of complaint against the poet.

A story briefly told by Plutarch, in the life of Trikias, furnishes the framework, and the name of the poem, of how

—“In that unhappy time
When poor reluctant Trikias, pushed by fate,
Went faltering against Syracuse ;
And there shamed Athens, lost her ships and men,
And found a grave, or death without a grave,”—

a vessel of Kaunos, carrying a party of Rhodians, fleeing at the news that Rhodes was about to join the league to Athens, after several days of storm, were at last driven by pirates into a harbor, which proved to be

“Even Ortugia's self.”—

And how the Syracusans at first refused to admit her, but (in the words of the old biographer) “upon asking whether they could repeat any verses of Euripides, and being answered in the affirmative, received both them and their vessel,” and after treating them very kindly, permitted them in peace to continue their voyage to Athens.

At the request of some of her friends the maiden Balaustion relates this Sicilian adventure, and repeats to them, as she had recited it from the topmost step of the superb theatre to the crowds of listening Syracusans

—“That strangest, saddest, sweetest song,
I, when a girl, heard in Kamenos once,
And, after saved my life by.”—

* * * * *

“Alkestis which was taught long years ago
At Athens, in Glaukinos' Archonship,
But only this year reached our Isle o' the Rose.”

It is a translation of the Alkestis, which forms the principal part of the present volume.

The first thing that will strike the reader, if at all familiar with the original, is the remarkable fidelity and accuracy of the work. There is none of that painful dilution, that stringing together of unmeaning epithets for the

sake of the verse, which disfigures so many similar works. Vigorous, idiomatic, and faithful, is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon a translation, and that praise belongs in unusual degree to Mr. Browning.

The highest perfection in form we expect from the author; nor are we disappointed; nowhere does his ripe and finished style appear to greater advantage.

But Mr. Browning has done far more than clothe a faithful translation in the choicest of English verse.

Balaustion, as she recites the play, often turns aside to offer some explanation, or to make some modest comment—As she says:

—“ ‘Tis the poet speaks,
But if I, too, should try and speak at times,
Leading your love to where my love, perchance,
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew—
Why, bear with the poor climber, for love’s sake !”

Scarcely a page of the drama but is illustrated in this way, by some apt illustration, some well chosen figure, some unobtrusive suggestion of the poet’s purpose here—the reason there. Every character, every part of the action, as we follow her through the play, stands out in a stronger, sometimes in a new light. Alkestis, the ill fated queen, is less a beautiful myth than a living being, moving before us, claiming equally tears and admiration.

Herakles is somewhat more hero, less the boisterous, good natured, thoughtless impersonation of strength, and even Admetus is less utterly despicable.

This is the most charming part of our author’s work, and its peculiar attractiveness lies in this, that these comments and interpretations are not the dry criticism of the scholar, too often resembling the destructive analysis of the botanist, upon the play, as a work of art, but the naive remarks of a thoughtful observer to whom it was all as real as life.

And yet considered merely as a work of art, Mr. Browning has contrived to raise the play to a position which its most enthusiastic admirer never claimed for it; and, how-

ever critics may dissent from some of his views, we who are not critics thank him for a new interest added to a favorite play. Perhaps even those most familiar with the commentaries may find, here and there, a new light shed on an obscure passage.

Manifold as are the beauties of the *Alkestis*, it has faults, so numerous and so glaring as to strike even the careless reader. The grand defect is the weakness—to use no stronger term of Admetus. To save his own life, he allows his wife to die. That is both selfish and cowardly: we scarcely escape despising him, and contempt is not a tragic feeling. The remedy for this was long since pointed out, and has been adopted by Wieland in his '*Alceste*'; it is merely to make Admetus ignorant of *Alcestis'* resolution to die for him, for the resolve once made is irrevocable. It is scarcely conceivable that this, the radical fault of the play, should not have been noticed by Euripides, or that so obvious an expedient should not have occurred to him. But on the other hand, in more than one instance he seems to be at special pains to exhibit in stronger light the unfavorable side of Admetus' character. Take for example the dialogue between the King and his aged father, where the whole course of the action is rudely interrupted to no apparent purpose, unless to deepen the hearer's disgust at the pitiful selfishness of the hero. The commentators have offered a great variety of conjectures to explain this difficulty but with no very satisfactory results. In regard to that scene between Admetus and Pheres just alluded to, one learned expositor gravely suggests that it was intended to excite the laughter of the audience. Others more reasonably suggest that the poet whose taste at best was none of the purest, was led away by the fondness of himself as well as his Athenian audience, for declamatory rhetoric.

The explanation which Mr. Browning offers is, so far as we know, a new one. It explains more consistently than any other the whole course of the play, and it raises it at once to a height which no other drama of Euripedes,

perhaps no other Greek drama, attains. Just here, possibly, lies one of the chief objections to it.

The King, it will be recollected, after the return of the funeral procession, breaks out into loud laments.

“ ‘O hateful entry, hateful countenance
 O’ the widowed halls !’ he insaned—‘ What was to be ?
 Go there ? Stay here ? Speak, not speak ?’ All was now
 Mad and impossible alike ; one way,
 And only one was sane and safe—to die :”

The chorus assay to comfort him with the commonplaces of sympathy with little success. But when at length they suggest what perhaps seemed to them the best of consolation for his selfish soul—that he had, at any rate, saved his own life—it is evident that the tone of the King’s reply is very different from that of the same Admetus in the dialogue with his father.

Balaustion remarks on this change :

“ And, as the voice of him grew, gathered strength,
 And groaned on, and persisted to the end,
 We felt how deep had been descent in grief,
 And with what change he now came up to life,
 And left behind such littleness as tears.”

He compares his fate with hers, and deems hers the happier lot. This altered tone is equally perceptible through the scene which follows, with Herakles, and it satisfies Herakles, for

—“ Oh he knew
 The signs of battle hard fought and well won,
 This queller of the monsters ! Knew his friend
 Planted firm foot, now, on the loathly thing—
 That was Admetus late ! ‘ would die,’ he knew,
 Ere let the reptile raise its crest again.”

Mr. Browning thinks then that the poet meant to portray the change wrought by a great sorrow in a weak and selfish nature. If this hypothesis be correct it removes many of the difficulties of the play. For instance that scene between Admetus and his father, which has more than once already been alluded to, is no longer a revolting episode—needlessly interrupting the action, violating all

rules of dramatic propriety as well as shocking all the finer feelings of the hearers, but the strong colors in which it exhibits the selfishness of the King, to bring out more clearly by contrast the change of spirit in the last scenes. Take again the last scene—the long dialogue between Herakles and Admetus, during which the queen stands by, veiled and silent. The most reasonable explanation hitherto offered of this scene which some critics have not hesitated to condemn as 'farcical' lies in the necessity of bridging over in some way the passage from the intense sorrow of the King when he returns to his desolate home, that the transition should not be too sudden. Yet even then it is but a clumsy device, unworthy of the author.

Mr. Browning at an earlier point in the play has noticed, what may have struck other readers, that during the whole of the affecting speech of Alkestis, not a word of love or sorrow for her husband falls from her lips. She weeps over her children, is tenderly solicitous about their welfare, but for him for whom she dies, has not a word of tenderness. On this curious fact Balaustion comments :

" For certainly with eyes unbandaged now
 Alkestis looked upon the action here
 Self immolation for Admetus' sake ;
 Saw with a new sense all her death would do,
 And which of her survivors had the right,
 And which the less right to survive thereby."

and again :

" I think she judged she had bought the ware
 O' the seller at its value—nor praised him,
 Nor blamed herself—" &c.

* * * * *

" She saw things plain as Gods do : by one stroke
 O' the sword that rends the life-long veil away."

It is plain that with this new insight into her husbands' nature she could scarcely return with pleasure to the arms of a man so far beneath her, so utterly unworthy of her, if he were all unchanged.

In the long dialogue between Herakles and the King, then, Herakles wishes to test the King, to satisfy himself or the veiled queen at his side, of the change which his great grief had worked in the weak, selfish monarch. Here again, if the hypothesis be admitted, a difficulty vanishes, and the scene from a deformity becomes a necessity.

The question is—and it is one which every reader will answer for himself—has Mr. Browning been led by partiality to a favorite poet to attribute to him a reach of design, and a perfection of treatment the Greek never dreamed of; or has the poet's sympathy given him the true clue to what was in the older poet's mind?

It may not be out of place to mention in closing one or two considerations which should have weight in forming a decision.

The evidence of such a change in the spirit of Admetus as Mr. Browning supposes, must necessarily be very slight, and must be gathered from such general considerations as have already been mentioned, and from a comparison of the language of the King in the later, with the earlier scenes. If we may be allowed to express a private opinion, the tone of the later scenes is undeniably different from the earlier—but in the former it seems rather that of disappointment with his bargain, than of genuine improvement. Comparing his wife's lot with his own, he says:

"For, her indeed no grief will ever touch,
And she from many a labor pauses now,
Renowned one! Whereas I who ought not live,
But do live, by evading destiny,
Sad life am I to lead, I learn at last!"

At last when it is too late, true to his nature, he realizes the position into which he has brought himself irremediably. His enemies, he says, will taunt him with his cowardice, and true again to his nature, he seems to dread the taunt more than to repent the act. And when he appeals to the chorus

—“What advantage friends
Do you perceive I gain by life for death?”

he appears more dissatisfied with his bargain, now he fully sees the terms, than with himself.

A second consideration is that the art of developing character which has been earned to such perfection by the masters of the modern drama, was almost, we might fairly say entirely unknown among the ancients.

Yet whatever opinion we may come to on this point, the work of Mr. Browning aside from its interest, has a high value, as a poet's interpretation of a poem, and we wish some hand equally capable—if such can be found—may in a similar way unfold other of the Greek plays.

G. F. M.



MUSICAL SPIRITS.

IN spiritualism, so far as it is developed, we see merely speculative absurdities.

To cure some trifling malady, to reveal some unimportant truth, to make day and night hideous with continued rappings, and by sorcery to cause a wonderful exhibition of tabular gymnastics, is its all important object. Few of us have failed to be casually thrown in contact with one or more of its adherents. They are in every city throughout our country, although often too little supported to make known their faith. It is my purpose to relate a few personal experiences not in hopes to elucidate any of the mysticism which is veiled therein, but to ask of some wiser head an explanation of the phenomena.

Is it necessary to declare, that I have no faith in spirits? Had I the slightest belief in them, the phenomena would be explained by their agency. I am, on the contrary, so thoroughly convinced that our spirits have other and better work to do, that I must seek explanation from another source.

But the Phenomena! "What were they," you ask, "and where were they witnessed?"

I shall not dwell upon the strange freaks of chairs and tables, dancing in mid air, nor upon the loaves of smoking bread, which I have seen come down through the ceiling, nor even—a circumstance still more marvelous—upon the falling of a book case, without breaking the glass, or disturbing a book, although with crash enough to rouse the dead. For it fell to my lot to be present at an occurrence even more enjoyable than this.

Campton is a village seven miles from the Pemigavasset House, and but a few miles from the Franconia notch, New Hampshire. There lives in a little cottage, which nestles close to the village church, an old gray-headed man, whose fat round face and double chin invite a smile from every passing stranger. A quaint diminutive body bespeaks idiosyncrasies of character, which are not long hid, when one enters into conversation with him. A party of us who were boarding in the village, hearing of his oddities, among which was a firm belief in spirits, willingly accepted an invitation to witness some manifestations of his shadowy friends. They were not those dare-devils, who delight in tipping chairs and tables. They were not those everlasting rappers who keep you awake with their melancholy—thump! thump! against the panel of your bed-room door. Their delectation was not in that, in which ordinary spirits participate.

We numbered twelve. Not one of us had ever met the shade of a departed spirit: so you may judge our surprise at what followed, every incident of which will be faithfully recorded.*

We were ushered into a large dining room, in the center of which stood an oak table, large enough to contain a number of musical instruments, which our host informed us would be "strung and tuned" by invisible hands. He brought from an old chest,—deep, dark, and musty enough to have pent up more dismal music than that we heard—a tenor drum, hung it up by a strap, and having

* Let it be distinctly understood, that this phrase is not employed with the license granted a writer of fiction; for this is no fancy sketch, but an actual experience.

placed the drum sticks on the table, he again reached down into the sepulchral depths of the chest and drew out a tambourine, a pair of triangles, and three silver bells. A third time he balanced his little body on the edge of the box, and leaned cautiously down into its interior. Up into the air his spiked shoes swung, down went his head into the stifled atmosphere below. This exertion caused a succession of smothered grunts which came simultaneously with a cloud of dust, from within the chest. Suddenly he immerged with crimson face and hoary head—hoary from its coat of dust—and with considerable show of satisfaction, arranged alongside the other instruments a fife, guitar and French horn.

Such were the instruments. A combination which, you might well imagine, no mortal man would ever devise.

It seems so ridiculous; the martial music of fife and drum, accompanied by the ringing of bells, and the shaking of a tambourine. But let me tell you the impression it made upon us, and you will then be better able to judge for yourselves, whether such a combination would be void of harmony.

Our good-natured host with a merry twinkle in his eye, sat down at the head of the table, around which the company were gathered. All, with the exception of myself, joined hands to await the advent of our mysterious guests. I sat with violin and bow in hand, ready at their first approach to lead them with some lively air. The lights were out. The moon looking down askance through the window panes, lighted the little circle round the table, and cast a pale shadow upon the opposite wall. Thither I turned my eyes, hoping to see the shadow of their wings as they came flitting into the room. With puffed-out cheeks and eyes fixed steadily on the moon, our host was offering his orisons to the leader who should call them in. The room began to fill with a strange lurid light: the atmosphere, as if charged with electricity, produced a peculiar sensation unlike anything I had before experienced. The drum sticks rose from the table. The ladies cried: "Mercy on us!" and the music began.

Never was "Tam O' Shanter" rendered so lively, as when those invisible elves were at my elbow, making me do my best.

As I have said, the drum sticks rose, and began beating the drum head in perfect time, rolling out the measures as if some veteran had hold of them. The bells were played marvelously. Being tuned in thirds, they harmonized well, and at first played the gentlest, sweetest chimes, one could imagine. It was a master hand which rang them. They tinkled very softly in the *pianissimo* passages, but the tongue with a loud whir, ran round the rim of the bell, whenever we touched upon a *forzando*.

To see a tambourine, shaking and thumping right before one's eyes, raised a couple of feet from the table, and going through all manner of antics, as if in a minstrel's hand, was no more surprising than what had happened before, but I wonder who of that company could now sit down alone, and enjoy such an unearthly demonstration. The accompaniment to "Home, Sweet Home" was undoubtedly—so far as taste and execution pertained—the greatest success of all. The guitar, which had lain quiet during the din of more boisterous music, now took a vertical position and played the prettiest running accompaniment that I ever heard.

The effect was magical. This melody, which is so dear to us all—the one of all others which never grows old—was not forgotten by the ethereal troop outside. Allured by the music, they apparently gathered in and hovered directly over our head. What was there in this simple song that pleased them so? You should have heard the sobbing of the old French horn. Its mellow, tremulous tones brought tears to our eyes. No one could resist the impulse it gave, to join in with the weird band.

But away they went, as mysteriously as they came, frightened doubtless by our intrusion. Brushing by me, they noiselessly slipt out of the window, and hastened away. * * * * *

And I have often wondered, whether I shall ever hear a like refrain, and whether I shall know, who beat the drum, and rang the bells so merrily.

G. A. S.

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS began his literary career late in life. He had already passed his fiftieth birthday when he put forth his learned works on medicine and science, and it is to the poor success of these that we owe his more noted performances. The spirit of the scholar was aroused by the indifference with which the result of his labors was greeted. If the public would not read sense, they should read nonsense. In a fit of spite he dashed off the first part of a work unique in literature. The popularity of the *Chronique Gargantuine* amply satisfied the wounded pride of the author and filled the depleted pockets of his publisher; but we may suspect Rabelais of a slight exaggeration when he tells us that more copies of it were sold in two months than of the Bible in nine years. A second edition of the work was soon called for, and the *Chronique Gargantuine* again appeared, but with large additions and alterations, and accompanied by a continuation, entitled *Pantagruel*. *Pantagruel* is, in fact, the parent of the *Gargantua* as it now stands, the latter having been transformed from a mere farrago of mock-heroics into a fitting introduction to a work more soberly conceived. There is reason to believe that, after the popularity of his romance had discovered to Rabelais the real bent of his genius, he was wise enough to perceive that it could better be employed than in ridiculing subjects which had no immediate connection with his age.

Rabelais had spent the best years of his life within the walls of convents and colleges; he had acquired a vast amount of learning; he had been a priest and a physician; he had traversed various paths of life, and now, at an age when most men are ready to retire from their active labors, was just finding out the sphere for which he was destined. The quick wit and lively disposition of the innkeeper's son, at Chinon, still dwelt under the doctor's robe of the mature man. Time had only given him skill to use the weapons which nature had provided.

The state of society in the time of Francis I, rendered any open attack upon existing abuses highly dangerous. True it is that the dissolute lives of the clergy, their rapacity and oppression had long been the themes of satire; but the assault was rather upon individuals than upon principles. The people and government could not be indifferent to the vices of their spiritual masters, but ignorance and credulity made them tenacious of their religious doctrines and bitterly hostile to their detractors. The greatest caution was, therefore, necessary to one who would strike at the roots. The attacks of Rabelais were masked by the most grotesque allegory and, it has been remarked,—“After any particularly deep thrust, he writes a chapter of pure buffoonery, as if to break the force of the blow and appear unconscious of having given it.” Notwithstanding these precautions, the veil was too transparent to deceive the sharp eyes of hostile critics. The book and the author were attacked on all sides. The schoolmen left off their disputes to fight Rabelais; the churchmen and the reformers turned their arms against their common enemy; Calvin and the monks were equal in their denunciations; and, worst of all the Sorbonne charged him with heresy and atheism, condemned the book and would have been glad to burn the author.

Rabelais was saved from the storm which he had raised about his own head by the character of the king. Francis I. was a patron of literature and capable of judging for himself in such matters. He read the obnoxious book through from beginning to end, pronounced it innocent and “delectable,” and extended his protection to the daring writer.

The real design of Rabelais has been the subject of much discussion. The theories which have been advanced by the highest authorities are so various and discordant that the casual reader is tempted to disregard them all and give himself up to the charm of the story, without any effort to fathom its hidden mysteries. The perplexities in which one is involved while trying to find the clue are absolutely disheartening. A maze of difficulties besets the inquirer at every step; a theory is adopted only to be abandoned.

That the romance is a history of Rabelais' own times burlesqued, is a most untenable hypothesis, and is sufficiently disproved by the different results of its application in different hands. Thus, Duchat discovers in *Grangousier*, Louis XII., while Motteaux is equally certain that he bears no more resemblance to Louis XII. than to the Khan of Tartary, but is evidently intended to represent John d'Albret, king of Navarre. To say nothing of the chronological impossibilities involved in such an interpretation, the mode of fixing upon the identity of individuals is so illogical that this theory cannot be for a moment entertained.

The opinion of Coleridge is eminently characteristic. "Pantagruel," he says, "is the Reason; Panurge, the Understanding; the scope of the book is philosophical." If this be true, the Chronicle of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* is the strangest form of a philosophical treatise ever conceived, and the desirability of such a form is, at least, questionable. Many of Coleridge's notions about Rabelais are just and discriminating when he can free himself from mysticism. No one saw more clearly than he the difficulties of an exclusively political interpretation, and no one more thoroughly comprehended the intricate method of Rabelais' execution.

The work, as it now stands, is, without doubt, a satiric burlesque of some of the worst abuses in government and religion. The characters are, for the most part, purely fictitious and designed simply as masks and machinery. At any rate, the likenesses were not distinct enough to be made out by Rabelais' contemporaries. An historical event may have often suggested a line of thought, but all marks of resemblance were quickly obliterated by the unconfined streams of the imagination.

The vices of the popes, the luxurious lives of the wealthy prelates, the debauchery, knavery and ignorance of the monks, the bigoted and senseless theology of the Sorbonne, the barbarous jurisprudence of the higher tribunals, the defects of the educational system,—such were the general subjects of his ridicule.

The principal personages of the romance are strongly brought out. The characters of Panurge, Pantagruel and Friar John are painted with a distinctness not unworthy of more pretentious artists than Rabelais. They stand before us vivid and life-like, each impressing us with his own individuality. We do not feel that they were called into being for another purpose than to furnish food for our amusement. They are not the automatic figures of an allegory, but the living, thinking, feeling actors of a drama.

The real hero of the tale is Panurge. The chief interest centers in him from the moment of his appearance. He is learned, acute, mischievous, cowardly, intemperate, and licentious. Yet, strange as it may seem, the reader regards him with a feeling quite the reverse of that which such qualities generally inspire. His pleasing appearance, his drollery, wit, and ingenuity throw around him a spell from whose enchantment it is impossible to escape. His chief concern is the subject of his own marriage. Never was man more eager for a helpmeet than Panurge, but he is equally apprehensive of matrimonial infelicity. Between hope and fear he is almost distracted. Every species of divination is tried. A sibyl, an idiot, a poet, a physician, a lawyer, a philosopher, are successively consulted; the manifest import of their answers is discouraging, but Panurge, with persevering ingenuity, tortures them into accordance with his own inclinations. We are half angry with the rogue's perversity even when he pleases us most. We can see that, however plausible his explanation may be, he is not satisfied himself. An uneasy consciousness of the violence of his own expositions drives him to new oracles and plunges him into fresh difficulties. The oracle of the Holy Bottle at last gives a favorable answer, and we leave Panurge proclaiming his joy and triumph in extemporaneous verses.

Though Pantagruel gives his name to the greater part of the romance, he is, in reality, of far less importance than Panurge. He is a wise and virtuous prince, meditative and devout, with more of the Hamlet in him than of the

conventional giant. His affection for Panurge, "whom he loved all his life-time," is an instance of that mutual attraction of antagonistic characters and dispositions which is so often exerted in real life. The juxtaposition of the two is the occasion of much dramatic effect. The levity of the one contrasts with the gravity of the other; the cowardice, intemperance and knavery of Panurge, with the valor, moderation and correct conduct of Pantagruel. The fundamental characteristics of each supplementing the essential deficiencies of the other produce the strongest attachment. Pantagruel and Panurge were made for each other as truly as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

The next most prominent figure is Friar John. He is the type of a class too frequently met with in those days, an irreligious and dissolute monk. He drinks the hardest, swears the most, and fights the best; yet he has a certain roughness, frankness and detestation of shame that makes him almost respectable. He never attempts to conceal his vices, speaks out his opinions, and is totally destitute of cant and hypocrisy. He knows better how to drain a cup than to sing a mass, and has more confidence in the strength of his arm than in the efficacy of his prayers. Picrochole's myrmidons may do what else they list, but let them invade the sacred precincts of the convent vineyard, and the prospect of a scarcity of wine will rouse the Friar to deadly activity. Rabelais himself has drawn for us the best portrait of Friar John. He was "young, gallant, frisk, lusty, nimble, quick, active, bold, adventurous, resolute, tall, lean, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, a fair despatcher of morning prayers, unbridler of masses, and runner over vigils; and, to conclude summarily, in a word, a right monk if ever there was any, since the monking world monked a monkey; for the rest, a clerk even to the teeth in matter of breviary."

These three creations—Panurge, Pantagruel and Friar John—are the master-pieces of Rabelais' invention, and they represent the principal aspects of his own nature. The quick-witted Panurge, the thoughtful Pantagruel, the

fearless and jovial Friar, are each and all the perhaps unconscious, but none the less veritable, personifications of the peculiarities of their author. Could these three characters be blended into one, their fusion would produce in all essentials—Rabelais himself.

The style of Rabelais' writing is peculiar and unique. Its adaptation to the subject is unquestionable. *Abandon* will describe it in one word. Loose rein is given to the imagination, sentence rolls after sentence, nouns jostle and crowd one another, adjectives are piled upon adjectives, the whole range of rhetorical figures is exhausted, till the bewildered mind of the reader sinks under the weight of words. Titles and epithets are sometimes ranged in columns covering several pages, and words are coined of whose length Aristophanes might be proud. In anatomical description Rabelais especially revels. Friar John slays his enemies with a Homeric variety of wounds, whose diagnoses are carefully stated.

The stories of Gargantua and Pantagruel are adorned with as much learning as wit and pleasantry. The most trivial point will sometimes be most unnecessarily supported by a mass of citations reminding us of the Anatomy of Melancholy, or the opening chapters of Knickerbocker's History. And all this was displayed when the absence of cyclopædias and indices made extensive quotation less easy and more truly indicative than at the present day. Such erudition wasted upon such themes may well have provoked the question of Beza:

“*Qui sic nugatur, tractantem ut seria vincat,
Seria cum faciet, dic, rogo, quantus erit?*”

There is one topic which, disagreeable as it is, the briefest discussion of Rabelais could not justly pass over. I refer, of course, to the low moral tone of his writings, which cannot be too severely reprobated, and for which there can only be alleged the hackneyed, but insufficient, excuse of the manners of the age. Let this subject be dismissed with the regret that fate seems to have made

indecency, vulgarity and profanity inevitable to the world's greatest satirists and wits.

But Rabelais' style was not wholly and always extravagant or coarse, and such a view of it would be incorrect. The meditative and serious, or, so to speak, the Pantagruelian side of his mind is reflected in some few passages breathing a piety and fervor which should rescue him from wholesale condemnation. The simplicity and pathos of the chapter wherein Pantagruel relates "a very sad story of the death of the heroes" will be felt by the most unsympathetic.

"Epithuses, the father of Aemilian, the rhetorician, sailing from Greece to Italy in a ship freighted with divers goods and passengers, at night the wind failed them near the Echinades, and the vessel was driven near Paxos. When they got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that called aloud, "Thamous!" which surprised them all. This same Thamous was their pilot, an Egyptian by birth, but known by name only to some few of the passengers. The voice was heard a second time, calling "Thamous," in a frightful tone; and none making answer, but all trembling and remaining silent, the voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before. This caused Thamous to answer, "Here am I; what dost thou call me for?" Then the voice, louder than before, bid him publish when he should come to Palodes, that the great god Pan was dead. All the mariners and passengers having heard this, were amazed and affrighted. * * Now when they had come to Palodes they had no wind, neither were they in any current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the forecastle, and casting his eyes on the shore, said that he had been commanded to proclaim that the great god Pan was dead. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when deep groans, great lamentations, and doleful shrieks, not of one person, but of many together were heard from the land. The news of this was soon spread at Rome; insomuch, that Tiberius, who was then Emperor, sent for this

Thamous, and having heard him, gave credit to his words. * * For my part, I understand the story of that great Saviour of the faithful who was put to death at Jerusalem. He may be called, in the Greek tongue, *Pan*, since he is our all. He is *Pan*, the great shepherd, also, who, as the loving Corydon affirms, hath a tender love, not for his sheep only, but also for their shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, tears and lamentations were spread throughout the whole fabric of the universe—heavens, land, sea and hell. The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most mighty *Pan*, our Saviour, died near Jerusalem, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.' Pantagruel having ended this discourse, remained silent and full of contemplation. A little while after we saw tears flow out of his eyes. * * God take me presently if I tell you one syllable of a lie in this matter."

It is difficult to decide what were the real religious convictions of Rabelais; indeed, it was a hard matter for his contemporaries. To the zealous Catholic he must have appeared the incarnation of evil. He never loses an opportunity to strike at the Pope and the monks; and the distinguishing dogmas of their faith are often handled without gloves. His position with regard to the reformers is more doubtful. His improper application of texts of Scripture and the prevailing style of his works made him an object of suspicion, while his vigorous blows against the common enemy placed him in the position of an ally. "Though Rabelais seems to be one of us," said Stephanus, "he often throws stones into our garden." In Calvin's estimation, Rabelais had "tasted the Gospel," but his "*ridendi audacia*" had closed his heart to the influences of true religion. It has been confidently asserted that this was the real case with Rabelais, and that he became, finally, a creedless, epicurean skeptic. It is hard to reconcile this theory with such passages as the one above referred to, but if the anecdotes of his death are worthy of credence, it is the only one which can be consistently adopted.

The literatures both of France and England have been considerably influenced by the writings of Rabelais. Lafontaine and Voltaire must be numbered among his debtors, and the adventures of Panurge and Pantagruel indisputably suggested to Swift the ground-work of Gulliver's Travels.

To sum up a judgment upon Rabelais is no easy task. His faults are so glaring and obtrusive, and his merits so obscured and hidden, that an unfavorable opinion is sure to follow a hasty perusal; but after a careful study, no unqualified sentence of disapprobation can be passed upon him. Labruyere expresses in few words the fairest estimate that can be formed of Rabelais: "When he is bad, nothing can be worse, he can only please the rabble; when good, he is exquisite and excellent, and food for the most delicate."

R. W. D.

THE STORM.

[FROM THE HUNGARIAN.]

Rain ! I hear it raining,
Raining kiss on kiss ;
To her lips of longing.
Perfect joy and bliss.

See the lightning flashes
From the glowing skies ;
They are glances speeding
From impassioned eyes.

Hark ! the thunder rolling
With increasing roar ;
Haste, beloved ! My father
Thunders at the door.

C. J. R.

THE FORENSIC ART.

EVEN a superficial glance at history is sufficient to fix on the mind the two leading facts about oratory—its early excellence and subsequent decline. Its history is almost unique among the arts. Others may be classed as lost, disused, or improved; but oratory has neither gone out of practice because its principles are no longer understood, nor been discarded because its products are no longer needed; nor yet has it been made, by the use of centuries, easier, more beautiful or more effective. It is one of the few legacies bequeathed us by the ancients which have not all the time been kept out at compound interest.

The inquiry naturally enters the mind, how can centuries of practice have failed to bring improvement? A satisfactory answer is quickly furnished by a glance at the best models of antiquity, which suggest that it is hard to improve on perfection. But this is no answer to the question that is sure to follow, why has oratory deteriorated with the lapse of time?

We naturally attempt an answer by instituting a comparison between individual orators of different periods. But such a course gives the individual too great importance, for orators are not the sum of oratory but rather its exponents. It is a principle of wide application that representative men are not so much formers of their times as formed by the times. Great writers, for the most part, cast their thoughts in the mould assigned by the popular taste. Great genius of any kind is less self centred than we are apt to suppose. Macaulay has said that without Bacon we should still know the inductive method, and without Newton, the laws of optics and mechanics. Investigation had already been pushed to the verge of these discoveries, and the race educated to a capacity for them. Their publication was but a matter of a few years more or less, and the mental ability that, rightly applied at the proper time, has placed its possessors among the greatest

of mankind, might, at an earlier or later period have excited nothing more than a passing admiration. In general, the individual genius that is to move the world must have a broad and solid $\piού στω$ for its lever.

There is no exception to these rules in oratory. We are not at liberty to explain away its early superiority by criticising this or that orator apart from his day and generation. If orators are at any period, a numerous and powerful class, it is but an illustration of the law of supply and demand, showing that the mind of the people at large is adapted to oratory. So, too, we must attribute the comparatively unimportant position of oratory in modern times to a decrease in the demand for its products. In other words there is, in modern times a lack of sympathy between audience and orator fatal to the effectiveness of eloquence. The orator, like the sculptor, owes his success no more to his own ability than to the tractable nature of his material. The sculptor has for his material, marble, the orator, men; but men are no longer the pliant subjects they once were.

This modern result is due to modern civilization and education. The end of oratory is persuasion. The end is attained through the avenue of the imagination and passions—mental endowments given in perfection by nature and spoiled by education. For this reason the childhood of the race is, as testified by history, the true golden age of oratory. The childhood of the race resembles that of the individual. Children more than any, possess the qualities of mind best controlled by the orator. Imagination and feeling predominate. The great Garrick delighted to try his art upon children. Nothing pleased him more than, by his power over the face and voice, to throw his little auditors into transports of alternate delight and fear. It has been said that a child will scream at the distortion of a mask, even though the mask has in the child's own sight been put upon the face of a friend. The reason has not gained control over the imagination. So is the childhood of the race. Imagination and feeling at first predominate. Reasoning is intuitive. Belief is un-

questioning. The imagination makes whatever is forcibly presented to the mind, a reality. This faculty of realizing the unreal is the essential to the influence of eloquence over an audience. They are transported to the plane of the orator, and, for the time at least, made to see with his eyes alone.

Here education and civilization show themselves enemies to oratory. The mind is endowed by nature with qualities susceptible to the influence of eloquence, but in due proportion to other qualities. Education and civilization are the masters, rather than the servants of nature; therefore the natural endowments, instead of being developed harmoniously, are altered from their true proportions. Imagination and feeling are restricted in their exercise, and are also overshadowed by the growth of the reason and judgment.

If proof be needed for the theory of the early development of some faculties and the late development of others, history furnishes the strongest possible inductive proof in the evidence she gives of the early eminence both of oratory and of all the sister arts. Circumstantial evidence, unassisted by common sense, is most convincing when we see that in wonderful Greece the whole brilliant group that challenges the admiration of the world— oratory, poetry, sculpture, and the drama—are subject to the same critical classification, are fine in distinction from useful arts, and are dependent upon the same faculties of the mind, the chief being the imagination. To assert that these sister arts still flourish, and that, therefore, the qualities of mind on which they depend have undergone no change, leaves no room to distinguish between the critical admiration that these arts now excite and the tangible influence that they then exerted. We understand the beauties of Phidias and the secret of Homer's power, and admire because we understand. Contemporary appreciation was of the imagination and feelings. When the rhapsodist spoke, the people wept. The walls of Ilium rose before their eyes and the shock of battle rang in their ears. Their sculptors were giving a form that

only did not speak to the gods of their imagination and worship. Nothing in their life was more real than the ideals of art, which the masters of the arts made tangible to them.

But education, in giving a rational appreciation of all this, acts no less directly to throw off its influence. A man who has spent years in storing and strengthening his mind is too much of a man to lose his identity under any circumstances. Reason is his guide. There is no place at his side for emotion. He seeks in a speech nothing but the facts. Their rhetorical dress he does not care for. He has the purified vision that pierces to the reality, and, through all its brave finery, sees the native truth, in its true form. Eloquence, therefore, in a cultivated mind, affects only the taste. A cultivated man discerns the beauties of an oration, but these are, to him, mere ornaments of the truth. To the uncultured, they are the truth itself.

This plausible theory seems to be directly in the face of the leading fact of the history of oratory. For the birthplace and home of ancient oratory was at Athens, the most cultivated city of the ancient world. But if culture be an unfavorable influence, instead of leading, she should have been the one to follow. A second thought turns this to an argument in our favor. Education cannot develop a race in any one direction until it has, to a certain extent, stimulated the whole intellect. Thus it is, at first, a help to oratory. Thus it was a help to the Athenians. Without disrespect, we may apply to them the term, smart. Theirs was a general burnishing up of the mental faculties as they exist in nature, not the development of some at the expense of others. Every faculty was intensified, and the appreciation of oratory among the rest. In them, taste showed new beauties without presuming to interfere with the imagination and feeling. The Athenian assemblies did not at all resemble the juries that Choate had to address, who grew so afraid lest his eloquence should bias their judgment that they adopted the expedient of always bringing in a verdict against him.

But the Athenian orator is gone, and modern civilization builds a barrier against his return. Though absent,

he is not missed. The order of the times is forward; and if the orator is discarded, it is because he is no longer needed. His peroration from the rostrum is drowned in the clanking of the printing press; and his departing audience take with them each a copy of the evening paper, containing all that he said, much that he left unsaid, and a good criticism by the editor.

W. B.



THE POETRY OF WHITTIER.

THE mere critic of Whittier has an unfortunate task. The reader is drawn into such full sympathy with the poet that criticism is in a measure disarmed. As in viewing a beautiful work of art or scene in nature, so here, criticism should occupy a secondary place, yielding the precedence to enjoyment and admiration. Acknowledging the force of this feeling, it has been my purpose to read the poetry of Whittier to appreciate its worth without especially seeking to discover defects. I have not attempted to frame a theory to account for the peculiar characteristics of the poetry, but simply to determine what those characteristics are. Within the limits granted me, my conclusions must be general rather than minute.

First, perhaps, should be noticed the truth of the poetry. By this, is not meant merely truth as distinguished from error, nor simply accordance with facts. There is beyond this, an air of thorough honesty and good faith which never deserts the poet. All extravagance is avoided in the very dress in which he clothes his thoughts. The tricks of rhetoric and devices of language, which are pardoned in poets generally, are not found.* His landscapes are not marked by unknown and impossible beauty.

* The uncouth names in his legendary pieces indicate the consultation of facts rather than of the wants of his verse and the same exactness is found in his descriptions of rural scenes.

It is a peculiar excellence that he writes so true to our experience that we wonder other men were not prompted to say the same before. So also, there is little or nothing overdrawn in the description of persons. Some of the Quakers of his verse, appear to embody more of excellence and modest mirth than falls to the lot of most people of whom we know, but this is a pardonable weakness. The exaltation of the virtues of friends has ever been excused and most of the persons, whom Whittier praises, led such lowly lives that it matters little to the world whether or no they are over-estimated.

Purity no less than truth is a special feature of Whittier's poetry. The subjects are oftentimes lowly but the tone is high. This elevated standard is maintained without apparent effort on the part of the poet. It has a deeper foundation than any acquired sense of right or propriety. It is not forced upon the attention in certain places; but unassumingly permeates the whole. Whittier by no means sets himself up as a reformer of taste but his mind is as pure as that of Sidney whom he reveres or that of Wordsworth whom he has in a measure followed. The poetry raises the reader to purer thoughts, to a better appreciation of the little things of life, to true ideas of humanity and to a firmer faith in virtue. He has preached, in a quiet way many effective sermons in behalf of the Christian virtues. All of them may not be entirely orthodox. He is plainly no stickler for settled order and priestly pretensions, and for this very reason he is in sympathy with a catholic feeling, which is not under the control of theologians and perhaps not entirely subservient to the intellect.

Simplicity is the last general feature to be noticed here. Whittier has not attempted great subjects. He has chosen, as he tells us, rather to sing:

" —Some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North."

In not seeking to solve the great problem of human existence and the hereafter, the question, which has won the

extended labors of the poets of all ages, he has removed mysticism from his verse. Combining his thoughts to narrower limits he is quick to perceive worthy deeds, wherever done, and the fair setting, which they, not unlike rare jewels, require, is gained at his hands. An admirer of the simple ways and sterling virtues of our colonial days, it is nevertheless strange how much music he discloses in common-place words and things. New England has had many tender critics but her thrifty habits, simple customs and natural beauties have been described by no more loving hand than that of Whittier. He has not gilded everything with fancy ; he has not written with unmixed praise. The attentions paid by the Puritans to his Quaker ancestors would hardly allow that. He has gained a strong hold upon us by choosing to write so much upon the simple features of New England life which are just passing from existence and from remembrance. The historian can only record the facts; the poet and novelist can endow them with life. The simplicity in the choice of subjects has its counterpart in the language employed. Plain Saxon is sufficient for his wants and no one can fail to understand his aims and thoughts. There are many authors, whose ideas, at first dim and vague, become upon a second reading, clear and definite. I should think a second perusal of Whittier would cause a fuller appreciation of the beauty of thought and rhythm ; I know not if new ideas would be disclosed. The most beautiful songs possess new harmony whenever sung ; they may be fully understood at first.

Having thus indicated three marked features of the entire poetry, some special characteristics of peculiar importance should be considered. The poet is perhaps best known as the reformer and as the Quaker. He has in either character laid himself open to criticism. As a reformer, his feelings have caused him to write that which the calm judgment of after times will hardly place to his credit. It is no easy matter to unite the moral reformer and the poet, making the union perfect. The characteristics of each are very distinct. It is the duty of one and

perchance the misfortune of the other to deal with matters of temporary interest. So in the case of Whittier, as he gains as a reformer he loses as a poet. The explanation is creditable to the man and were his life rather than his poems under consideration, criticism would be changed to the heartiest praise. Keenly conscious of the bitter wrong of slavery, he embarked in the agitation when it was no holiday work. The poetry, which he wrote, carries its defence in every line. The reader sees through all, the earnest friend of humanity concealing the mere agitator. It is not the reformer or philanthropist alone which rises before us; it is the *man* with a heart large enough to sympathize with the oppressed everywhere and with a nature noble enough to regard silence as criminal. He may not be entirely practical, but he is conscious of being entirely right. The path is not clear to the accomplishment of what he wishes but he does not question the existence of a way. The present is by no means propitious but he cannot doubt the final issue. Because he lives and has the use of the pen, he finds himself engaged in

"A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time."

Connection with the Quakers is closely associated by the public with the name of Whittier. The championship of this little body might be readily pardoned, for the impression left upon the mind by it, is not unpleasant. The reader however is hardly pleased to find the broad brim of the Quaker appearing so frequently, and the incautious might be led to suppose that the great world had gone crazy after wealth and honor, leaving to a numerically insignificant body the maintenance of the old fashioned lessons of the "Golden Rule." No one can blame Whittier for thus seeking to perpetuate in verse the lowly virtues of his ancestors and friends. It must be acknowledged, however, that the training of the poet has had the effect of narrowing his views in certain directions. He pleads repeatedly for charity and the broadest liberty of thought and action but by no means attains to his own

standard. He never ceases to suggest that the church is skeptical at heart, that priests are full of hypocrisy, while his horror of creeds is remarkable. They are in his mind synonymous with intolerance and oppression. The "chant dolorous" to him and the "organ sounding" may not aid in his devotions but the majority of the human race are unable to agree with his intimation that "the silence of the Friends' Meeting House" is more acceptable to the Deity. He fails to realize that "taper lights," "the pomp of ritual" and "white censors" are a means of the highest worship to a large number of Christians and hence not to be spoken of with contempt. I would not say that the poet is intolerant. He is an example of a class of minds, which, adopting a certain view in the praise of charity, forget the possibility of another interpretation.

That, which appears to me narrowness, is probably the result of the intensity of the author's convictions and the remarkable personality which he has given to most of his works. This conclusion accords with the spirit in which he has written. Love is the key-note of many of his poems as it is the essential feature of his religious system. He may not agree with the theologians in his definitions but it is far from being the only place where he fails to follow them. While it is not easy for persons trained in reverence of what he terms "iron-bound creeds" to appreciate the religious tone which pervades the poetry, we may remember that we read not the author for his theology and if we cannot assume his point of view, it is at least worthy of respect.

Difficulties crowd about an attempt to fix the place of Whittier among poets. As we have seen, very many of his subjects are merely of temporary or local interest while the poet of enduring fame selects themes which touch the heart, irrespective of time or circumstances. It is the misfortune of Whittier that he addresses himself to a limited circle and the sympathy which he now wins will not improbably be lessened by the lapse of time.

The character of the thoughts of Whittier does not warrant us in assigning him a commanding place among

the poets of the century. He is not a profound or extremely thoughtful writer. He dwells with especial pleasure upon the beautiful and the graceful. He has described nature rather than men, scenery rather than character. His talk has been to commemorate virtues rather than to portray the strife of passions. He does not thrill the reader by the force of his ideas or the vigor of his style; he rather touches the heart, raising the reader to his own elevated plane of thought and feeling. If he has not a universal reputation, he has at least devoted friends; if his audience is not large, it is at least attentive and appreciative. His place among the foremost of American poets is unquestioned and in his special excellencies, there are few to rival him in any land. Distinguished as it has been my purpose to show by truth, purity and simplicity in an eminent degree, he has endeared himself to all noble minds by his sympathy with lowly virtues, by his appreciation of the humblest of God's works and by his earnest views of life. We may regret that he, in common with most of our American poets, has failed thus far to give us a continued work with which his name should be especially associated. It is to be regretted that he has not gathered into one continued effort the scattered tributes to our early New England life, that it might remain, at once his master-piece and the great poem drawn from that rich field. Such a work would have been most gratifying to his countrymen and most flattering to himself. In choosing less sustained efforts he has doubtless consulted his own taste, and perchance his genius.

As among the scenes of nature, which Whittier delights, to paint, some impress us with wonder by their grandeur, while others charm us by their quiet beauty, so among poets, some "lonely in their greatness," affect us with awe by reason of their genius and the greatness of their thoughts, while others addressing the heart rather than the intellect draw us into full sympathy with themselves. It surely can be no unfavorable opinion which assigns Whittier a place in the latter class.

A BATH.

The bathers dip beneath the wave,
 The females fear a fishy grave,
 Their slender fingers grasp the rope,
 They dream they have one trusty hope.

But lo ! the breakers rolling in
 Come thundering down like foaming sin ;
 The heels fly up, off go the hands,
 And heads are buried in the sands.

Oh, foolish virgins, why not then,
 Hug closely up to valiant men ;
 Amid the fuzz and foaming roar
 We'll land ye's safely on the shore.

Be not so coy of slender waist,
 Let it be once with strong arm graced,
 Ye'll howl like " lotos men " of yore—.
 " O ! don't let's never go home no more."



ANALYTICAL ALGEBRA.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made that in the teaching given at Yale the æsthetic side of studies is neglected: e. g. that in the reading of Greek and Latin texts, the structure of the language is attended to and the thoughts of the authors disregarded. The complaint seems to me partly just and in this article I will sketch out a plan by which the study of Algebra, for example, might be made not only to sharpen the reason but to train the critical faculties and elevate the human soul. Professor Packard once told his class that the curriculum had made no provision for the culture of imagination. How much might be done in that way even in pure mathematics by a proper mode of treatment will be seen perhaps from the following outlines of a *cours*.

A late ingenious writer has tried to show that the false science of alchemy was only a covert way of expressing

by means of a symbolism, truths in moral and political philosophy which it would have been unsafe in the middle age to maintain openly. An analytical study of Algebra will develope the fact that underlying its artificial symbolism, its alphabetical triflings, its obscure, and to many meaningless formulæ, there lies a life-drama of dark and stormy passions—a tale of fate of crime of temptation and fall. It will be remembered that the science is of oriental, of Arabian origin. The oriental mind takes pleasure in mystic and figurative methods of expression and it may well be, that this method has been taken of preserving under the forms of a language whose true import is revealed to a few choice spirits in every age, one of that body of legends almost coeval with the race—the folklore of the East. It is a tale of the triumph of the strong over the weak; the evil over the good; the tempter over the tempted; the Mephistopheles over the Faust.

It will be seen that among the different writers who have treated the subject, under some minor differences of style and statement, there is a general agreement as to the relative position of the two central personages of the drama—the characters of A and B. What this relation exactly is, it is impossible to say. It is usually indicated numerically. Sometimes it is expressed in terms of the mysterious and unknown quantity x which the reader is always requested to find, but which if found at all (which is rarely the case) resolves itself into some number as baffling to the curiosity as the number of the Beast in Revelations. What light does it shed on x to discover that $x = \frac{p}{q}$ or that $x = \sqrt{2na}$? Then too x is usually variable, sometimes infinite, not seldom imaginary or absurd. It has indeed been directly asserted that the relation of A to B was as p to p' : but what was p ? what was p' ? The clue to this cipher is certainly far from ascertained.

For these reasons it is advisable in the æsthetic study of Algebra to neglect the long pages of statistics or figurative matter which form the bulk of most treatises. They shed no light on our researches. It is only in the problems or what may be called the letter-press of the work

that we find any consistent and rational statements about A and B. Even here the cautious and singularly non-committal manner of the historian leaves much untold. Algebra may be called like Rhetoric "a science of hints and suggestions"—or better a science of puzzles and riddles. The Sphinxy chronicler makes a guarded statement and then suddenly asks a question which often seems to have no connection at all with the previous statement. Almost every sentence ends with an interrogation point.

From these materials, however, meagre as they are, the following general results may be gained as to the character and relations of A and B. B is the hero of the drama. He seems to be a man of fine feelings, of a generous and social, open and confiding nature, but of a weak will and easily influenced. We find him with a kind of humorous benevolence repeatedly distributing coppers in geometrical progression to the poor. He seems to be the careless and good-humored gentleman referred to by Mr. Todhunter on page 208 of his Algebra. "A gentleman sends a lad into the market to buy a shillings' worth of oranges. The lad having eaten a couple, the gentleman pays at the rate of a penny for fifteen more than the market price" &c. His easy credulity and recklessness seem to have led him into extravagance and folly. We find him speculating in city real estate, investing x dollars in rectangular lots containing m square feet. He seems to have fallen in with the sporting ring and to have run around islands on a wagon—always losing; to have invested in lotteries—always drawing blanks: the chances of his drawing a prize being usually represented as $n:m$ —no doubt ridiculously small.

On the other hand A the Iago, the Mephistopheles, the devil of the plot is painted as a man of a secret, reserved, and tortuous mind. Contrast the open-hearted, unsuspecting frankness of B with the shuffling evasions of A's answers to the simplest question. Thus A being asked by B how old he is replies " m times the cube of C's age $\pm \frac{1}{n}$ of the square root of my own." Whenever A and B are brought into contact, the former is represented as the

superior in mental and bodily strength. In these numerous and mysterious trips which they are perpetually taking between two places distant x miles from each other A always accomplishes the journey in one m^{th} of the time that B does. A always performs with ease in the incredibly short period of n days that piece of work which the indolent B requires fully m days to complete. At an early period in their history A seems to have laid B under some dreadful obligation or to have discovered some terrible secret which places the latter wholly in his power. The power thus obtained he uses with remorseless cruelty. He persuades B to invest his money in partnerships when B contributes m dollars to A's n . He extorts hush money from him in sums of 500, 1000, nay, even y dollars! With a fiendish humor he pretends to regard these instalments of black mail as loan—loans of pure accommodation for t months and at r per cent interest—of course never paid.

What the secret of this influence was we cannot say. Was there a woman in the case? There is something in the character of C—a personage occasionally introduced which leads to the suspicion that she was a woman. Thus, on page 474 of Todhunter we are told “It is 3 to 1 that A speaks truth, 6 to 1 that B does, and 1 to 3 that C does. What is the probability that an event took place which A asserts to have happened, and which B and C deny?” Three conclusions seem to be justified by this statement.

1st. The remarkable natural deceitfulness of C points not doubtfully to her sex.

2d. B appears by this time to have become involved in a train of prevarications made necessary perhaps by his attempts to conceal the secret referred to, and to have lost a portion of his natural truthfulness.

“Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!”

But even so, his word is more to be trusted than the organic duplicity of A.

3d. The above problem seems to have presented itself to the mind of B while endeavoring to free himself from

the toils of A. He reflects whether his own word coupled with that of C may outweigh (possibly in a Court of Justice) the unsupported testimony of A. He is tempted to cast off his thraldom and boldly deny the "event" obscurely alluded to, which can be no other than the terrible, possibly guilty secret which A uses to his destruction.

If any such plan of relief presents itself to his mind, he is too weak to carry it out. He falls more and more hopelessly into the toils and struggles less and less. The malign influence of A becomes strongest as the drama sweeps to its catastrophe. B invests with increasing recklessness in the lots and lotteries. He probably also takes to drink, for we read of "hogsheads, one of wine and one of beer, with cubical contents as m , n , and exhausted respectively at the rate of x and y quarts per diem."

Towards the close of his melancholy career, A gets him into gambling. It is needless to say that he is no match for the latter. The chapter on "probability" is nothing more or less than an account of his losses at cards and dice to this Hon. Ducease. Thus on page 468, problem 27, "two persons A and B engage in a game in which A's skill is to B's as 3 to 2. Find the chance of A's winning at least 3 games out of 5." Sometimes there seems to be a pool in which several engage,—possibly one D, a character who appears but seldom, and seems to be a tool of A's—was present among others. On page 470 we have a description of one of these friendly games. "In a bag are n balls of m colors, p being of the first color, p_2 of the second color * * * * * pm of the m^{th} color. If the balls be drawn out one by one, what is the chance that all the balls of the first color will be drawn, &c.?"

The catastrophe of the drama is shrouded in impenetrable night. What was the fate of A, of B, of C, of all the rest of the alphabet, including old Izzard, "that gray-haired man of glee?" I cannot say: but enough has been done towards resolving the enigma to show how much would be accomplished by a critical study of Algebra in its æsthetic relations, disregarding those tables of meaningless signs and formulæ which are made the sole object of study under the present false, disciplinary system.

"The limits of this introduction," as Mr. Buckle would say, forbid me to do more than indicate how valuable the same method of treatment would be if employed, for instance, on that graceful work of fiction, "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition." Balbus, Caius, and even *Titus Manlinus*, the *nobilissimus juvenis*, would be no longer mere pegs to hang instructors upon, but living, breathing souls like the generous, the gentle, but alas the unhappy and fallen B.

NOTABILIA.

THE Senior class ought to feel becomingly humble after the crushing rebuke it has received from two Juniors in the *Courant* for its arrogance in announcing that it had abolished the spoon exhibition. Coupled with that humility too should be a feeling of gratitude, that so paternal an interest should be felt in its manners, as to inspire the delicate suggestion that it might "becomingly make its sacrifice with some modesty, and not offend the rest of the college by intruding its own taste upon its successors as a reform." While "not wishing to intrude upon the gentlemen" as Hannibal says, we may be allowed to remark that the "rest of the college" as represented by the writer of the article from which we quote, is guilty of the fallacy of begging the question when he assumes that the abolition of the Spoon Exhibition was not a reform but a mere exhibition of caprice. It was precisely because the present Senior class believed that it was instituting a reform that it voted unanimously to abolish the exhibition. When "the rest of the college" can prove that it was not, then he may with propriety complain of its trying to palm off "its own tastes as a reform." Upon the merits of the Spoon we have little to say. We are not endowed with so far-reaching a philanthropy as to care much whether people who knowingly put their

own fingers into the fire are burned or not. For the sake of the unwary, however, we would say that, while it seems a very innocent thing to allow a few harmless young men the pleasure of giving a rather stupid exhibition and of sending their names on engraved cards to admiring female friends, this innocent permission is apt to develop some rather ugly traits of character and to arouse some rather ugly feelings. All the evils which are incident to any elective honors appear to be magnified many times in the elections for cochs. Any individuals who propose to re-establish a custom which the best college sentiment has for a long time condemned and has finally interrupted would do well to make themselves fully acquainted with the facts of the case. After that, if they choose to go ahead we freely admit that it is a matter for their own individual taste.

Now that so much has been done by the Faculty by way of fitting up the new colleges with modern conveniences, it seems quite appropriate that the inmates of the older buildings should put in a claim to have their abodes made at least comfortable. The entries are so dark as to be dangerous, and so cold as not only to be cheerless themselves but also to make it difficult to keep the rooms properly warmed. This latter difficulty is much enhanced by the rickety condition of the windows, the sashes of which yawn with the concentrated weariness of one hundred years' devotion to the noble service of literature. Almost any north room in South, South Middle, or North Middle, is at times so full of draughts as to expose its inmates to constant danger of colds. These defects might be remedied at no great expense. Inner hall doors on the lower stories would keep out much of the cold and a lamp in each entry would render navigation less perilous. Also, an application of the newly invented weather strips to the windows and doors of each room would render them perfectly secure against the currents of cold air which are constantly circulating through them. A judicious expenditure of a comparatively small amount of

money would thus materially increase the comfort and doubtless the health of a very considerable part of the college community.

The question of health is deserving of a somewhat more extended consideration. One can't live very long at Yale without having the ugly conviction thrust upon him that the per centage of deaths is very high. Scarcely a class graduates without leaving more than one of its members, and it is not uncommon for several to be cut off. As long ago as the publication of "Five Years in a English University," Charles Astor Bristed noticed the much larger death-rate at Yale as compared with Cambridge University, attributing the difference to the more active physical habits of the English. But we are inclined to think, though we have no statistics before us, that Yale compares unfavorably in this respect with other American colleges. Certainly we see in our exchanges fewer obituary notices relatively than we read in the *Courant*. If our assumption is correct, three suppositions only can explain the fact. The place itself must be unhealthly, the students unusually careless of the laws of health or the sanitary arrangements of the college buildings defective. It is said that statistics show New Haven to be quite as healthly a place as the average. If this is so our suppositions are reduced to two. With regard to the habits of the students, we are inclined to think that while they are in some respects exceptionally bad in a sanitary point of view, there are fewer persons injured here by over work than in most institutions. Offsetting the disadvantages against the advantage there remains a presumption of some force against the sanitary arrangements of the buildings themselves. Certainly the presumption is strong enough to render it incumbent upon the authorities to take every ordinary precaution for the health of those under their care. We take it, there are very few members of the Faculty who would think it safe to have their outside doors left open and a current of cold air blowing through the halls from basement to attic, or who

would enjoy occupying windy sitting-rooms. Some persons think too that devotional exercises lose none of their interest or recitations none of their value by being attended in comfortably heated, well ventilated rooms.

The reception given to Alexis at Harvard strikes us as being a little singular, not to say amusing. The exercises for the day were suspended, and the undergraduates having washed their faces and put on their best clothes, greeted the son of royalty with a chorus of "'Yahs' After the prince had smiled approvingly on the happy young faces before him, the party in charge proceeded to the show-room of the college, in order to show him how comfortably the darlings lived. The owner of the show-room, a Freshman by the way, happened to be out, doubtless shouting 'Yah with his companions. So the door was without further ceremony "bursting in" as the *Advertiser* assures us, and the Prince allowed an opportunity to admire the Freshman's bedroom furniture. After this, President Elliot escorted him to the "Porcellian" club, where his Imperial Highness, aged twenty-two, condescended to smoke a cigar and drink a glass of wine in his company. And the most singular thing about it is, that Harvard students seem to like that sort of thing. Who shall say after this that Harvard isn't the representative university of this country?

It is currently reported, upon what authority we are not prepared to state, that about a quarter of the Senior class are proposing to enter the ministry. It is doubtless on the strength of this resolution that many are discussing and settling, for the benefit of parishes *in prospectu*, the vexed questions of predestination, free-will, infant damnation and kindred themes. If any inquiring minds are desirous of being set at rest upon these matters, they have only to assume a position before the entries of South College and Farnam at any time between sun-down and day-break, and they will hear the hidden mysteries critically investigated and satisfactorily explained. And to

the Faculty, we 'umbly offer this suggestion: Remember when you mark upon the examinations that those who flunked undoubtedly believed that in so doing they were acting out their destiny. While if by the same reasoning, you are tempted to consider yourselves ordained to give them 1.15, just try, for the sake of the experiment, and see if you cannot write 3.50. Reflect also upon the importance of deciding such momentous doctrines, as compared with the temporal benefits of midnight cramming.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from Nov. 13 to Dec. 13. It pains us to state that within this period we have lost by death a member of the Freshman class, J. M. Smith, of Pine Meadow, Conn. Troubled with a severe cold at his entrance to College in the Fall, he was soon attacked by typhoid fever in an aggravated form, and after an illness of four weeks, died at his home on Wednesday morning, Nov. 22d. Promising as a scholar and athlete, endeared by qualities of heart and mind to the few who knew him here, we must all of us lament his premature death. November, as usual, has been a quiet month. The current of college events, more sluggish at the approach of frost and the disappearance of oars and ball clubs, has monotonously pursued its accustomed course, quickened only by the lovers of foot-ball and the jubilant crowds who flocked to Alumni Hall, and interrupted only by the welcome respite of three days at Thanksgiving time. This short vacation, owing to the gracious action of the Faculty, who this year wisely suspended all college exercises, was in reality a respite. Many spent the season under the shadow of the elms, and no doubt with proper feelings of gratitude enjoyed a fair share of the 100,000 lbs. of poultry sold in the New Haven market on the previous day. Many hastened on the first express to the city to become absorbed in the festivities of the metropolis. While others, not a few, crawled impatiently up the slopes of the Naugatuck valley to celebrate on Puritan soil, among the rural scenes of New England, the old time-honored customs, once sectional, but now national. To all, recollections of these few days smack of turkeys, plum-puddings,

and all manner of good things. To some they suggest home joys even more satisfactory. By Sunday morning, according to regulation, all the absentees had returned—except the singularly numerous unfortunates who had accidentally missed the train the night before—and by the early clang of the inexorable bell were reminded of the transitory nature of terrestrial happiness. Since then most of us have been calculating our chances of weathering the coming examinations. Within the past month, though the Grand Duke has not condescended to stop at our beautiful city longer than was necessary to change locomotives, yet we are pleased to remember that we have been favored with visits from Wachtel, the great tenor singer, and Theodore Thomas, with his admirable orchestra. The change of Memorabil. Editor for the month is so important that to most of you, doubtless, it is a matter of surprise that no mention of the fact is made in the

College Catalogue

For 1871-2, which was issued Wednesday, Nov. 22, from the press of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. The Term Catalogue has been already reviewed, and as far as it goes, does not differ materially from this last publication. It remains only to speak of a few changes and additions in the latter. We notice that the regular examinations for admission to the Academical Department will take place on the Friday and Saturday following Commencement, and on the Tuesday and Wednesday before the Fall Term—attendance being required in each case at the *first session*. There are at present in the college buildings 220 rooms occupied by students, instead of 175, as last year. The Treasurer's bill at its lowest limit, shows an increase of 50 cents, and at its highest, an increase of \$40. The clause under "necessary expenses" relating to "general expenses," with its moral reflections and its judicious advice and warnings to parents, has been expunged. The W. W. DeForest Scholarship, yielding about \$125, will be awarded in 1872 to that member of the Junior class who shall pass the best examination on the "*Life and Works of Racine*." The Winthrop Prizes, one of \$200 and one of \$100, and the Berkeley Premiums are added to the list of Premiums. Under Law Department appear for the first time the Jewell Prizes, three in number, each of \$50. We notice, also, that after the close of the present academic year, the School will occupy commodious apartments in the new Court House, now in process of erection on the public square, where the students will have access to the law library of New Haven county, as well as to that of the Department. But the most striking changes and improvements have been made in the Courses

of Instruction for Graduates. As a guide to selection, four of these have been marked out: (1) Philology; (2) Mathematics, Astronomy and Physics; (3) Natural and Physical Sciences; and (4) Political Science, History and English Literature. So elaborate a prospectus of this kind has never before been presented in the Catalogue. Great progress is shown also in the arrangements of the School of Fine Arts, and the prospects in this Department at no period in the past have been so bright. The Jarves collection of paintings in the Art School is without doubt very curious, but for a really artistic entertainment, recommend us to the

Thanksgiving Jubilee,

Which was attended, in Alumni Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, IV · a · d · Kal · Dec · A · D · 1871, and proved a grand success. This old celebration, so genial in its influence, and so dear to the students' heart, was ruthlessly ostracized for two years by the Faculty after the exhibition in '69, but happily, during the third season of its banishment, we have succeeded by much importunity in obtaining its recall. "At half-past seven, sharp," according to the programme, the "trouble began." The large doors of the Hall were thrown open, and in rushed the three under classes in dire confusion, pressed hotly in the rear by wild hordes of Theologues and Scientifics. The Seniors, with their accustomed prudence and modesty, had already slipped in unostentatiously through the back entrance, and had secured the front seats. Behind them speedily were ranged the other classes in order. And multitudes of outside barbarians, some sitting and some standing, filled the remotest corners of the edifice to overflowing; but no chatter from the gentler sex mingled with the murmur of many voices. There was no opening "Load" this year. Together with the audience we regretted that the Committee, with their ingenuity combined, should consent to such an omission. After the reading of letters from prominent persons invited to be present, the Sophomores were called upon to nominate as the officers of the evening the tallest and shortest Freshmen. The nominated Freshmen were wafted in aerial flight upon Sophomore pinions to the stage, where they were stretched out and measured according to the traditional way, the shortest being declared President and the tallest, Secretary. The candidates were then summarily and rather rudely dismissed from the platform. The sermon was read by Lines, '72, and though lengthy, as sermons are wont to be, was good, and received high commendation from city reporters. The first play, "The Irish Attorney," was not as successful as the others, and owed its interest largely to the really fine acting of Latting, '73,

who, we should judge, in his line at least, is second to no college actor. Allen, '73, also made a favorable impression. Next followed "Psalms by the Sweet Singers of Israyale," otherwise known as the Negro Minstrels. This performance, not of a very high intellectual order, nor intended to be, was in pleasing contrast with the other exercises. The jokes and pleasantries between the end men, in their absurd costumes, and the middle man in all the solemnity of dignified darkey-hood, were some of them quite funny. The songs, both pathetic and boisterous, were appropriate, and the whole performance was very well received. The second play, "The Freedom of the Press," was not new to many present, and owing to unavoidable circumstances had not been properly rehearsed. But nevertheless, though its progress was not altogether smooth and easy, before such an audience, at such a time it could not but meet with approbation. J. B. Smith, formerly of '72, sustained his wide reputation, and Hubbard and F. DuBois, '72, put considerable character into their parts. The instrumental duet by Slade and Kirkham, '72, agreeably filled a vacancy. The poem by Bacon, '72, was generally regarded as too personal, but some allowance must be made for the fact that the gathering was a college assembly, composed of men who were supposed to be acquainted with and interested in those to whom allusion was made. The song, "Vilikins and his Dinah," by J. B. Smith, was considered by many the best hit of the evening, and certainly was admirably rendered. The last piece upon the programme was the Tremendously Terrible, (not) Temptational, Tormentingly Transitory, Temper trying, Transcendental and Triumphanty Translucent Tragedy, entitled "That Nose." And an excellent conclusion it was. If it were possible to particularize, we might perhaps mention F. W. Ade, Grubb, Ord and Williams, '73, as gaining hearty applause. The way in which the veto of the Faculty upon female attire was avoided was entirely unobjectionable and very ridiculous. So ended the Jubilee of 1871, pronounced by fair critics the best of its species. It is a good old Yale custom, which fortunately we have been permitted to revive, and which it is our desire to perpetuate. It unites us pleasantly as fellow students, and kindles in no slight degree a love for our college life. To the Faculty we extend our thanks, and to the Committee—who, by the way, dispensed with the privilege of a Committee Supper—our thanks and congratulations. It is rumored that a Theologue in the midst of the festivities succumbed to the influence of the clouds of tobacco smoke which encircled every head, but was enabled to resume his place after a few refreshing draughts of beer at a neighboring resort. The brother possibly did not feel as thoroughly in his element among such frivolous scenes as at the

President's Reception,

Which was held at his house on Hillhouse Avenue, Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, between the hours of 7 and 10. To this were invited the several faculties with their families, the Seniors and resident graduates of all departments. Dana and Hayden, '70, Thacher, '71, and Hoppen and Howard, '72, acted as ushers. The attendance was very good, and the affair passed off successfully. The Senior class of the Academical Department was largely represented, and a few ladies graced the parlors with their presence. Among the guests were the recent comers, Professors Eaton and Niemeyer. The President received his friends with affability, and seemed to remember all the names, but a "certain individual" of the Faculty was overheard to ask occasionally, accompanying his question with a quick and piercing glance, "And the name is—?" One room was called by certain envious and facetious persons the Theological room. In this were congregated the youngest and most attractive of the ladies, who made frequent but ineffectual attempts to escape, being blockaded and monopolized by crowds of would-be agreeable Theologues. Similar receptions will be held, without further notice, on the second Mondays of January and February. Many regretted that they were not able to be present, and alleged as their excuse the fact that they became too exhausted Wednesday afternoon, from a participation in

Foot Ball,

Which has been engaged in during the past month with an earnestness which argues well for athletic interests. The most interesting game was one played between the Seniors and Juniors at Hamilton Park on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 22. The sides, consisting of twenty-five picked men from each class, proved very equally matched. The first game played, after nearly an hour's struggle was won by the Seniors. The second was continued for about an hour and three-quarters, when darkness compelled the tired combatants unwillingly to relinquish the doubtful conflict. Both sides, and particularly '73, missed the services of several valuable men. Brown, Clapp, Day, C. Deming, Hart and Wheeler of '72 especially deserve mention; while on the side of '73, Elder, McCook, Platt, Schaff and Thomas were prominent. The four games out of seven necessary to decide the championship of college have been won by neither side, though counting last year's score with '73, '72 has gained seven games and lost only four. A match between '73 and '74 was played at the Park on Saturday, Nov. 25, and resulted in favor of '73, victory falling to their lot in three successive games. The Juniors have also easily maintained their superiority over the Sci-

entifics. We are very glad to have seen so much interest manifested in foot ball, which, though rather a rough game, may, we believe, if engaged in with a proper spirit, very pleasantly supply the deficiency of other sports in the Fall, and take the place in some measure of

Base Ball,

The season for which ended several weeks ago. The following is a summary, copied from the *Courant*, of the games played, the runs and outs of each individual, and the ratio between the two:

GAMES.		Games. Runs. Av. Runs.		
Clubs.	Score.			
Yale vs. Mansfield (Mid.),	29-11	Thomas,	4	12 3.00
" Osceola (Stratf'd),	36-11	Foster,	2	5 2.50
" Mansfield,	40-11	H. C. Deming,	5	12 2.40
" Osceola,	31-23	Hazard,	1	2 2.00
" Mutual,	9-31			
" Mutual,	10-20			
" Eckford,	17-14			
" Mutual,	3-28			
" Athletic (Br'klyn),	15- 8			
" Atlantic,	12- 3			
" Haymakers,	8-34			
" Mansfield,	21-18			
" Osceola (8 inn'gs),	25- 7			
" Harvard,	19-22			
" Osceola (7 inn'gs),	14- 3			
" Mansfield,	20-11			
" Star,	6-14			
" Mansfield,	39-19			
University games,	18.			
Yale won 12; lost 6.				
Total score—Yale, 354; opponents, 288.				
Average score, 19.7—16.				
RUNS.		RATIO BETWEEN RUNS AND OUTS.		
	Games. Runs. Av. Runs.	C. Deming,	-----	1.23
Nevin,	18 51 2.83	Nevin,	-----	1.21
C. Deming,	17 48 2.82	Day,	-----	86
Richards,	15 34 2.27	Bentley,	-----	79
Barnes,	18 40 2.22	Maxwell,	-----	78
Bentley,	18 37 2.06	Barnes,	-----	77
Day,	15 30 2.00	Richards,	-----	76
Maxwell,	18 35 1.94	Wheeler,	-----	47
Strong,	13 20 1.54	Strong,	-----	40
Wheeler,	17 26 1.53	Payson,	-----	1.33
Payson,	1 4 4.00	Foster,	-----	1.25
		H. C. Deming,	-----	1.09
		Thomas,	-----	92
		Hazard,	-----	40

Three clean scores were made by Nevin, two by Day, one each by Bentley, C. Deming and Richards. It is expected that the Annual State Convention will soon meet in this city.

Taylor Rhetorical Society

Held public exercises in the Marquand Chapel on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22. The programme was as follows: 1. Prayer. 2. Music. 3. Reading Ode, "Intimations of immortality, from Recollections of Childhood."—*Wordsworth*. Edward P. Salmon. 4. Essay. "Experience of a near-sighted Man." Arthur Shirley. 5. Music. 6. Debate. "Are organizations for religious work independent of the Churches, like the Young Men's Christian Association, necessary?" Disputants. Affirmative, F. S. Fitch, E. W. Miller, Negative, W. P. Sprague, L. A. Buttner. 7. Music. 8. Oration, "Character." E. B. Burrows. 9. Music. The choir from the Seminary discoursed the music.

Items

for this month are not very abundant. The College pulpit was occupied on Sunday, Nov. 19, by Pres. Porter and Dr. Harris; Nov. 26, by Rev. E. Y. Hincks; Dec. 3, by Ex-pres. Woolsey and Prof. Packard, and on Dec. 10, by Mr. Hermance and Dr. Bacon. All the congregation are now invited to rise and join in the singing of the last hymn in the afternoon.—The Missionary meeting on Sunday evening, Nov. 10, was addressed by Mr. Shaufler of Constantinople, and Dr. Clark, Secretary of the American Board.—The Berkeley Association has established a course of sermons, to be delivered in Trinity Church during the coming Winter.—Prof. Packard has a class in the Greek Testament on Sunday morning, in his recitation room.—The new Hallelujah Chorus arranged by Dr. Stoeckel from Handel's *Messiah*, will be sung in the Chapel next Sunday morning in place of the old Christmas Anthem. May we be there to hear.—The Independent denies the report that thirty Chinese are coming to Yale.—The Sophomores have chosen the following questions for Prize Debate next term; for Brothers: ought the government to encourage Chinese emigration? for Linonia; ought the right of appointment to rest with the President?—The 1st Division of the Senior Class has been singularly unfortunate of late, in missing recitations on account of the absence of instructors.—The Class Fund Committee of '72 has been progressing satisfactorily with their work. Ten men we understand, have subscribed

\$600.—We are indebted to Curtis and his assistant Hall, of '72, the energetic managers of the Yale Club, for the printed schemes of examinations distributed throughout College.—The New Haven Historical Society held its annual meeting in this city, on Monday evening, Nov. 27.—We hear nothing further from the discontented Freshmen about emigration to Cambridge.—We trust that during the wintry weather the somnambulist Deacon of '72 will restrain his propensity for midnight rambles.—Now that the foot-ball fever has subsided, crutches are gradually disappearing from the campus.—We have seen two amusing sketches by "our artist," illustrative of Dr. Scudder's Sermon.—Incoherencies and inaccuracies in the Memorabilia for this number must be attributed to the distracting influencies of examination week.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

A committee has been appointed to make necessary arrangements for Class pictures. The same photographer is to be employed as is engaged by the Academics'.—The new building is begun, and promises to be a very fine one.—The Scientifics who now hold the championship, at a meeting of the Undine Boat Club, held Friday, Nov. 17, decided to accept the new flag, with the promise that the old one be not disposed of until the new one shall have been rowed for. The new flag is on exhibition at Hoadley's.—The matter of a class fund is exciting some interest here also.—On Sunday evening, Nov. 12, Rev. Robert McNeillie delivered an address on the Relation of Scientific studies to practical Religion. The address Sunday evening, Nov. 19, in Sheffield Hall, was by Rev. Dr. Harwood.—The following is the prospectus of a course of Scientific Lectures to be given at Music Hall, under the auspices of the "Yale Scientific Club": January 5th, subject, "The Primeval Flora." Principal J. W. Dawson of McGill College, Montreal. January 17th, subject, "Light." President Henry Morton of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. Y. January 24th, subject, "The Sun." Prof. C. A. Young, Dartmouth College. January 31st, subject, "Gas Illumination." Prof. Charles F. Chandler, School of Mines, Columbia College. February 7th, subject, "The Fertilization of Flowers by Insects." Professor Asa Gray, Harvard College. February 17th, subject, "Magnetism." Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. Y. It is hoped that all, both students and citizens, who can, will attend these lectures.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our friends, the booksellers, have been unusually liberal this month, and we rejoice in the possession of several more or less pretentious volumes. These works are suited to the most varied tastes. We commence with Theology:

Serving our Generation, and God's Guidance in Youth; two sermons preached in the College Chapel, Yale College, by President WOOLSEY. Published by C. C. Chatfield & Co.: New Haven, Conn.

These sermons are bound in a compact, clear and convenient form, and cannot fail to be of interest to the student. They are valuable not only for their beautiful and instructive teachings, but from our affection and reverence for their author, and especially in consideration of the fact that these were the last discourses which he preached during his official connection as President of Yale College.

The Young Dodge Club, or, Among the Brigands, seems to be the title of a new story for boys, written by Prof. JAMES DEMILLE, and published by Lee & Shepard: Boston.

We say this *seems* to be its title, for it may be that only half of this is so intended. But which half we cannot determine. It is rather a more useful book than most of the Oliver Optic class to which it belongs. For while it contains the same unnatural heroes and impossible predicaments, it is instructive in giving to the mind some valuable information in regard to the country through which these ingenuous young men pursued their winding way.

Steiger's Fest-Catalog.

Steiger's Bilderbücher und Jugendschriften.

Steiger's Theologische Bibliothek.

Steiger's Philosophische Bibliothek.

These are pamphlets containing lists of recent works which have recently been issued from the press of E. Steiger: New York. As the classification shows, the books are of all descriptions, and many possess great value.

Half Hours with Modern Scientists. Huxley, Barker, Stirling, Cope, Tyndall. Published by C. C. Chatfield & Co.: New Haven, Conn.

This is a volume which cannot be too highly commended. Its aim, as the title denotes, is "to place in a cheap form the advance thought of the scientific world." No reflective man can fail to be interested in these essays, and the subjects are now so generally and critically discussed that it is the duty of all students to have at least a partial acquaintance with the views of prominent men of science in regard to them.

Half Hour Recreations in Popular Science. No. 1. Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora, and Recent Solar Researches. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S. Published by Lee & Shepard.

This pamphlet contains two essays, originally published in "Light Science for Leisure Hours," and the "Spectator." Like the works just mentioned, they present the latest discoveries in this branch of science, in a popular, i. e., an intelligible and interesting manner. This book is the first of a series. Succeeding numbers will be published monthly, thus forming yearly volumes of twelve parts. Price, 25 cents. Yearly subscriptions, \$2.50.

The Right One. By Madame MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARTZ. Translated from the Swedish by Miss SELMA BORG and Miss MARIE A. BROWN. 8vo. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

We do not think that Madame Schwartz, in spite of her introduction to the English reading public, as "the great Swedish novelist," will ever reach the eminent position which her friends predict for her. She certainly will never rival Frederica Bremer. Still, this novel is interesting and well written. The leading characters are well brought out, and the plot is developed in a way which evinces considerable originality and an unusually thorough knowledge of human nature.

All the books from Lee & Shepard come to us through Judd & White. For the rest we are indebted to C. C. Chatfield & Co.

The Indiana Student contains a number of jokes, of which the following are specimens: "Professor—'Mr. K., what is a stereoscope?' Mr. K.—(Pointing to one upon the desk)—'There is one!'" "To make hens lay—tie their legs together, so that they cannot stand up."

The Georgia Collegian says that "a lover, when asked to define love, declared it to be 'an inward impressibility and an outward all-over-ishness.'"

We are rejoiced to learn from the *Cap and Gown* that "Tony" has at last succeeded in overcoming the conscientious scruples of "Prof. Joy," and has been taken to the Fair. What a triumph for perseverance and for "Tony!" He was allowed to take just one peep into a tailor's shop, as he trotted along up the avenue by the side of his kind instructor. There was nothing mean about "Tony." He did not try to get in for half fare, but paid down his fifty cents without a murmur, and proceeded to inspect the "baby rattles." He was vastly amused at the reflection of his infant form in the mirror, which magnified his image almost to the size of a man. "Tony" thinks "this is the best exhibition which Columbia has ever had." We are therefore compelled to conclude that some new and beautiful relation has recently grown up between the venerable University and the American Institute. We, however, are sure that "Tony" must be mistaken in asserting that the Fair surpassed "even the Philolex Anniversary." We are sorry that "Tony" burned his fingers. But we trust that his pain was relieved by the sympathy of Miss Vinnie Ream, and that the kind Professor saw him safely home, and put him joyfully into his little bed. And if "Tony's" infantile prattle is an index of the maturity of the literary organ of Columbia College, we suggest that it substitute for *Cap and Gown* the more appropriate title, *Bib and Tucker*.

The *Nassau Lit.* for November contains a new department of some interest, called *Pipe and Pen Sketches*. With this exception its sixty-six pages are drearier than ever. Some one is trying to enliven it by a serial, the opening chapter of which appears in the present number. It is all about "an immensely stout man, with bushy hair and beard, and an ugly, dangerous look about his eyes. He wore a jacket of sheepskin, with the wool outside, and his broad leathern girdle was stuck full of heavy pistols; the whole, together with sundry scars on his weather-beaten face, giving him a sort of wild look." This individual, "after ten days' rummaging the mountains" of Crete, found "several boys, two servants and a Greek girl," packed them into a wagon, and at the head of seventy men, waded through a ravine, while the "fierce Albanian" shouted "How now!" "and ran frantically off."

But we have not further space to devote to our exchanges. There are the usual good ones and the usual poor ones. There is the *Nation* and the *Albion Annalist*. From the latter we must make our final quotation. In an article upon the "Germ Theory of Contagious Diseases," which is absurdly unsuitable for such a paper, and which is continued from week to week, without prospect of termination, such sentences as this are not infrequent: "The germinating spores push their cylindrical cells before them, much as the hair grows from its bulb, and adapting themselves to the branching tracheæ, reach the exterior again through the spiracles, while the quasi roots, the mycelium, penetrates the abdomen, and interlacing, fills the abdominal cavity." Can this be?

So we have reached the close of the Fall term; although our Alma Mater has still to give us a kiss or two in parting, in the form of an examination. But we do not propose to moralize over the ashes of the old year. We rather urge upon our readers to look forward with hearty appreciation to the new one. There is a general tendency in the two upper classes to look back with sighs of regret at the "wasted past." But is it not better to dwell rather on the future, which is our only practical ground for action? Here, then, is a mighty thought—Christmas is coming. And wishing for all a pleasant vacation, we bid our readers good bye.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. IV.

THE

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.”

—
FEBRUARY, 1872.
—

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE, JOHN H. HINCKS,
CHARLES C. DEMING, CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,
GEORGE RICHARDS.

WANTED—A STANDARD OF STYLE.

IT is to be regretted, in these days of the pen and the tongue, that the progress of sound learning in the sphere to which they are devoted has not kept pace in Yale College with its progress in the Classics, Mathematics and Sciences. There is no standard of style here. One of the traditions inherited from our revered seniors of '69, '70 and '71 was, that an entirely different style should be employed in a composition which was to secure the approbation of the President, than in one designed to conciliate the smile of the Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. In the one case we were informed, that the wings of our imagination must not only be clipped, but excoriated; while in the other, we were told that "highfalutin" might be safely indulged in, provided it was chastened and subdued. Distracted by this disagreement of our doctors upon what was the true basis of excellence, some of the shrewder of our tribe began to work out a standard for themselves, which, if not perfectly sound, would at all events relieve them from attempting to conciliate such diverse tastes in composition.

In the absence here of any established theory of expression, the only materials for constructing such a standard were the isolated maxims for good writing scattered through our text-books on Rhetoric, and the only process by which they could be reared into a system was the process of generalization or deduction.

While engaged in this operation, we were somewhat comforted by the fact, that as a man may be a good reasoner without ever having heard of a syllogism, so a man may be a good writer without a standard of style, or committing to memory the Art of Composition. A clear head will do more towards forming a clear style than if the pen was constantly guided by Blair's dicta: "Every needless part of a sentence interrupts the description and clogs the image;" "long sentences fatigue the reader's attention;" and a lively and surcharged imagination will contribute more to strength of style than if Lord Kaimes was constantly jogging the elbow with his precepts: "To give the utmost force to a period, it ought to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure." Experience also contributes more towards the same end than rules from whatever source, and he who constantly reads and hears good sentences, can hardly fail to produce similar ones, unless he lacks verbal memory, a perception of order, or constructive ingenuity, which, it is admitted, no amount of instruction in the art of writing will supply.

In this brief digression we have anticipated three of the empirical laws from which our generalization was to be deduced. But in addition to these maxims of Blair and Lord Kaimes, there is a third, too antiquated to have its parentage traced, but which has been faithfully impressed, in season and out of season, upon all aspirants for composition prizes, viz: "Brevity is the soul of wit." These rules for style, which have reached the dignity of maxims, have been inculcated upon us from the beginning, and no pains have been spared by text-books and teachers in warning us to avoid parentheses, in condemning styles which are verbose, involved, inflated, and all figures of speech for mere ornament, as tending to divert the

attention from the main thought under consideration. In the course of our rhetorical instruction, we have also heard a moral pointed from Talleyrand's sneer: "Language was made to conceal ideas," and the lesson drawn was, that any use of symbols of thought which hinder its quickest and most accurate perception, should be carefully eschewed. An important precept has been constantly impressed upon us, that words of Saxon origin should always be preferred, and this, too, in utter derogation of the principle of "minority representation," for but a quarter of our speech comes from Rome, while three-quarters come from the German forests. We have been frequently told, too, that arbitrary signs are more effective than the pithiest expressions into which they could be translated: as when an indignant student points "Fine day" to the door, instead of saying, "Get out;" or a secretive comrade places his finger upon his lips, instead of saying, "Taisez vous." The raising of the eyebrows, the shrugging of the shoulders, the curl of the upper lip, are unmistakably understood. Interjections, exclamations, expletives, are correctly and instantaneously interpreted by the auditor.

From these and a thousand other maxims and indices of style, current here, which might be quoted if we had but the space, we feel authorized in deducing a general principle: *So present your ideas that they may be apprehended by the reader or hearer with the minimum of mental effort.* All the rules of composition which we have learned, all that has been told us of the right choice and collocation of words, of the arrangement of clauses in a sentence, significantly point to economizing the recipient's attention. If language could be conceived as the vehicle of thought, the resources of style, according to these maxims, should be chiefly bent to diminishing the inertia and friction of the wheels. Superfluous members of sentences must be avoided, because they uselessly absorb a certain part of the reader's powers of appreciation. In long sentences he loses the clue to the main thought. Brief and pithy sayings grasp his mind at once. Ending the sentence

with the word of "greatest figure" diminishes the friction and the strain. Parentheses, involved, inflated, verbose styles, redundancy of image, Latinized and sesquipedalian words, are all useless drafts upon the attention of those addressed, and Saxon words commend themselves from early associations and their imitative character.

A judicious use of figures of speech might be vindicated in this economical postulate; for what brings the mind more easily to the desired conception than apt similes and metaphors. But in attempting to employ this as a verification of our "law," we are embarrassed by a conflict between theory and practice in this college. While theoretically, both in oral and written instruction, the use of figures of speech is encouraged, practically in awarding the higher prizes the use of them is unmercifully rebuked. We are thus driven to impute to the powers that be a want of unity in council, which may all the gods forfend! or to discard our deduction as unsound, or to qualify it by averring that while economy of mental effort may be one object to be considered in the formation of a style, it is not the sole object. If it were, then Euclid's captions and the Binomial theorem would be models of composition. And yet the most strenuous opponents of what is called an ornate or declamatory style, would hardly consent to substitute such dry husks for the juicy periods of Macaulay. Whatever amount of "mental effort" a man may possess, it is apt to flag on mere jejune and undecorated propositions. Emotions as well as intellect enter largely into our perception of thought, and must these never be evoked by the magic of style? Never, we opine, if the style commended here is to universally prevail. It is difficult for juvenile intellects to discover why they are instructed in all the appliances of elegant styles if their introduction into composition is impliedly discouraged; or why they are called upon to write and pronounce orations, when everything "oratorical" in them is impliedly condemned. Dr. Campbell says: "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter;" and he

advises us to avoid such a sentence as this: "In proportion as the manners, customs and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe;" and in place of it to write: "In proportion as men delight in battles, tourneys, bull-fights and combats of gladiators, will they punish with hanging, beheading, burning and the rack." If sentences on this model should succeed in passing muster for a Townsend, they would be proscribed as too florid and affected by the full bench which awards the DeForest; and we doubt if Dr. Campbell could paint any picture in speech which would extort applause from such devotees of the graphic as Dr. Woolsey or Dr. Porter.

After all, we suppose an individual must write according to the nature which is in him. But what more truthful exponent of his nature is there than his style? Why should the man of abstract ideas be tested by the same standard as the man of brilliant imagination? Why should a man brimful of ideas and their ramifications not be expected to write diffusely, like Addison? Why should not the all-sufficient, self-reliant Tycoon of literature write pompously, like Sam Johnson? Why should not a simple-minded man like Goldsmith write with simplicity, or a crochety one write in crochets, like Carlyle?



THE PROPOSED REMOVAL OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE possible appropriation of the grounds of Trinity College by the city authorities of Hartford, has given rise to a very important suggestion. It has been proposed that Trinity, instead of rebuilding in Hartford, should move to New Haven, and, either immediately or ultimately, connect herself with the University of New Haven. The importance of such a step in promoting the interests of higher education in this country cannot well be over-estimated.

It is obvious that the educational interests of this country urgently call for the establishment of universities in the proper sense of that term, which shall be recognized centres of culture and thought. We need institutions of learning whose fame shall be world-wide as well as national, whose degrees shall carry with them universal respect, and the opinion of whose scholars, by virtue of their very positions, independently of their personal reputation, shall be recognized as authority. We need all this not alone for the credit of American culture, not alone for the benefits which the students of such universities would receive—though these considerations are of very great importance—but we need them above all for their indirect influence upon the great body of uneducated citizens of this country. The thoughtful observer of American society cannot fail to notice a lamentable lack of respect for thorough education, and for the opinions of educated men, among the community at large. From the aspirant for Presidential honors who prays to be delivered from college graduates above “all horned cattle,”—whatever he may mean by that phrase—through the senatorial war-horse who doesn’t propose to give up his patronage to a lot of school-masters, down to the constituents of Morrissey, Tweed and Butler and to the great body of admirers of “smart,” self-educated men, there is a tendency to deprecate thorough training and scholarly judgment. The equality which exists between all grades of society in point of political privilege—an equality which renders it all the more important that the leaders of public opinion should be men of sound and cultivated judgment—leads to a jealousy of any influence founded upon the claims of superior education, or, at least, to a confusion of mental with political equality. The crude legislation which often disgraces Congress, the resolutions so comically regardless of the laws of political economy which are solemnly put forward in political conventions, and the superficial and inadequate political comments of the press, indicate what qualifications the people look for in their representatives and teachers. To check this popular ten-

dency to depreciate the value of thorough training and of educated judgment, we need institutions of such size, and strength, and influence that they will overawe ignorance, and command respect for the opinions of the educated men who cluster around them, and of the educated men who there receive their degrees.

But, unfortunately, the American tendency to decentralization operates in educational matters as well as in political. Local feeling and denominational interest divert from the more important colleges the support which they need in order to develop into universities. Enough money is given throughout the country for the support of education; but, instead of being given for the purpose of raising well-established colleges to the highest point of efficiency, it is given to support struggling institutions for which there is no popular need, or to found new ones, which may, by adopting the names of Jones and Snooks, perpetuate the memory of their founders. When, therefore, by any fortunate combination of circumstances, an opportunity is afforded for any two institutions, already strong, to combine their individual strength into one effective whole, it should be most eagerly grasped at by all who have at heart the interests of education and consequently the general welfare.

The benefits which each institution would derive from the removal of Trinity to New Haven are so obvious that to state them is to count off so many platitudes. To begin with Trinity: her most pressing need is for students. At present she can hardly be called more than a local institution. She has ample endowments, an able faculty, and the good wishes of a powerful religious body. And yet, strong in everything except the number of her students, she cannot draw to herself very largely the young men of her own denomination, simply because they will not forego the great advantage of education in large institutions for the sake of gratifying a religious preference. On a rough estimate we should say that there are one hundred and fifty Episcopalians at Yale. If, now, Trinity were to remove to New Haven, and by the establishment

of university examinations her degrees were placed upon the same footing with those of Yale, it is more than probable that she would attract at once the larger part of the one hundred and fifty, who now subordinate religious preference to educational interest. Other things being equal, they would prefer to be educated in a college of their own denomination. They would prefer the forms of worship at chapel to which they are accustomed ; they would prefer professors of their own faith ; and, in short, the general atmosphere of a college of their own sect.

Trinity, then, would receive a large accession to her numbers, and, whether we look at the subject in the light of college pride or of the desire of its authorities that Episcopalian should be educated in schools of their own denomination, the college would be greatly benefited by the change.

Turning now to Yale, we find that she would be less directly benefited than Trinity by the union. The first effect of the change would be to draw off a considerable number of her students. She would lose, to some extent, her importance as *Yale College*, and would sink to a co-ordinate part of the university. But she could well afford to lose her pre-eminence as a college, for the sake of the greater usefulness and prominence of the more comprehensive institution. Like a fond mother, the old Yale College would not envy the wider sphere of the university. Her hopes would center in the vigorous youth of her offspring. It would be a sufficient matter for pride that the younger institution with its greater strength and wider usefulness had its birth from her. But Yale's compensation would not consist alone in the pride with which she could look upon the new institution. The pre-eminence to which the University would at once attain, would soon attract a larger number of students than the combined number of the two institutions would amount to, when existing apart. Of these Yale would have her fair share. And while, from the necessity of the case, she would still, as an individual college, occupy a less prominent place than she does now, yet her absolute importance would be greater.

Such are the peculiar advantages which each college would derive from the change. Others, no less important, they would share. The cabinets and libraries of the one could be supplemented by those of the other. A higher grade of scholarship could be established. University prizes, for which representative men of both colleges could compete, would stimulate the most active minds of each. University lectureships could be established, covering a wide variety of subjects, and filled by the most eminent men. A generous rivalry in boating and ball would develop a greater proficiency in athletic pursuits. More than this, other colleges would, sooner or later, place themselves under the mantle of the university. A foundation would be laid upon which there would surely rise, in some future time, a great university; a university as much greater than those of the old world as this country is greater than those in which the universities of the old world exist; a university, in short, which would be commensurate with the needs of the republic and with the magnificent destiny which awaits it.

The difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of the plan ought to count for nothing. The local pride of Hartford would have to be overcome, but Hartford can well afford to allow a small institution to go from the city, for the sake of a university which will be the pride of the state. Apprehensions of conflict between Episcopalian and Congregational interests may be felt. But each college can possess its own funds and retain the exclusive control of its own affairs. There is no more real necessity for conflict between the two institutions when they exist together than there is when they exist apart.

We have before us a magnificent possibility. Such an opportunity may not be presented again for a century. We earnestly hope that the friends of both colleges will put forth their best efforts to effect a union. We hope for it in the interests of each; we hope for it in the interests of education; we hope for it above all in the interests of the country, upon which university culture and thought would exercise so salutary an influence. J. H. H.

TELEGRAPH LINES.*

You may talk of discoveries new,
 Improvements, inventions and skill ;
 How potent a compound is formed
 Of number-one brains and a will ;
 Of your steamers abounding in life,
 Resisting both tempest and squall ;
 Of railroads and other roads too,
 But the telegraph masters them all !
 For what ! though your prows cut the waves,
 Unaided by oars or by sails ;
 Or what ! though the iron horse flies
 With an arrow-like speed o'er the rails ;
 The monarch of steam is surpassed,
 Is distanced in all his designs ;
 And even the fire-breathing steed
 Is checked by the magical lines !
 They stretch over Asia's domains
 O'er Afric's simoomian sands
 And Europe has "line upon line,"
 Throughout all her populous lands ;
 From the rock-towering cliff of Gibraltar,
 To the shores where the Arctic surge rolls
 Not even the Czar can prohibit
 This continual "rising of Poles!"
 How the cynical scoffed at the cable
 And thought it a joke mighty rare
 To call it a "Yankee Contrivance,"
 Because 'twas "an ocean affair."
 But now with the continents talking
 'Neath miles of tempestuous brine,
 We'll tell them this great correspondence
 Resulted from "dropping a line."
 Then success to the "knights of the magnet,"
 The heroes of spark and of click,
 The only known persons who prosper
 Transacting a business "on tick."
 Here's the motto inscribed on their banner
 Which now to the air is unfurled :—
 "Our lines have gone out through the earth
 And our words to the end of the world."

* The following poems are taken from a collection left by the late R. W. O'Brien, '72.

SHOULD I KISS THEE?

If water lilies kiss the waves,
If zephyrs kiss the crystal sea
That on the beach with music laves,
Should I kiss thee?

If sunlight tinges field and copse,
With blushes soft o'er flower and lea,
If cloudlets kiss the mountain-tops,
Should I kiss thee?

If loving mother soothes her child
With kisses of maternal glee,
If other lips with love grow mild,
Should I kiss thee?

These kisses all are passing dear,
Their echoes set my soul at ease ;
While something whispers in my ear
Kiss when you please !

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

MR. MORSE is one of the fortunate few who have lived to see their inventions or discoveries perfected and approved. It is the common experience that a principle is partially developed, or, perhaps, merely suggested by one mind, and is then left for another to investigate and apply. It is therefore proper, that, whenever a new theory is advanced, we should examine it carefully and inquire whether it is well founded, and whether it may not lead to a greater truth. Now, if we take up the theory which Mr. Darwin has recently proposed, and consider it in this spirit of calm inquiry, we shall discover, I doubt not, that it brings us to a conclusion of which its originator never dreamed. He has proved, in a masterly manner, that between the race of men and the beings which, we say, form the lower order of creation, certain

positive relations undeniably subsist. He has established, beyond controversy, a system of development. It is possible, however, that, crab-like, his steps have been retrograde, and that he has mistaken the beginning for the end.

Assuming that the analogies and evidences which he has pointed out are familiar to all, and acknowledging their truth and force, I am prepared to prove exactly the converse of Mr. Darwin's conclusion. I shall not attempt to follow out his line of thought. I shall rather commence where his discussion closed, and, by a few illustrations from common life, with their natural deductions, expound the momentous truth which he so narrowly missed; and if the greatness of the theme shall lift me to a higher strain than is suited to a philosophical essay, I trust that my readers will grant some indulgence to an enthusiasm in which they may be unable to share.

We are accustomed to glorify men as rational beings, and to magnify reason as the grandest of natural endowments. But there is a mental faculty, in common use and seldom considered, to which this boasted power is vastly inferior—I refer to instinct. We are apt to regard this gift as a substitute kindly provided to take the place of reason, and are not seldom tempted to despise it as the sop thrown to Cerberus—very poor food, to be sure, yet attractive enough to keep the creature quiet. But a little reflection will be sufficient to prove, to any candid mind, that this popular fallacy is absolutely without foundation. That instinct has the advantage in point of time is a fact which nobody can deny. Reasoning is a slow, laborious process; instinct is an instantaneous solution. For example, I am aware that the discovery which I am now making known will be acknowledged and appreciated only after a course of argument and a period of consideration. Oh, that I could address myself to that instinct which never halts, and never is at fault! For this is a power whose action is unerring, as well as immediate.

Newton, the elder, it is said, was a man of such extraordinary mind that he accepted intelligently every geometrical proposition, without the aid of a demonstra-

tion. To him, every theorem was an axiom, and every problem a postulate. Now it is proper to honor such a superior capacity for knowledge; but what is a cat but a developed Newton? With her, all knowledge is intuitive and infallible. Put her in the midst of a forest, fifty miles from a house. Does she note the direction of the sun, and try to calculate the points of the compass? Does she look around for a guide-board? Does she even set her brains to work, to reason out the path by which she was brought thither? No! She faces in the proper direction, and travels in a bee line. The problem is a postulate to the cat. Now here is the comparison. The animal decides at once, unerringly and finally; a man would hesitate and doubt, and starve during the process. And yet Mr. Darwin would persuade us that the latter is a development of the former! You may tell me that the reasoning faculty is capable of infinite growth and culture. But the power of instinct has reached in an instant the greatest perfection. It requires no growth, for it is at once full-grown.

Let us leave the realms of thought, and descend to physical characteristics. In the attribute of strength, all will admit that the animals are superior to man. Throughout the entire scale, from the monarch of the forest to the smallest insect, their relative muscular power is great beyond all comparison. In the use of the five corporeal senses, also, the same principle is true. The most eminent attainments of mankind can only be expressed by an analogy which is complimentary rather than correct. We say that A is far-sighted as a lynx, and that B is shrewd as a fox. You chatter about a maiden, whose form is graceful as a gazelle's, and whose voice is sweet as the tones of a nightingale. You talk about swiftness, and think of the eagle's flight. You meditate upon the raptures of love, and the turtle dove is an emblem of your affection. The cardinal virtues engage your thought. Are you industrious? You are as busy as a bee. Would you condemn idleness? Go to the ant, thou sluggard! You point to the ox as the type of

patience, and to the lamb as the picture of innocence. Nor would I seem to forget the fierceness of the tiger, and the filthiness of the hog. But if we seek analogies in the human race, is it difficult to find them? Remember the scenes of blood which have stained the pages of history, the tyrannies, the persecutions. And it is only when men have domesticated the hog, that it develops those abnormal tastes which we are wont to despise.

This leads me still further, in my argument, to the thought that men are dependent. They require laws, civil, social and moral, and only by the strictest obedience to these can they hope to thrive. They must be bound by rigid custom and held down by force, or they give way to passions of which the brute creation knows nothing, and riot and rage with a fury to which the brute creation offers no parallel. For the animal is a law unto himself. He has no legislation, for he needs none. He makes no treaties, for he wages no wars. He builds no almshouses, no banks, no prisons, no palaces; for he has no poor, no rich, no criminals, no dignitaries. To be sure, every tribe has its chief, and every flock its leader. But there is no forced service. Theirs is the highest type of a genuine democracy.

Man, moreover, is dependent upon science. We are constantly struggling toward that perfect civilization which is yet a long way off. But the mechanical contrivances which are indispensable to our comfort are a shaking of the head among those sinless and happy races whose creation preceded our own. You say that they are destitute of intelligence; that they cannot build a fire, forsooth, or make a shirt. Would it be of any service to them if such a power was theirs? Your hen is clothed with innocence and feathers, and she needs no additional garment. Man is actually dependent upon animals themselves. They drag his burdens, they perform his duties, they amuse him in a thousand ways, they even sustain his existence. And, in the process, they have been abused, and disabled, and slaughtered, from the days of Balaam to the present hour.

On the one hand there is a feeble, dependent race, struggling painfully towards a goal which is yet far in the future, and subsisting from day to day by means of another genus, whose invaluable aid it nevertheless regards with contempt. On the other hand, there is this nobler family, self-sustaining and self-sufficient, with a perfected culture and enjoying a condition which man affects only to injure. For the animals are never so well off as when man does not interfere with them; and there is sound philosophy in the advice which was given to Little Bo-Peep, when her sheep were missing:

*"Let them alone!
They 'll all come home,
Wagging their tails behind them."*

I might speak of the affection which exists among the animals, between parents and their offspring, comparing the tender solicitude of the mother for the birds in the nest, with the fashionable exposures which the matrons of the period so recklessly encourage. I might mention the fact that animals have no bad habits; that temperance lecturers draw their most forcible arguments from the fact that you cannot persuade your horse to use tobacco or to drink alcohol. I might call your attention to the experience of maiden ladies, who, having found the world to be a fleeting show, and having become convinced of the heartlessness and insincerity of mankind, seek the congenial and elevating society of lap-dogs and parrots. I might dwell upon the influence which this despised race has exerted upon literature, science and art—reminding you that while the English were wasting their energies in establishing the House of Commons, the enterprising French were engaged in the nobler employment of studying critically the life and virtues of Reynard the Fox. I might enlarge upon their inspiring examples of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice. I might point to the dogs of St. Bernard, whose name has become a synonym for valor, and challenge history to produce a nation which can stand in comparison. But enough has been said to establish my proposition.

The position which I take, then, is simply this: The analogies between man and the animals prove the existence of certain relations. We can only account for these relations by the theory of development; and the evident inferiority of man leads us to the inevitable conclusion that *man* belongs to the lower order of creation, and that the other races of the animal kingdom have been developed from *him* into the condition which they enjoy to-day, with their symmetrical character and their perfected culture.

We read that an old Babylonish King was translated, for a brief period, from his natural condition, and shared the privileges and gifts of the superior race. Is it not possible that this was a prototype of the universal destiny?

If you say that this is a hard doctrine, you must bear in mind the fact that its simplicity is one of the strongest evidences of its truth. For it is the natural inference from a circumstance to which I have before alluded. Geologists tell us that the "days" of the Scriptures were doubtless ages. Long before Adam trod this earth it had borne these other races upon its bosom. They had gone through a process of gradual growth. We may hazard the encouraging supposition that their infancy was not superior to ours. But think of the start they had! No wonder they are so far ahead.

Yet there is hope for us. Let us take the English nation as the highest type of our present civilization. The discovery of Mr. Darwin's, though partial, is certainly the greatest discovery of modern times. Let us take Mr. Darwin, then, as the best representative of our progressive science. Surely, then, he has no reason for despair. The process may be long and tedious, but it will end at last. And doubtless Mr. Darwin's descendants will be the first to reach the glorious condition of a symmetrical and perfected ape.

[Since this article has been printed, the writer's attention has been directed to an idea, somewhat similar to his own, which was propounded by William Cullen Bryant at a dinner of the Williams College Alumni. We await further developments.]

THE ABUSE OF POPULAR MEN.

THE time seems to have come when the "Popular Men," who have been so long before the bar of public opinion should be let alone.

For four years, certainly, and how much longer I do not pretend to say, the college press has kept up a continuous fire of abuse against popular men, with the object of securing the abolition of the Wooden Spoon. Perhaps, in view of their laudable zeal in a good cause, the authors of the various articles that have been written on this subject, were excusable for their unjust attacks upon a very deserving class of men; but, now that their object has been gained, and the obnoxious institution is "dead, defunct and euhred" beyond all hope of "revival," it seems eminently proper that they should call off their dogs from those whose occupation is decidedly gone. They will certainly never be in want of suitable targets against which to aim their shafts of reform; for as long as there are societies to coalesce, factions to pull the wires, and personal ambitions to satisfy, as long as there are editors, orators, poets, committeeships, elective offices of any kind to be filled, so long will there be a field in which schemers *pro* and schemers *con* can wage the wars of class politics.

The injustice of these attacks consists not so much in the unfair and abusive spirit in which the reforms have been pushed—although the personal animus which inspired many pens will, some day, cause the authors sincere regret—as in the fact that what was intended to be a rebuke for the mere politicians, for whom everybody has just contempt, became in addition a persecution of those who really deserved the honors they received, and, for the sake of honoring whom, an earnest endeavor has recently been made to revive the Wooden Spoon. In other words, the zeal which actuated the men who conducted a reform which commended itself to every honest mind, blinded them to the difference between men who were

actually and honestly popular and those whose success in wire-pulling too often placed them upon the Spoon committee.

In view of these facts, the recent articles in the old strain, which have appeared since the Spoon was abolished—and it certainly *is* abolished as irretrievably as though a pledge never to revive it were made a condition of entering the college—cannot be too severely condemned. The only end which could excuse such means has been gained, and to continue to employ it now is more than a mere criticism upon the character of men whose very claim to “popularity” ought to exempt them, for it is an attack upon the cultivation of generosity and chivalry. We cannot afford to lose our approbation of lovable qualities for the sake of giving a parting kick to a dead dog. It is already charged against Yale that, while she graduates men with liberal minds and independent views, she does not cultivate the gentleman even so far as it is compatible with independence and liberality. Now, while no one would advocate going to the other extreme, and giving our chief attention to the cultivation of the graces, neither is it denied that a thorough discipline of the mental powers is entirely consistent with due encouragement of the nobler impulses of the heart. They are more than consistent with each other; they are mutually beneficial. It needs no argument to prove that a man who is courteous, honorable, and actively generous, has advantages for appreciating and applying what he learns, which his more selfish and narrow-minded neighbor has not.

Again, to continue these attacks is unfair to every one who, whether his virtues are sufficiently conspicuous to make him “popular” or not, is desirous of being considered sincere. None have been more fortunate than those at present in college in being connected with Yale during a period of such marvelous change and progress both external and internal; when the college has made such rapid strides in the public estimation towards the first place among American colleges, and when the university

system, long contemplated, is assuming definite and gratifying shape. But there is scarcely one of the number who would not be glad to exchange all this good fortune to be relieved from a general suspicion which makes his every action appear to have some hidden purpose. For nearly four years this spirit has been industriously cultivated by those who obtained a hearing through the college press; and, however good the immediate results may have been, in that popular honors are no more, the scum that is left has well-nigh destroyed frankness and confidence. There is no greater pleasure in our social life here than to talk freely and frankly with one who appreciates and understands us, and to poison his mind against our sincerity is to destroy much specific pleasure in addition to the general injury it does our individual reputations and the health of the community in which we live.

For the sake, then, of all who would be thought sincere, for the sake of generosity and courtesy, and for the sake of those who have already suffered too much obloquy in the cause of reform, let us have no more of this talk about the "evils of popularity." As our enjoyment of life and its work will be enhanced by earnest effort here, so will the cultivation of friendship here be chiefly instrumental in making college memories the most delightful to recall. There are coming after us classes who, suffering under no disease like the Spoon as we know it, will not need so unfortunate a remedy as that to which we have been driven. Let them enjoy their exemption.

H. W. B. H.

THY MERCY.

(AFTER SWINBURNE.)

Thou hast covered thy people with sorrow;
Thou hast tainted our joy and our mirth
With the fear of a fateful to-morrow:
Thou hast cursed us from birth.

Thou hast given us Love, but the treasure
 Is tarnished with rust and with stain.
 Thou hast fed us with promise of Pleasure ;
 Thou hast given us Pain.

Thou hast filled us with passionate yearning,
 With desires that unceasingly war ;
 Thou hast shown us a Freedom worth earning :
 Thou hast bound us with Law.

Thou hast given us Life, but our sleeping
 Is poisoned with waking ; our breath
 Is freighted with sighing and weeping.
 Thou hast given us Death.

Rich gift to thy children who languish !
 Sweet rest for them under the sod !
 Thou hast granted release from our anguish,
 Most merciful God !

F. D. R.

—————♦♦♦—————

EARLY RISING.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

—BOTTOM, in "*Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

PROBABLY there is no man in the world who has not, at some time in his life, got up in the morning ; and it is quite as likely, also, that no man, unless he were a sordid or scheming individual, was ever pleased with the experience. In fact, it is an experience *sui generis* ; and since it is too often an unavoidable experience, we ought to be thankful for this, that it is the only one of its class.

This experience divides itself into three parts ; and as I wish to talk about this matter in an orthodox way, I shall follow this division.

In the first place, then, we have the intention of getting up in the morning. Almost everyone is subject to intermittent visitations of this intention. It is generally pleasant company, especially if it is not allowed to disturb our morning naps. We cherish it, perhaps, all day long, per-

haps for a week. As a rule, the longer one confines himself to the intention simply, the happier he is. The effects produced upon the person who has got it are many and diverse. Often it increases his self-esteem. He meets a notorious lie-a-bed with the self-satisfied air of not being as *that* man is. He confides his purpose to his friends with great assurance and with much vehemence, and employs his leisure in laying out plans for the use of the extra time to be secured thereby. He takes good care to perfect all his arrangements before entering upon this new phase of life, and will sometimes lie in bed for a month of mornings because he cannot determine whether he had better devote five minutes to the Indian clubs and ten to the dumb-bells or ten to the Indian clubs and five to the dumb-bells.

At last, however, everything is settled, and the unhappy victim of this mild madness goes to bed some night determined to turn over a new leaf—in the morning. And this brings us to the second part of this experience, viz., the act of getting up in the morning. Very few people know anything about this. The majority of men (always excepting the sordid and the scheming) are busy all their lives with the intention. Occasionally, however, a self-sacrificing mortal carries his intention into some sort of effect.

But this necessitates a digression. A victim of misplaced confidence is that man who goes to bed with a determination to begin the business of the morrow in some sort of season, and yet provides no means of producing a miniature earthquake, a baby thunder-storm, or some other potent and unusual disturbance of that silence which naturally belongs to the chamber of rest!

His intention may be the best in the world, but it won't wake him up. When he gets up it won't be morning! Cunning and unscrupulous men have devoted much time and labor to perfecting various noise-producing machines, and without one of these the intention hopelessly fails. I believe the most popular of these contrivances is what is vulgarly known as an alarm-clock. Novices generally

begin with this. But it is not a success. Aside from the fact that it is more likely than not to go off in the middle of the night, thereby prejudicing the sleeper against getting up at all, it has one radical defect; and that is that it doesn't make a noise for more than ten consecutive minutes. Now a noise lasting for only ten minutes is no noise at all to a man with a good digestion and a clean conscience. It only gives a pretext to turn over and take another nap. With a little practice it will fail to do even this;—but such a clock ought immediately to be sold to some Freshman, whose turn it will serve very well, inasmuch as the members of that class wake up on a less urgent invitation than other people. Occasionally one finds one of these instruments, which has a habit of resting every minute or two during the time of striking. I had one of this kind once which would thus lengthen out its rancorous rattling to about an hour and a half. It died one morning, however, by an act of violence. There are other methods by which the intention of getting up in the morning is aided, but the best of all these is to have a chum who will call you. After a long and unsatisfactory experience with other means, I am able to say that this is the only sure thing. Of course the particular manner in which he will discharge this friendly office depends a good deal upon his character. If he were a muscular fellow, and had, at the same time, a muscular temper, I think, on general principles, that a man would enjoy himself better to be let alone, even if he slept until the next day. My chum, however, is a placid individual, who wakes up every half hour to see what time it is, whose patience is interminable and whose voice is that sort of a painful treble which is very effective at close quarters, but which vanishes into mere air before it enters the next room. He is very eccentric in the matter of waking a man up. For example: at one period the door of my bedroom had a propensity to squeak. I considered it simply as a nuisance. But my other half reproved me for sundry mild expressions of dissatisfaction with it. I understood it the next morning. As I came to a dim

comprehension of what was going on, I perceived him standing by the door, watching me with a very sober and yet patient expression of countenance, while the door went back and forth under his guiding hand, reminding one very forcibly of the result produced by ten thousand cats when chanting love-songs in chorus. As he refused to heed my expostulations, I proceeded to active measures—and the result was I staid up. During the day I asked him how long he had swung the door, to which he replied, as a matter of no consequence—"Only an hour." At another time, *Orpheus*-like, he got me out of bed by playing the warble on a fish-horn; another time he sung me up, quick, too; and so he goes on, varying the entertainment to the best of his ability. The truth is, I never know, when I go to bed, by what means I shall be wakened in the morning—the only thing I am sure of is this, that *I shall* be wakened; for my chum never stops his performances for anything, I may say, until I am out of bed.

To take up the second point again, I was just saying that only a few people ever manage to get up in the morning. There is such a sense of independence in settling one's self resolutely down on one's pillow and calmly overriding all previous resolutions; there is such a spirit of don't-care-a-tiveness afloat in the morning air; one is always so sleepy just then, that it takes a man of indomitable perseverance to take the second step and become a rival of the proverbial early bird.

The second step once taken, however, the third part of this experience follows as a matter of course; it is the consequence of getting up in the morning. In the first place there is a general feeling of disgust, followed by a general sense of personal ill usage. The disgust is produced by the theories one forms about the beauty of the morning hours, and the vast amount of time one is going to secure by taking an early start as contrasted with the saddening fact that it is damp and cold and all the mental powers are in a comatose condition.

One finds out that it is true wisdom to see the sunshine and hear the birds sing and think about the duties of the

day—in bed. The sense of personal injustice follows from the thought that he might have had a refreshing slumber by which he would have been made ready for the toils of the day, whereas, in point of fact, he did not sleep and he did not work.

In these days there is much talk about the abolition of capital punishment. The great question seems to be—what shall take the place of the rope and the ax? I suggest early rising. Let the criminal be made to get up with the sun or earlier the year round. In this way, according to the friends of early rising, the convict would live long to suffer the penalty of the law, while, according to my notion, he would be miserable enough to make atonement for any crime.

CONVERSATION.

PRESIDENT Porter, in urging upon the Senior class a proper attention to the studies of their year, remarked that, whatever diversity there might be in the objects for which they studied, they all had a common interest in becoming good conversationalists. The thought, perhaps, strikes a student with more novelty than it would an outsider. We see here such a diversity of character and aims that we can hardly realize that we possess in common one object in our education. And yet, doubtless, it is so. The scholar, writer, popular man and fool, however much their sympathies may ordinarily clash, all unite in wishing to become good conversationalists. And if we extend our observation a little farther than the walls of a college community, we find the same desire to be a general one. Men may care little for deficiency in scholarship or for lack of proficiency in any given direction; but few men are willing to admit to themselves that they are lacking in conversational ability. The reason, perhaps, is that a

man's talk forms the common criterion by which we judge of his culture and capacity. One may not have a taste for mathematics and yet he may be a very intelligent man; he may neglect all manner of study and yet flatter himself that he has capacity enough if he will only exert himself. But the man who shows himself to be stupid and bungling in conversation cannot reflect with much complacency upon some imaginary reserved power which he could put into exercise if he would.

And yet, notwithstanding the popular appreciation of conversational ability, good conversation is by no means a common thing. There are smatterers enough, it is true, who can keep the ball of chit-chat rolling; it is, indeed, no difficult task to manufacture small talk by the hour about Smith and Brown and their respective occupations and connections. But elevated conversation, which calls into active and harmonious exercise the best faculties of the mind and soul is as rare as it is precious. Its rarity doubtless, is due to the difficulty of establishing the proper conditions for its display. For there must be an intellectual and moral sympathy between the different parties in a conversation to allow the heart and intellect their freest play. Now it is easy to see how nice must be the adjustment of circumstances to secure such a sympathy. The number engaged, for instance, must be very limited, for with each additional person new features of character are introduced and the chances are indefinitely increased that the sympathetic current of thought and feeling will be broken. And even if the number of interlocutors be reduced to two, there must be some sort of affinity between those two or they will not converse with spontaneous unreserve. Something more is required for conversation in its highest sense than mere force of intellect or depth of feeling in the engaging parties. Some sort of equilibrium must exist between those qualities in the one person and in the other. For with such subtle instincts are our minds endowed, that we quickly discover any lack of harmony in the mental and moral composition of those with whom we come into contact. An unappre-

ciative word or an unsympathetic glance which shows that the hinted thought has no meaning for the person to whom it is disclosed, shuts again the iron door of the heart till the "Open Sesame" of one who understands its secrets can throw open its treasures. For this reason it is that conversation can reach no higher level than the capacity of the lowest party to it. For the moment that this level is reached, the man of larger brain and heart shuts the flood gates of his thoughts and feelings, with the same unerring instinct with which he adjusts the convexity of his eye to the distance of the object upon which he fastens his gaze. Hence it is no uncommon thing for ordinary people to meet distinguished writers and wits and complain that they find nothing extraordinary in their conversation. The true reason for their failure is that there is nothing extraordinary in themselves to kindle the fire whose flashes they desire to see.

And yet, rare as is conversation of the highest kind, good conversation might be more common than it is. We are too full of suspicion, of caution and of mental antipathies, to often allow our talk to take that subjective character, which brings into play the most delicate emotions. But there is a common ground of facts, and of feelings which men of all conditions share, upon which all can stand. A ready tact in discovering this common ground will render the most unpromising people agreeable and interesting. A lack of it renders the society even of cultivated persons unendurable. A man, for instance, who fancies himself to be of a sarcastic turn of mind will hardly find his wit appreciated if he airs it upon persons to whom we are attached, or upon institutions for which we have a regard. On the other hand, the mute sympathy even of some one of the brute creatures is often touching to us. How much more grateful the more delicate sympathy of even the rudest human being, though it be expressed in uncouth words and barbarous accent.

It may be said, upon the whole, that the best way to cultivate the power to converse agreeably is to cultivate the sympathies and emotions. Intellectual keenness and

power no doubt add greatly to the brilliancy of a man's talk, but men of fine intellectual qualities often make but a poor show in conversation, and the prospects of becoming brilliant or deep is too remote, to afford encouragement to a man to devote himself to a rigid course of study. And, after all, it is not merely keen wit and profound remark which renders conversation attractive. It is, rather, a ready and appreciative sympathy with our own views and moods, and with whatever is beautiful and good in nature and in character, that gives to it its highest charm. If the orator must be a good man, as Quintilian would have us believe, much more must he, who in the fuller exposition of his character in familiar discourse would win regard, possess generous and delicate feelings. No doubt the superior charm which invests the conversation of good and high-minded women is due to the greater fervor and purity of their emotions.

NOTABILIA.

THE recklessness with which some people invent facts to establish their theories is amusingly illustrated in a plea which appears in the *Methodist* for the Wesleyan University at Middletown. We are told that "poor but worthy young men enter our classes every year, stay a short time, money fails, the college is unable to assist them unless it be by occasional pittances from New York or New England beneficiary societies, and as a natural consequence they are compelled to go to Yale or Harvard, or leave college altogether." Turning now to an advertisement of the same "university" in the *Argus*, we read that "the annual charges, including room rent, etc., etc., to those having scholarships" amount to \$25.50, while for others the charge for instruction is \$33.00. We feel a proper diffidence about denying a semi-official statement in a religious newspaper, but we must protest

that we have never seen any of those worthy young men who thought they were making a good thing pecuniarily by saving the difference between \$25.50 and the annual charges at Yale. If there are any such, they must be more worthy than poor, and they evidently cannot have learned the true meaning of the minus sign. The *Methodist* neglects to say whether on going to Yale and Harvard, they are able to pass successful examinations in mathematics.

The publication of notes on Prof. Wheeler's lectures on History last term, by a member of the Senior class, opens up a difficult question in morals. Looking at the question from the point of view of the lecturer, it was, so to speak taking away his capital in trade. He would naturally feel that, so far as that particular course of lectures was concerned, his occupation was gone when men could comfortably read in their own rooms what he was accustomed to deliver in an uncomfortable lecture-room. No one would care to listen to the course for a term, and take voluminous notes, if he could read up the lectures in a day or two before the examination. On the other hand, looking at the question from the point of view of the student, it may be said that students are not made for lectures, but lectures for students. Historical knowledge ought not to be regarded as so much gold, of which the possessor tries to part with as little as possible. If the student can acquire a greater number of historical facts by the use of printed notes than he can without them, why should he not make use of them? It makes no difference in the value of his knowledge whether he learns by listening to a lecture the facts about the league of Schmalcalden, or whether he learns the same facts by reading. The difference, if any, would be in favor of the latter method, for then he could probably spell the word, or recognize it if he saw it at some future time; whereas, it is doubtful if he could do either from merely listening.

In this connection the question arises as to what the true value of the lecture system consists in, after all. Many would say that, at the present day, lectures are

superfluous; that they were necessary when books were scarcer and dearer, but that now, when we can find sufficient printed information about any subject which we wish to investigate, there is no further need for them; that we are necessarily obliged to hurry over many points without understanding them, and do not have sufficient time to classify and trace out the relations of such points as we do understand. Such objections are not without their force, but they are not conclusive against the lecture system as a whole. The true value of the system we conceive to lie in the personal influence of the lecturer. Anyone who has listened to a good lecture is conscious that he has received something more than he could get from a perusal of the author's manuscript. How flat and pointless does the popular lecture, which was listened to with so much avidity the night before, seem when it is read in the morning newspaper. The dialogues of Socrates, as reported by his disciples, possess a high degree of interest; but who can doubt that their interest must have been tenfold to those who caught the words from his lips? Not, in either case, that the additional interest of the spoken sentiments results exclusively, or even very largely, from the eloquence of the speaker—if by eloquence we mean grace of manner and propriety of tone—but from what the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher would call the “living force exerted by a living man upon living men.” The same principle holds true in college lectures. Even when they are a mere string of facts, there is something about the personality of the speaker which leaves a far more distinct impression upon the hearer than he would get by merely reading what has been said.

If the value of the lecture system depends upon the personal influence of the lecturer, it follows that whenever that influence is wanting the lectures are superfluous. It seems to us, therefore, that attendance upon lectures should be optional. It might be understood, for instance, that an examination would be held at some future time upon some topic which would be treated of in lectures.

If anyone found—as most would find if the lectures were good—that by attendance he could most easily acquire the requisite information, he would attend. If he found the contrary true, why should he not be allowed to work to the greatest advantage, by looking for what he wanted in books? One or two incidental advantages would also attend such a plan. First, as there would be a constant ratio between the attendance and the excellence of the performance, the lecturer would not only be stimulated to do his best, but would also have an excellent criterion by which to judge of the quality of his performance. Secondly, earnest students would be free from the distracting influence of the indifferent and disorderly. It may be said, further, that the fact that a student is obliged to attend lectures, instead of considering it a privilege to do so, goes very far to destroy the influence of the lecturer upon him. We see a practical illustration of this principle in the different attention with which we listen to a minister in chapel, and to one whose church we have repaired to of our own accord. If the people of Athens had voted that the young men must attend the lectures of the philosophers, no doubt Socrates himself would have been a bore to Alcibiades and the others.

In regard to any of the ordinary lectures of the course, the apprehension is doubtless well founded that if notes upon them are published, the lectures themselves will not be well listened to if attendance be compulsory. But we venture to say in reference to the particular case which has been mentioned, that two-thirds of an ordinary class would attend and listen with good attention, in spite of all the notes which might be published, if attendance were voluntary.

The committee who were charged with the duty of making arrangements for the regatta next summer, have decided to enter the association of American colleges. It is to be hoped that this action will have the effect of silencing the ridiculous complaint that Yale is a despiser of small colleges. To any one who has followed closely

the different steps of the late boating controversy, it will be evident that her course is perfectly consistent. Yale declined to enter the association last year, not because she was unwilling to meet the smaller colleges, but because some time before that association was formed she had challenged her old antagonist, and had received no satisfactory reply. Had Harvard proposed to Yale to merge the annual contest into one which should be open to all American colleges, the proposition would undoubtedly have been accepted. But when, instead of a definite answer to a definite challenge, a notice was forwarded some months afterward to send a delegate to an association which had been gotten up under the exclusive management of the challenged party, it was not to be expected that the challenging party should consent to have either its challenge or its previous *status* completely ignored, especially where the neglect was evidently studied. This year, however, we enter the boating season without being fettered in any such manner. We find a boating association already formed which is open to all American colleges, and if any friends of the old system would like to have a single race with Harvard, they must remember that she is no longer the champion, and a contest with her would no longer decide the championship. The difficulty last year was none of our seeking, and we are not disposed to create any this. If any of the smaller colleges can send a stronger crew to the place of meeting than we of Yale, we shall have the very best reason for not despising them; and if they cannot, we trust we shall be too generous to despise them for occupying a position that we have been so unfortunate as to be in ourselves.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from Dec. 13 to Feb. 10, a period including the Christmas holidays, the jolliest vacation of the year, and also the early part of second term, which, on many accounts, is an eventful one. The holidays were ushered in on the last Sabbath of the term by the triumphant strains of the Hallelujah chorus, and we only hope that the two weeks succeeding proved, in the experience of released students, as joyous and harmonious as the anthem of praise by Handel, and as free from restraint and regulation as its rendering by the choir. Santa Claus seems to have been the presiding deity of the period, and, from appearances, we infer that he was this year as propitious to undergraduates as has been his wont in the past. Various proofs of this greet our eyes as we wander curiously through the college buildings. New books in elegant binding look down upon us imposingly from the walls of the Durfee parlors. Knickknacks of all sorts cluster cosily in corners and on shelves about the old college rooms; while study gowns of gorgeous hue, and brilliant smoking caps, and slippers of marvelous patterns bear witness to the interest and patience of home friends. In view of the fact that a stupid season was predicted for New Haven, we may regard the past two months as very gay. Sociables and parties have been quite the order of the day. Among these we must notice one held Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, in Smith's Hall, under the auspices of a few Seniors, and another held Wednesday evening, Jan. 31, in the same place, gotten up by Sophomores. Dramatic and musical entertainments have been frequent and interesting, and the only reason that sleighing parties have not been multiplied, has been the singular lack of snow storms. We are sorry to say, that owing to the gayety or for some other reason, the Seniors and Sophomores have given up the society prize debates for this term. But this, at least, to one class, is an item of small importance compared with the

Junior Appointments,

Which, as usual, were announced just after college had scattered for the holidays. The list is as follows:—PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—E. Alexander, Knoxville, Tenn.; A. H. Allen, New York; W. Beebe, Warsaw, N. Y.; H. M. Denslow, New Canaan; W. A. Houghton, Holliston, Mass.; F. B. Tarbell, West Groton, Mass.—6. HIGH ORATIONS—W. T. Barber, West Chester, Pa.; W. W. Beebe, New York; A. Bid-

die, Philadelphia; E. S. Cowles, Farmington; E. E. Gaylord, Ashford; I. N. Judson, New Haven; J. A. Robson, Gorham, N. Y.; F. C. Webster, Litchfield.—8. ORATIONS—A. B. Boardman, New York; E. H. Buckingham, Canton, Ohio; S. S. Clark, Yonkers, N. Y.; A. Collins, Hartford; R. W. Conant, New Haven; W. D. Crocker, Buffalo, N. Y.; R. W. Daniels, Lockport, N. Y.; C. S. Hemingway, Fair Haven; H. W. Lathe, Worcester, Mass.; E. H. Lewis, Potosi, Wis.; H. W. Lyman, Northampton, Mass.; W. F. McCook, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. P. Peters, New York; S. O. Prentice, North Stonington; I. R. Sanford, Redding.—15. DISSERTATIONS—J. A. Clemmer, Cincinnati; J. C. Goddard, Yonkers, N. Y.; G. Green, Norwich; P. Mountjoy, Clarksville, Mo.; M. Poston, Marysville, Cal.; J. H. Roberts, Hartford; S. T. Stewart, Cincinnati, O.; C. H. Thomas, Covington, Ky.; G. H. Wald, Cincinnati; A. Watson, Northampton, Mass.; W. H. Whitaker, Covington, Ky.—11. FIRST DISPUTES—F. W. Ade, Westchester, N. Y.; C. E. Bigelow, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Day, Catskill, N. Y.; E. S. Miller, Williston, Vt.; F. E. Sprague, Providence, R. I.; E. M. Swift, New York; F. S. Wicks, Syracuse, N. Y.—7. SECOND DISPUTES—C. W. Bowen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. I. Chamberlin, Milton, Pa.; A. B. Morrill, Portland, Me.; W. T. Souther, Worcester, Mass.; J. H. Van Buren, Cincinnati, O.—5. FIRST COLLOQUIES—W. O. Buck, Bucksport, Me.; Carter, New York; J. W. Clemens, St. Louis, Mo., F. W. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. Meyer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. P. Ord, San Francisco, Cal.; F. S. Parker, New Haven; A. J. Reynolds, Olcott, N. Y.; H. A. Strong, Colchester; U. Strong, Racine, Wis.; E. Tatum, New York.—11. SECOND COLLOQUIES—F. D. Allen, Worcester, Mass.; A. T. Bristow, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. W. Irwin, Cincinnati, O.; E. R. Johns, Lexington, Ky.; S. Merritt, Stamford; H. E. Saddler, New York; S. P. Williams, Southington; S. W. Williams, Nashua, N. H.—8. Total, 71. The absolute stands have not been published this year as last. The class numbers 134 by the catalogue, of whom, as is seen, 71 have obtained appointments, or very nearly the same percentage as last year. The Junior Prize Speaking will be held in the Chapel on Tuesday afternoon, April 2. The articles must be handed in to Prof. Northrop on or before Feb. 29. The subjects are as follows:—1. The Democratic Spirit of the Present Age. 2. The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu. 3. The Last Decade. 4. Plato and Aristotle. 5. Russia and England in the East. 6. The Pacific Coast Literature. 7. The International Society. 8. The Spanish Rule in Cuba. The best ten articles are to be spoken, and otherwise regulations similar to those of last year are to be observed. From Junior Appointments the transition is easy to the

Studies of the Term.

These, for the Senior class are Intellectual Science (during the first half of the term), recited to President Porter; The Law of Love and Love as a Law (during the last half of the term), also recited to the President; Hallam's Constitutional History and Guizot's History of Civilization (the latter during the first half of the term), recited to Prof. Wheeler; Barker's Chemistry (during the first half of the term), under Prof. Wright; International Law (during the last half of the term), under Prof. Hadley; and Geology (during the last half of the term), under Prof. Dana. The President lectures early in the term upon the different professions, and also delivers a course upon Natural Theology. Medical lectures, by Dr. Sanford, are to be attended the latter part of the term, and a few composition lectures by Prof. Northrop. Two compositions must be read to Prof. Northrop by each member of the class. Those who have stands as high as a First Dispute, are required to compete for Commencement appointments, and are allowed to hand in the Commencement piece instead of the second composition. The class is divided, alphabetically, into two divisions for recitations, Prof. Wheeler acting as division officer for the entire class. In connection with the study of Hallam and Guizot, Prof. Wheeler has introduced the admirable custom of giving out, for consideration, topics suggested by the text book. After a few days for research and independent thought, the subject is called up in the form of questions. At the close of the exercise the instructor states, briefly, his own view of the subject, and allows opportunity for inquiry and discussion by the students. We wish to express our hearty approbation of this method, which tends to supply a lack of direct instruction which is felt at Yale. The Juniors recite Tacitus to Prof. Thacher; German to Prof. Coe; Snell's Natural Philosophy to Tutor Thacher. Prof. Loomis gives his usual lectures on Natural Philosophy. About twenty men recite Calculus to Prof. Newton, and the customary forensic disputations occur at regular intervals. Prof. Thacher is officer for the first division, Prof. Coe for the second, and Tutor Thacher for the third. The Sophomores recite Mathematics to Prof. Newton, a portion of the class Loomis's Analytical Geometry, and the remainder, Loomis's Conic sections; Juvenal's Satires (during the first half of the term), and later, the Captives of Plautus to Prof. Wright; the Electra of Sophocles to Tutor Beckwith, and Shaw's Manual of English Literature, to Tutor Beers. Compositions are read, as usual, and Instructor Bailey lectures on Elocution and hears declamations. Tutor Beers is officer for the first division, Prof. Wright for the

second, Tutor Beckwith for the third, and Prof. Newton for the fourth. The Freshmen recite Loomis's Algebra to Tutor Heaton; Chauvenet's Geometry to Prof. Richards; Quintilian to Tutor Day, and the *Odyssey* to Tutor Hooker. The division officers stand in the order named. The three lower classes are divided according to stands for the purposes of recitation. From the studies of the term we pass to the

Class Elections, '72,

Which were conducted in accordance with no text books, though in a very harmonious and expeditious way. The Seniors gathered in the President's lecture room on Saturday morning, Jan. 20, for the election of Class Orator and Poet and for the transaction of other business. After two preliminary resolutions had been passed, an informal ballot was taken for Poet, which resulted in the nomination of D. N. Beach, T. R. Bacon, and C. Deming. Upon the first formal ballot Beach was chosen. The informal ballot for Orator declared E. S. Lines, G. Richards, A. R. Merriam and H. M. Sanders the four highest candidates. The second formal ballot resulted in the election of Lines, who had 74 votes, to 35 for Merriam. L. S. Boomer, Treasurer of the Library Fund of '72, reported one subscription of \$200, three of \$100, ten of \$50, and thirty-nine others ranging from \$50 to \$10, the total for less than half the class summing up to about \$1800; also \$23 which Mr. Curtis stated was the surplus in favor of the class crew, was added, by resolution, to the Library Fund. It was further voted that the custom of presenting a class cup be revived, and that a class ball be given third term. The following gentlemen were appointed for Class Day Committee—Willcox, J. K. DuBois, C. P. Smith, Curtis, Cragin. For Ball Committee—Robertson, Delavan, Parsons, Boomer, Baldwin, Bradley, Kirkham. For Class Cup Committee—Howard, F. T. DuBois, Campbell. It is truly cheerful to record so pleasant and successful a class meeting after the stormy and bitter proceedings which characterized the previous class. In connection with this subject we must notice the

Class Elections, '73,

Which did not happen to run quite so smoothly, but which came out right in the end after much tribulation. Most important among these was the election of the five Lit. Editors for the ensuing year. For the sake of thus rewarding their greatest literary talent, the Juniors held a

class meeting in the President's lecture room on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 17, Mr. Hincks, President of the Senior Board, occupying the chair. The result of this meeting was the election of only three editors, Houghton, Prentice and Beebe, neither of the other prominent candidates, Lyman, Bent and Lathe receiving a majority vote of the members of the class in town, though repeated votes were taken. At the second meeting, on the afternoon of the following Friday, Lyman was chosen the fourth editor. The third and fourth meetings held on Monday, Jan. 22, and Wednesday, Jan. 24, were tedious and fruitless, resulting in a close and indecisive contest between the friends of Bent and Lathe. The class having failed in their attempts, the matter was referred to the Senior Board, who, in accordance with the wise constitution of the Chi Delta Theta, unanimously chose Tarbell as the fifth editor. The new Board now stands—S. O. Prentice, chairman, W. Beebe, W. A. Houghton, H. W. Lyman and F. B. Tarbell. The last named gentleman would probably have been elected by his own class had he not, at the first meeting, declined a nomination. The Juniors also met on Saturday, Jan. 6, and chose the following committee for a Promenade Concert to come off sometime before Lent: F. W. Adee, S. L. Boyce, A. Collins, C. R. Grubb, F. W. Howard, C. P. Latting, C. Lehmer, S. Merritt, F. S. Wicks. Mr. Collins was appointed chairman. Feb. 9 was afterwards fixed upon as the day for the concert. At the same meeting E. E. Gaylord, F. J. Shepard and J. H. Van Buren were elected Class Historians. H. W. Lyman was also elected, but declined. From such fierce struggles as class appointments involve, it seems rather stupid to turn to

Boating and Ball Affairs,

Which, at this season of the year, are not very lively. At a meeting held Saturday, Dec. 16, after some discussion it was voted to submit the arrangements for the regatta of next year to a committee of six to be appointed by the President of the Boat Club. By a change in the constitution, the office of Vice President having been created, W. C. Beecher, '72, was elected to fill the position. It was also voted to make the selection of the University Nine hereafter from all departments of the college. Subsequently reports of boating finances have been published, the summaries of which we subjoin. The first is from President Ford's report to the Treasurer from April to July, 1871, and the second is from the Treasurer's report from Sept. 22, 1871, to Jan. 14, 1872.

SUMMARY.

	Dr.
To cash account (Prev),	\$816.00
Saltonstall Races,	308.18
Regatta Ball,	820.75
	<u><u>\$1944.93</u></u>

	Cr.
By cash account,	\$ 520.79
Saltonstall Races,	365.75
Regatta Ball,	1084.75
	<u><u>\$1971.29</u></u>
	<u><u>\$26.36</u></u>

Deficit.

To cash account (Treas.),	\$81.27
By cash account (Treas.),	62.75
	<u><u>\$18.52</u></u>

Total amount due present Treasurer, - - - **\$44.88**

SUMMARY.

	Rec'd.	Paid.
Various transactions,	\$316.82	\$175.98
Saltonstall Races,	247.60	295.65
	<u><u>\$564.42</u></u>	<u><u>471.63</u></u>
Amount on hand, - - -	<u><u>\$92.79</u></u>	

S. LEONARD BOYCE, Sec. and Treas. Y. U. B. C.

The mortgage was lifted from the boat-house by Mr. Bone by the payment of \$390. This sum less \$15 is still due Mr. Bone. There is due \$50 for last year's rent of the Saltonstall boat-house and about \$50 for rent of property on which the city boat-house stands, making the debt of the club at the time of the first report, \$475. The committee appointed to arrange for a summer regatta consists of L. G. Parsons, '72, W. C. Beecher, '72, W. F. McCook, '73, J. H. Hincks, '72, D. J. H. Willcox, '72. They have concluded that it is best for Yale to enter the Rowing Association, and the necessary steps to this end have been taken. The University Ball Nine will go into the gymnasium for the last few weeks of the present term, preparatory to the approaching campaign. The pitching alley will occupy the place of the bowling alley at the eastern side of the room beneath the gymnasium. The coming match between Yale and Harvard will probably consist of a series instead of a single game. The price of the lot beyond the Or-

phan Asylum, which is considered an eligible one for a college ball ground, is \$90,000. '75 have organized their nine for the coming season. Their uniform is to be blue with white trimmings.

Latest College Publication.

The *Yale Naught-ical Almanac* for 1872, issued, at last, after long delays. It claims to be "A modestly-economical rejuvenescence of some very ancient chronicles unblushingly appropriated," and though modeled a little after the Josh Billings type, it may also very properly claim certain novelties of its own. Some of the jokes and witticisms are very good, and interspersed among the drôlleries is no little information both interesting and useful. But by far the most successful feature of the almanac consists in the pictures, the caricatures which grotesquely adorn many of its pages. These are capital both in design and execution and reflect great credit upon the artist. Without attempting to particularize we may say that the countenances and attitudes of "Ye Three Fates" certainly bear study, while "Ye Lamentable Tail of Georgy Washington, Truthful Puer" must excite a smile even from the most patriotic. We hope that this amusing pamphlet will gain from an appreciative public the approbation which we believe it deserves. Though this publication has long been expected, yet it was issued too late to describe the

Junior Promenade Concert,

Which was held in Music Hall, Friday night, Feb. 9, and is regarded, by many, as the most successful of its kind. Without being very inconveniently crowded as are the summer promenades, it was, nevertheless, attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. In addition to the well known home attractions, many beauties from Springfield, Hartford, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Bridgeport and other places graced the scene, while graduates, Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores vied with each other in the honors of the dance. The music furnished by Bernstein's orchestra was excellent, and was appreciated as well by the many spectators, who lingered long in the galleries and boxes fascinated by the gay sights, as by the active participants upon the floor. Behind the curtain Redcliffe was established with coffee, salads, creams and all sorts of good things in abundance. The committee, very naturally, were much annoyed at the non-appearance of the printed order of dances, but looked more cheerful as the evening wore on, when they discovered that the plain cards, struck off at the last moment, were in no wise inconsistent

with the enjoyment of the occasion. Everybody seemed to have a good time and apparently felt considerable regret mingled with fatigue when the festivities ended among the small hours. The Litt. Board are indebted to the committee for tickets and invitations. These, gotten up by Tiffany, were very elegant.

Items.

The college pulpit was filled Sunday, Dec. 17, by Mr. Park, son of Prof. Park; Jan. 7 by President Porter and Prof. Fisher; Jan. 14 by Mr. Parker of Hartford; Jan. 21 by Mr. George Bacon; Jan. 28 by Mr. Gladden of the *Independent*; and on Feb. 4 by Dr. Bacon and Prof. Hoppin.—The first of the course of sermons established by the Berkeley Association was preached in Trinity church on Sunday evening, Jan. 7, by Bishop Clark of Rhode Island; the second on Jan. 14, by Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston; the third on Jan. 21, by Dr. Rylance of New York city; the fourth on Jan. 28, by Dr. Vinton of Boston; and the fifth on Feb. 4, by Dr. Hall of Brooklyn.—The day of prayer for colleges was observed Thursday, Jan. 25. All lessons after the morning one were dispensed with, and at 11 A. M., ex-President Woolsey addressed the Seniors, Professor Harris the Juniors, Professor Northrop the Sophomores and President Porter the Freshmen. A union meeting was held in the Marquand chapel at 3 P. M. which was well attended. The Berkeley Association was addressed by Rev. Mr. Lobdell of New Haven.—Mr. Beecher's talks about preaching which he delivers twice a week in the Marquand chapel are very interesting and refreshing. After his remarks opportunity is given to the Theologues to ask questions, for which the speaker always has a ready reply. Mr. Beecher also delivered an interesting address to the students Thursday evening, Feb. 8, in the College chapel.—Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25, in the same chapel, Dr. Hamlin, President of Robert College, Constantinople, occupied the hour usually given to President Porter's lectures on the professions. He spoke at length about Robert College and also about the various Oriental races.—Church papers are given out this term by Tutor Beers at 102 North College.—'75 have elected class deacons as follows: W. H. Jordan, L. S. Holbrook and F. E. Snow.—The Yale alumni in Boston held their seventh annual supper at the Parker House on Monday evening, Jan. 29. President Porter and Professors Thacher and Lyman were present, and five Seniors, Messrs. Bradley, Howard, Richards, Slade and Stewart furnished college songs for the occasion. The gathering was a particularly pleasant one.

In the course of the evening the Woolsey fund was brought up and Clark, '58, and one or two others pledged contributions upon the spot. A similar supper was celebrated in Philadelphia, Thursday, Feb. 1, upon which occasion President Porter represented the college.—The conditions of the John A. Porter prize of \$250 are published in the *College Courant* of Jan. 13. The subject for the first essay has been announced as follows: "The Morality of the Greeks as shown in their Art, Literature and Life.—President Woolsey, Professors Day and Hadley have been invited to assist in the revision of the Bible, and have accepted.—President Porter has been appointed upon the American Committee to aid in replacing the great library of Strasbourg, destroyed in the recent war.—A man with a talking machine made his appearance in this city during the vacation.—Prof. Eaton is delivering a course of lectures upon Greek Art on Monday evenings in the main room of the Art Gallery.—The second reception at the President's house was held Monday evening, Jan. 8. A large number of ladies were present and the occasion was a very pleasant one to all.—A prize declamation was held in Delta Kappa Saturday evening, Jan. 13. The prizes, two in number, were awarded as follows: 1st to A. F. Jenks, 2d to B. W. Davis. Thacher, '71, C. Deming, '72, and Howard, '72, acted as judges.—T. J. Tilney, a Litt. editor and DeForest man of '70, recently won his first case in this city.—It has been proposed to substitute evening for morning prayers on Sunday and omit the afternoon service.—Notman began to photograph the Seniors Monday, Jan. 22. The scene of the class picture will be the chapel in which the class will appear in various attitudes and groups. "The process by which this is done is one of Mr. Notman's specialties and is as follows: he first takes a photograph of the interior of the chapel; then at his gallery a photograph of each member of the class in an appropriate position; then by putting the former and latter together and taking another photograph, he accomplishes the desired result."—Kendrick, '72, is publishing a series of European sketches in the Monday numbers of the *Evening Register*.—Beach, '72, has gratuitously distributed to his classmates copies of his poems, gotten up in a neat pamphlet form.—Among the subscriptions to the Library Fund of the Senior class, is one of \$75 from the father of S. P. Coomes, one of the deceased members of '72.—A member of the Senior class cleared \$30 by speculating in the Parepa-Rosa tickets. Who would not sit up all night outside the box office!—C. B. Dudley, '71, is now editor of the *College Courant*.—The Yale exploring party under Prof. Marsh, has recently returned from the plains.—Prof. Packard has gone to Aiken, S. C., to spend the winter.

—Prof. Coe is reading the “Les Femmes Savantes” of Moliere with the Sophomores on Wednesday evenings.—A Sophomore’s room was entered one night at the end of last term and considerable money stolen.—Saturday night, Dec. 16, the coal yard was set on fire.—A prize debate was held at Delta Kappa on Saturday evening, Feb. 10, upon the question—Resolved that a Republican form of Government is better than a Monarchical. The speakers were Edward A. Hill, aff., William S. Fulton, neg., Timothy J. Lee, aff., Benjamin W. Davis, neg., and William R. Richards, aff. The committee of award, Prof. H. P. Wright, C. O. Day, '72, and B. Hoppin, '72, gave to Davis the first prize and to Richards the second. The latter was not familiar with his piece.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

The officers of the Base Ball club propose hiring the second lot in Hamilton Park for a practice ground, if it can be obtained.—The crews have commenced training. Some of the members very justly look forward to a place upon the University crew.—A course of lectures for Mechanics has been commenced at Sheffield Hall. Two of these have already been delivered, the first Feb. 5, by President Porter, subject, the “Relations of Mind and Matter;” the second Feb. 8, “Principles of Elocution,” by Mark Bailey; the others are as follows: Feb. 12, “Recent Contributions to American Geography,” by D. C. Gilman; Feb. 15, “Our Common Weeds,” by D. C. Eaton; Feb. 19, reserved for Rev. B. G. Northrop; Feb. 22, “Origin of Microscopic Living Forms,” by W. H. Brewer; Feb. 26, ——; Feb. 29, “Phosphorus,” by S. W. Johnson; March 4, “Tilghman’s Sand-Blast Engraving Process,” G. F. Barker; March 7, “Steam Engine Indicator,” by C. P. Richards; March 11, “Forces of Inanimate Nature,” by W. A. Norton; March 14, “The Prismatic Spectrum,” by C. S. Hastings; March 18, “The Telescope,” by C. S. Lyman; March 21, “Color,” by J. H. Neimeyer; March 25, “Steam Boilers,” by W. P. Trowbridge; March 28, “The Darwinian Hypothesis applied to the Human Race,” by A. E. Verrill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Publishers will oblige us by sending books directly to "The Yale Literary Magazine," New Haven, Conn.

NEW BOOKS.

History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Translated from the French by H. Van Laun, one of the masters of the Edinburgh Academy. Vol. I. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871. Pp. 510. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield.

Taine's English Literature is a remarkable book. Its sincerity and fairness, its thoughtful criticisms, its original conclusions, and the clearness and vivacity of the style in which it is written, combine to make it one of the most interesting and instructive, as it is, certainly, one of the brightest books with which we have had the good fortune to meet. The fact too that its author is a Frenchman, must give it additional interest and value. It is undoubtedly true that a foreigner who can lay aside the prejudices of his age and race, is better fitted than an Englishman, to pass cool and deliberate judgment upon the masterpieces of English Literature. And in this respect, the author has been, to a great degree, successful. He has undertaken his task with liberal and impartial views. He has entered into the spirit of many of our writers with a genuine enthusiasm. Yet when we look for that "catholic sympathy" for which the *Nation* so highly praises him, we are unable to discover it. The book is thoroughly French, in tone as well as in style. M. Taine seems to take special delight in criticising those authors whose works he can compare and contrast with the literature of his own country, and it is not difficult to detect his preferences. Not that he is unfair; but he is French. And those very characteristics which enable him to light up his subject with so much freshness and "gaiety," entirely unfit him for a hearty appreciation of those phases and shades which are most thoroughly and essentially English. Then, too, he is a man who accommodates facts to theories and principles, and who pushes his conclusions to the verge of absurdity. He sets out with the idea that the English are by nature brutal and boorish, and that age has only tamed the creature whose normal tendencies and tastes it cannot change. Proceeding from these premises, every character whom he meets, he straightway charges with the hereditary trait: and endeavors to establish his pet theory, by discovering analogies and illustrations on every page of the English classics. And yet he seems so good-natured and honest, so pleased with fancy and wit, so susceptible to beauty and grandeur, that we cannot but watch his course with the intensest interest, as he rushes along with a wonderful impetus, from Beowulf to Tennyson. We confess that we are a little intoxicated with these fascinating volumes. They have a sparkle and a flavor for which we can find no parallel. But their merit does not lie chiefly in their style. For if we cannot regard the author's opinions as entirely satisfactory, we can, at all events, appropriate much that is of the greatest value; we can trace the influence of government and religion in the formation of character, and we can watch the growth and culture of character as it expresses itself in thought and speech.

Goethe's Poems and Ballads. Translated. 1871. Pp. 240. New York: Holt & Williams. New Haven: Judd & White.

We have long needed a good English translation of Goethe's smaller and less pretentious poems, upon which he is said to have spent even more labor and care than upon his more celebrated productions. In fact his name has become so associated with his "Faust," that his other poems have not received that attention which their excellence demands. The volume before us is made up for the most part of translations from Goethe, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, although many of them appear here for the

first time. Aside from their intrinsic worth, their great value is found in the impression which they leave upon one of the varied genius and culture of their author. Though quite short they are exceedingly beautiful, and a perusal of them confirms one, in the opinion of Goethe's biographer, Mr. Lewes, who said of them: "They are instinct with life and beauty, against which no prejudice can stand. They give musical form to feelings the most various and to feelings that are true. They are gay, coquettish, playful, tender, passionate, mournful, reflective and picturesque; now simple, now laden with weighty thought, at one moment reflecting the whim and fancy of caprice, at another sobbing forth the sorrows which press a cry from the heart." We regret, however, that some of the most beautiful of Goethe's poems have been omitted, and that too, although they have been finely translated. The poem, entitled "Faith, Hope and Love," which we always especially admired, we are unable to find in the volume before us. We trust that this admirable work will be supplemented, ere long, by a more complete collection.

Cloud Pictures. By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 166. 1872. New Haven: Judd & White.

We have rarely had the pleasure of taking up a book which, so far as its outward appearance is concerned, so completely satisfied our taste. It is printed on heavy, tinted paper, while the print itself is most pleasing to the eye. The stories in this volume have been published at different times, the first one appearing in 1854 and the last in 1871. They are written in a very engaging style, while the "Exile of von Adelstein's Soul," though not entirely original, is intensely interesting.

Singular Creatures. By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 333. 1872. New Haven: Judd & White.

A book for children; describing the peculiarities, accidents, tricks and sad deaths of "our family pets." The stories are written in language adapted to children of tender years, and are on the whole quite entertaining even for persons of more mature tastes. The *Nation* could find no fault with it for centering the interest on one unworthy creature who invariably comes to a bad end.

The Mystery of Orcival. By EMILE GABORIAN. Translated by George M. Towle. New York: Holt & Williams. Pp. 168. 1871.

The translator of this work, Mr. Towle, is a graduate of Yale, and we cannot forbear to publish a story which we lately heard respecting him. It seems that while he was in college he was a great collector of autographs, and being desirous of obtaining Archbishop Whately's name, he wrote a letter to that distinguished individual in which he complimented him very highly on his "Rhetoric," assured him of the success which his work had met with in college, of the great service he had done to science in its publication, and signed himself, George Makepeace Towle, A. D. P. (Alpha Delta Phi). The great scholar was completely taken in, and supposing that A. D. P. was the symbol of some distinguished American degree, replied in a very courteous letter which he addressed as follows, George Makepeace Towle, A. D. P., care President Woolsey, Yale College, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The *Mystery of Orcival* is founded upon a mysterious murder which occurs at Orcival, a village on the Seine, and while it is written with considerable power and affords the author a fine field for his peculiar talent, it does not commend itself to us as a first class novel. The development of character is an important complement of a novel and in this story we fail to meet with this characteristic. The style is unhealthy and we can hardly give to the writer the praise which his admirers claim for him as a "happy combination of Poe and Wilkie Collins." It is one of those stories which we read with a kind of fascination, but with a feeling that we are wasting time.

Since our last issue we have received a large number of college periodicals, magazines, etc., prominent among which is the *Atlantic*. Oliver Wendell Holmes' contribution in the shape of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," has appeared in the last two numbers, while the names of Nathaniel Hawthorne,

James Parton, James DeMille, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and others which appear in the last number—prove that no other magazine in the country can boast of more distinguished contributors.

Old and New has an interesting account of Harvard College in a published report of the overseers, who yearly make a close examination of the affairs of the college. As they are all gentlemen of varied culture and experience, the comments which they make and the hints which they suggest are exceedingly valuable, and perhaps could be advantageously employed by the faculties of other colleges. Our space will not permit us to make several extracts which we would like from this able report, and we can only refer our readers to the January number of *Old and New* for much valuable information concerning the workings of the Harvard system. A very touching obituary of Frederic Wadsworth Loring also appears in this number and will be interesting to Yale men who knew him at Andover.

Appletons' Journal is rapidly taking a high position among our magazines. The stories are all of a high order while its illustrations, scientific notes and general get-up, make it an exceedingly attractive addition to our exchanges.

We congratulate the managers of *Every Saturday* upon their "new departure." In its new form it does not appear so servile an imitation of the English illustrated papers, and it is now just what it claims to be "à journal of choice reading."

While we have always deplored the increase of college periodicals, on principles of Political Economy, and because more attention is paid to quantity than to quality in our late exchanges, yet we must hail with delight the announcement of a magazine about to be started at Vassar College. It has seemed to us a lamentable deficiency in the female college of America, that it has had no exponent for expressing the thoughts of such a large class of educated and cultivated women. We see no reason why such a magazine should not have considerable influence with regard to the questions which are at this period exciting the female part of the community. We hope that it will not play the part of the majority of college papers and sink into a mere vehicle for gossip, facts and occurrences of interest only to the students of Vassar, but will occasionally, at least, contain essays upon some of the more important questions of the day which so deeply interest all. It is to be called *The Vassar Miscellany*, and published four times a year. Three Editors are to be taken from the Senior, two from the Junior class and one from the Alumni, while contributions will be received from the students, faculty and alumni. The first number will appear next April, and the others will follow in July, September and January. "May all the goddesses give successful issue to the beginning of so great an undertaking."

Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Mass., who sent a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies, where, of course, there was no market for warming pans, but an excellent market for those articles when transformed into molasses dippers, has recently found a counterpart at Vassar College. It seems that a large tree standing in front of the college was blown down by the wind, whereupon Matthew Vassar, "penny wise and pound foolish," determined to turn the accident to account. He accordingly made from the tree a large number of bootjacks, which he offered to the lady students at the moderate price of one dollar per bootjack, and discovering too late, poor fellow, that a female institute afforded a bad market for bootjacks, in his despair he made as a present to each parlor one of these triumphs of his ingenuity, with the letters M. V. engraved on them—a touching memento of his unfortunate speculation. *Macte virtute.*

We have rarely been obliged to make apologies for any number of our LITS., but we feel called upon to say that the inaccuracies and mistakes in our last number were owing to the demands made upon our time by the examination. Without mentioning all the mistakes, we will simply call attention to one which would imply gross ignorance on the part of the writer, while in fact a printer's error made Nikias read Trikias.

We have a word to say in regard to the *Courant*. The innuendoes which have appeared in that sheet from time to time against the editors of

this magazine, whether taking the form of patronizing advice or of covert allusion, have revealed a degree of hostile *animus* which is not ordinarily seen in college publications. Individuals who are afflicted with the unfortunate disposition which would seem to inspire those extraordinary insinuations, either are not placed in situations where they can give their opinions publicly, or if they are, their instincts of decorum are sufficiently strong to restrain them from making college publications vehicles for personal attack. We have overlooked such insinuations in the past, for while we fully recognized the object which they had in view, we did not feel called upon to expose it. We think, indeed, that their author's precaution was unnecessary, and that under any circumstances he would have received the gratifying popular verdict to unquestioned literary superiority. Now, however, that his object has been accomplished, to continue the same line of attack is a little gratuitous, to say the least. And since, in acting upon the defensive, we are no longer imperilling the just recognition of his merits, we shall not hesitate any longer to put ourselves in a proper light before the college. In order to remove any misconception in the minds of those who havn't seen through the strictures which the *Courant* has been pleased to put upon the LIT., it may be well to notice two or three serious charges that have been implied. 1st. It has been insinuated that the editors have used old compositions for editorials, instead of writing new articles. To this we reply, that every article which has issued from the editorial board, with one exception, has been written expressly for the LIT., and no other old compositions from other quarters have been printed to our knowledge, though some very able articles have been rejected for the sole reason that they had been previously read. That one excepted article was put in by special request in addition to twenty-six pages of printed matter which its author contributed to the same number, and has received high commendation for its literary merits. Now, either the critic of the *Courant* knew the facts to be as we have stated them, or he did not. If he did, what are we to think of his repeated insinuations to the contrary? If he did 'not, why is he guilty of the impertinence of insinuating charges in reference to a matter which he knows nothing about? 2d. It is implied that the editors have not given as much work to the magazine as the college public had a right to expect. To this we reply, that in each number the special departments of Notabilia and Editor's Table are each equal in length to one article, and the Memorabilia to two or three. In addition to these, no number has yet appeared which has not contained at least two articles by members of the board, and two numbers have contained four articles from the same source. 3d. It is implied that the LIT. is not a fair representative of the talent of the college. Perhaps not. If some articles which have gone into our waste-paper basket had been printed, it would have been a more truthful, and, we dare say, to some, a more pleasing representative of the talent of the college; but we venture to think that its absolute merit would not be so high. If it is meant, however, that the best college talent is not represented in the LIT., we must again take exception to the statement. Almost an entire editorial article has been copied, with favorable comments, into a leading New York morning paper, and parts of another article have been copied into one of the ablest journals of the country, and other pieces have been noticed by the outside press. The YALE LIT. Prize Essay was a creditable piece of undergraduate writing; two other competing articles which were published have been spoken of in complimentary terms by competent judges. We have published poetry by the Class Poet, and prose by the Class Orator. And surely the critic of the *Courant* cannot deny that any one who holds the latter position must represent a large constituency, and therefore may fairly be called a representative man; nor can he deny that the mere fact of holding that position is *prima facie* evidence of the highest literary merit. Indeed, it would be uncomplimentary either to the justice or critical ability of a class, and to the modesty of an incumbent, to think otherwise. If other representative men have not written, it is not because they have not been asked or because their articles would not be welcome. One thing may be admitted in regard to the LIT. There has certainly been a lack of stories in the last few numbers; but story

telling is a peculiar talent, and where it doesn't appear, cannot be forced. If, however, the editor of the *Courant* has (as we must suspect) a talent for telling stories, any articles which he may send will receive respectful consideration. In regard to the jokes about the LIT. Board, which are so kindly withheld, we can only say that it would be cruel for persons who present so few points suggestive of ridicule to take advantage of their more unfortunate fellow creatures, especially when a wit founded upon the purest style of high-toned journalism is matched against an evident incapacity.

It may be proper for us to say that the *Courant* is so managed that each editor is practically independent. Our relations with the editors are such that we should be very sorry to think the policy which has been pursued by that paper to be in accordance with the deliberate judgment of the majority of its board. We may remark, too, that we should hardly have ventured to give public advice to our successors in such a manner as to imply that they were ignorant of the duties of their office or disposed to neglect them, though we heartily concur in the sentiment that the honor of their position will consist in the manner in which they perform their duties, and not at all in the fact of their election. But it seems that a humility which is not above reading a patronizing lecture to College Officers on their manners (for it requires no great critical acumen to see that the "Talk about Tutors" and the strictures upon the LIT. have the same source) is equal to the task of doing for our successors what we should decline to do ourselves. If it could make a still greater sacrifice, and advise aspirants for their positions not to attempt to show their worth by detracting from the merits of the incumbents, it would do more good, possibly, than it has done harm by both its previous efforts.

Of the *Courant* itself, aside from its relations to the LIT. Board, we may say that its editors have succeeded in making it a very readable paper. We have noticed occasionally, though we have not felt it our duty to point out, bad spelling, bad English, and bad taste in its personal items, not to speak of a tendency to run it in the interests of the Berkeley Association. But its news has been full, its topics varied, its tone generally good, and its literary ability at times very considerable. We have no disposition to underrate the industry which has been devoted to it, but our readers will doubtless notice that it requires much less effort to write an announcement of a sermon or a short comment on current events than it does to compose an extended magazine article.

We regret the necessity of having been driven to this defence. We have no sympathy with journalistic quarrels and had hoped to pass the year without feeling obliged to allude to our contemporary in other than kindly terms. And were it not that the attacks upon us have been so continued, and, to our minds, so unjust, and, apparently, so designedly calculated to put us in a false light before the college world, we should have preferred to pass over the subject in silence. As it is, we hope that we shall not have to allude to it again.

C. C. D.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata nescit, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Caetabunt SORORES, animique PATRES."

MARCH, 1872.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

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COLLEGE SINGING.

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.”

Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

THE Hindoos regard the arts in general as direct revelations from heaven, but music, say they, the grandest and best art, is communicated to mortals by Brahma himself. It may be that our Christian readers do not fully sympathize with such expressions of gratitude for the divine gift of song. A few of them, possibly—if, indeed, our pages are noticed by learned professors—find that midnight serenades ill accord either with investigation into the “harmony of the spheres,” or with nocturnal refreshment. Many of them, doubtless, the so-called aristocrats, are located too near the much frequented Calliope, whose dismal sounds, issuing at stated intervals, smite rudely upon the ears of the sensitive, disturb quiet meditation, and produce distraction in the brain of the laborious student. As for ourselves, among the many advantages of old South, we are happily unable to appre-

ciate in the least these discordant inflictions upon our proud brethren. And it is very far from our purpose in the present article to venture an opinion upon the manner in which they, or our patient instructors, or our uncomplaining fellow townsmen might describe the art of music as practiced by the great body of under-graduates.

College singing occupies a much more prominent place in the daily life at Yale than one might infer from a perusal of the college catalogue, or an examination of the prescribed text-books. Indeed, to such an extent is this true, that from the earliest attempts of Freshman year within the secret walls of Delta Kappa, to the sad Parting Hymn of Commencement week, it is hardly possible, in term time, to escape, for many consecutive hours, the echo of some college song. Every place in doors or out, within the limits of Hamilton Park and the depot, every hour by day or by night, is liable to be consecrated to this muse Terpsichore. Then, too, the singers are as various as the opportunities. Does any one imagine that they are selected from a particular stamp of men, or can be distinguished by certain general characteristics? It is a great mistake. The marking books of the Faculty indicate nothing as to the relative merit in this department. The accurate scholar may or may not be a successful candidate for the Glee Club. The voice of the athlete is by no means uniformly most powerful. The company of the popular man is not always courted by his fellow musicians, nor is the loafer the only one who finds time for this occupation not included in the curriculum. In fact, every class furnishes a share, and every individual, who can appreciate a difference between "Bingo" and "Old Hundred," expects to take an active part. So general is participation and so expressive is spontaneous music of the moods and feelings, that we may regard college singing as a pretty reliable barometer of the prevailing sentiment. Think a moment how frequently this emotional language is employed. How often in the business meetings held in the President's lecture room, are pauses in the regular proceedings of the assembly filled up, to the relief of all,

with familiar songs! On the march to Alumni Hall in tortuous file, as at the last summer Annual of the present senior class, "With many a winding bout, of *little learning* long drawn out," with what heart-rending tones do we assure the faculty that "Examinations are a bore"—tones equalled in earnestness only by the triumphant carols, with which news of a boating or ball victory is received by patriotic collegians! In certain cases, and that too without much provocation, the cars even may be the scene of many a boisterous chorus; to the truth of which assertion the multitude that accompanied the Nine and Glee Club to Middletown last season can testify. This year, you remember, as probably in former years, the medical course could not be initiated without strains of "Saw my leg off short," and Pres. Grant and his suite, at their visit to our college, must tread the classic soil to the tune of "Rig-a-jig-jig."

There is one spot, however, both familiar and interesting, which we now approach with feelings of modest and respectful hesitation. Like the jackknife in the story, renewed in the course of each year in every part, but like the changing body of man, always preserving its identity, we feel justified in calling this spot the old college fence—ancient, mutilated, and dilapidated, but rich in tender associations. We do not refer, of course, to the entire railing which surrounds the campus, but to the venerable and traditional corner, having the big trees in the rear, and flanked on either side by South College and the Green; in front, Chapel street and the noonday sun, and just opposite, Hoadley's and the New Haven House; the portion, in short, which has been recognized from all time as the rendezvous of the three upper classes in their idler moments; with its comfortably curved bars devoted to the trespassings of the penknife, and its class sections carefully drawn and rigorously observed by common consent. *O Carmina! O Musæ!* where shall we find words to describe the musical scenes in which it has silently figured? What antiquated sage can measure the burden of song, from the flighty warble to the plaintive tones of "Teacher,

Teacher," which it has sustained—songs subdued and pathetic; songs promiscuous and uproarious? Many associations cluster round the college fence, of conversations and discussions, of stories and jokes, of LIT. readings and cigars; but none, perhaps, will be more lasting or more delightful to many concerned than recollections of impromptu musicals in the moonlight evenings, when we chanted "Stars of the summer night" to the deserted thoroughfare, and when the strains, softened and sweetened by the open air, the rustling branches and chirping insects, seemed to be wafted far away into the shadows through the green corridor of elms. At such times, perhaps, even the least sentimental, if favored with congenial companions, and blessed with a musical voice and a sensitive soul, has found the discords and vexations of the day gradually supplanted by a quiet complacency, a sort of peaceful satisfaction with life in general, a closer intimacy with his associates, a deeper attachment for college, and an impulse toward sturdier and more hopeful effort in the future. It may be that he has been filled with those "noble hints" and "great conceptions" of which Addison speaks in the *Spectator*; and not impossibly has gained a better appreciation of that law of harmony which is exemplified by Nature both in her minutest and most stupendous phenomena, and which ought always to be the regulating principle in human conduct.

It is curious to see what confusion is produced in the camp of student songsters by the appearance of any uncongenial element, in the shape of an unconsciously obtrusive individual—generally the possessor of a merciless tuning fork—or, worse yet, by the introduction into the ranks, of an habitual grumbler. How speedily the fountains of song are dried up, and how completely, it would gratify many an indignant soul to bear witness. We ourselves are prompted by feelings, which it might seem must long ago have been stifled, to compare certain Sunday evening gatherings of an agreeable character, held at the Freshman headquarters, on York street, in times gone by, with certain other gatherings that we know about, assem-

bled for a similar purpose, in which suggestions and criticisms were as numerous as the individuals, and the tuning fork was in frequent requisition. Is it necessary to say that the comparison would be quite unfavorable to the latter?

We infer, then, that singing, when it comes spontaneously from the heart and is melodiously expressed, does much to cultivate the heart, to banish misanthropy, to stir the imagination,—which among scholars, to say the least, sometimes grows a little dull,—and to furnish fuel, so to speak, for more laborious exertions. These sentiments are not the product of mere fancy, nor of morbid sentimentality. They agree not only with the observed effects of compositions by the great masters, but also with the history of national ballads, from the rhapsodies of the old Ionian bards to the popular glees of the present time; and, in fact, with the influence of harmonious sounds everywhere. You have noticed how the boy whistles in the dark to keep up his courage. The housewife, you know, is apt to lighten her toil with a merry ditty. The soldier is dependent upon the martial music of drum and fife to brace his nerves for action; and it is said that when the men in camp are looking discouraged and despondent the transforming power of a spirited air is almost incredible. Perhaps, in the same way, among students, thrown together very much, as they are, and entertaining many emotions in common, the effects of self-made music, under favorable circumstances, may be just as striking; and though we cannot, even after Junior lectures, explain the philosophical connection between regular tidal waves in the atmosphere, and sensations and impulses in the heart, nevertheless the fact, which the truthful “poet of the domestic affections” delicately expresses, cannot be questioned:

“There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.”

But in consequence of the exciting nature of the topic, we had quite forgotten our subject proper, namely, the

prominence of singing in our life at Yale; and have wandered very far from the immediate object of our description, the college fence; so far, in good sooth, that we will not attempt to return. In our digression, however, we have had the company of the Freshmen; for they, you know, are debarred the privileges of that favored resort and may not taste its musical joys. A few of this class may be seen gathering mysteriously, at midnight, under the closed shutters of Grove Hall, with intent to rouse the fair inmates of that cloister with "Nut brown maiden" and "Sweet dreams, ladies," and satisfied with the most modest sign of recognition from beyond the barriers. Then having themselves retired to their "little beds" in an exhausted state, we may imagine them breathing vociferously in slumber, and keeping time, as far as possible, with the mournful measure of "Home, sweet home," discoursed upon a cracked violin by some solitary fanatic in the adjoining room.

It would not be wise, in the present connection, to broach such a very fruitful subject as the more avowedly public efforts of the widely known Glee Club, or of the Chapel Choir. The former is frequently noticed in these pages, and the affairs of the latter are in altogether too complicated and distressing a condition to invite consideration at this late stage of the article.

Verily it doth appear, after our survey, that students, if only assembled in sufficient numbers, would boldly start up "The Pope, he leads a merry life," within the very pale of the Vatican, nay, under the awe-inspiring dome of St. Peter's itself. While, if no "peelers" were in sight, we may safely conjecture that the "Dearest maiden" would be summoned to the "Waltz" before the very monument of Newton himself, whose ashes repose quietly beneath his statue in an ancient chapel of Westminster Abbey.

Now do not let it be supposed that with so great a quantity the quality must necessarily be excellent. This is not the case at all. Good singers abundant nowhere, in our small community are apt to be so rare that only

occasionally are we favored, at any one time, with more than one or two really superior voices. As a class, college singers cannot compare favorably with professionals, and, in fact, it is only out of doors that they show off to special advantage. Then again, the loud, boisterous standard of college singing is an unfortunate thing. The good voices, both to be prominent in the crowd and to drown out the raspings and nasal twang of the inferior, must be very powerful. Sweetness and expression are alike sacrificed to volume. Thus it happens, not unfrequently, that the best singers strain their throats in trying to meet the demands made upon them, and many sweet voices never come into notice, simply because they fail to reach the standard of volume. But there is at present a more specific reason than these, which partially accounts for the unusually low ebb of music this winter. This is the prohibition of the Faculty upon society singing late at night; a prohibition which we exceedingly regret, inasmuch as it occasions small gain to few and great loss to many. A large part of society singing cannot be much of a disturbance to anybody, and even if it were, we question whether those annoyed, so long as shouting and stamping were possible and countenanced, could gain any special relief or show any special propriety in so harsh and arbitrary a measure. Of course, drunken revelers will bellow away contrary to all rules of decency, whether there are specific regulations or not; but we believe it is reasonable to assert that ordinary singing, so far as it excites feelings, does it properly, and so far as it expresses them, is a safety valve for emotions which otherwise would find vent in a more objectionable way. Against this wholesale interdiction we protest. If only the Freshman and Sophomore societies were included in the proscription, on the ground that they are large and unmanageable bodies, then hardly any evil results would ensue, except perhaps, a little grumbling for the sake of appearance; and but very little of that, because under class-men are usually willing to look forward to certain privileges, and are quite as anxious for definite class distinctions as are upper class-men. We cannot say that "Our soul would sit and sing itself away to everlast-

ing bliss," any more than we can, in our most sportive moments, confess ourself an aspirant for a position among professional athletes; but we do regard society singing in the open air, " 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale," as one of the most pleasant and valuable privileges of college life, the return of which, for the sake of the whole college, we respectfully petition.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE learning and acumen of modern historical research and criticism have proved fatal to many of those romantic episodes which occur so often—we love to fancy—in the lives of the great. Would-be-critics, educated after the Huxley system, and actuated by most incomprehensible motives, have employed their "clear, cold logic engines," called intellects, to prove—to their own satisfaction at least—that most of our heroes—our William Tells, our "Rolands brave," and Bayards are mere myths,—or, if they did exist, were in reality rather tiresome, uninteresting personages. They have shown, for instance, that Pocahontas never saved the life of stout John Smith, but was a good-looking young squaw, who used to frequent the settlement when a child, and there amuse the Colonists by her antics. They have discovered the tomb of Romeo and Juliet at Verona, over which so many gushing youths and maidens have sighed and rhymed, to be—*heu! pristina fides*—a bath tub! and persist in their error, though antiquaries declare that the bath-tub disappeared with the Romans, and has never been known in Italy since.

Among the most startling of these theories, which are so often advanced in the reviews, is that which attempts to show, from the internal evidence of the sonnets, that the gentle, kindly and cheerful Shakspeare of tradition was, in reality, of a gloomy and somewhat morbid temperament, continually brooding over a sense of his own moral weakness. Though it seems to be no very difficult

matter to prove that such assumptions are based upon utterly false interpretations of the spirit of the sonnets; most critics seem to have tacitly acquiesced in this to a greater or less degree, and even Hallam wished that the sonnets had never been published.

The authenticity of the sonnets is now doubted by few. That they are not mere effusions of fancy, but allude more or less clearly to the individual feelings of Shakspeare himself, though sometimes denied, seems sufficiently well established upon several grounds. In the first place, in sonnets 110 and 111 he evidently refers to his profession:

"Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,"—

In sonnets 135 and 136 there is a play on the word will and Will, and the latter closes with "my name is Will." Moreover, in the year 1598 Meres speaks of Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends." But perhaps still stronger evidence than this is to be found in the fact that all the great English masters of the sonnet—Wyatt and Surrey, Spenser and Drayton, almost invariably use it, either to flatter and praise their friends and patrons, or to give utterance to their feelings of love and gratitude toward any one. Since then these sonnets are genuine expressions of the interior life of Shakspeare, since they seem to be heartfelt confessions of his loves and sorrows, his alternate cheerfulness and despondency, what do they teach us concerning his character?

The most passionate devotion and disinterested love for the mysterious person to whom the greater part of the sonnets are addressed, is their prevailing sentiment, to which all other feelings are made subservient. Whatever else may change, he tells us, his love

"Alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

Whether this friend was the Earl of Pembroke or Southampton, he seems to have been far from perfect, and from

several sonnets expressive of deep sorrow and bitter pain, it cannot but be inferred that he often gave but ill returns for Shakspeare's friendship. Some of the most touching and pathetic of the sonnets, indeed, are those in which he forgives him for some injury, or offers to sacrifice all to his love; as, for instance,

"Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds."

Certainly this does not show a solitary life, isolated by the vastness of its own genius; but, on the contrary, that far nobler nature which feels the necessity of friendship, though its object may be unworthy.

The attention of readers and critics seems to have been too closely concentrated on the weird beauty and gloomy power of the more melancholy of the sonnets, and to have taken but little notice of the cheerful and even joyous passages. Even where despondency and hope are immediately contrasted, the former feeling, though it may not have the preponderance in the mind of the poet, is invariably dwelt upon by the critic, and the latter rarely taken into account. Thus, the passage upon time so often quoted :

"O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,"

is followed by the almost playful challenge :

"Yet, do thy worst, old Time,"

which alters the general meaning of the whole sonnet, and yet is not noticed by any who have criticised the lines. Passages of this character are too numerous to quote, and the most careless reader cannot but be convinced of the mistake which is so often made in calling the general tone of the sonnets melancholy; it is as far removed from a hopeless, Byronic brooding over the ravages of time and decay, as it is from careless gaiety. In it we perceive a cheerful though contemplative nature, feeling deeply what Bryant so beautifully expresses :

" Lo ! all grow old and die, but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay youth presses,
Ever gay and beautiful youth, in all his beautiful forms."

That Shakspeare sinned and suffered we know from these sonnets, that his gentle, kindly nature was often despondent; but we also clearly perceive that he was naturally cheerful and happy. Perhaps the sonnet which sums up his whole experience, and which is as hopeful as it is solemn, is the 146th :

" Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth ;
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there is no more dying then."

There is another wrong impression generally entertained, that Shakspeare was unconscious of his undying fame, which the perusal of the sonnets also corrects. There are a dozen passages in which he expresses to his friend his knowledge of his genius, as :

" Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of Princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.
Your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity."

As to the beauties of the sonnets, they are so many and varied, that it is impossible to speak of them here. It is sufficient to say that they deserve far more attention than is usually given them by the student of Shakspeare. Perhaps the greatest praise which they have ever received, is the criticism of Wordsworth: " There is not a part of Shakspeare's writings where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed."

O. F. A.

COLLEGE INTEMPERANCE.

IT is not the writer's purpose to indulge in highly colored language or loud declamation about the evils of intemperance, but simply to offer a few plain, common-sense—perhaps common-place—thoughts upon a subject of undeniable importance. To do this there is no occasion for exaggerating facts. There is probably no more intemperance at Yale, in proportion to the number of students, than at other colleges, and certainly not half as much as many good people, who trust to the veracity of newspaper reporters, imagine. Yet there is room and occasion for reform. If, in comparing our condition in this respect with that of an equal number of young men occupying similar social positions outside of college, we find our record no worse than theirs; let us remember that it ought to be far better. From the peculiar advantages which we enjoy; from the motives which presumably brought us here; from our aspirations, it is but fair to expect that a habit so dangerous, to say the least, to future success, a practice so likely to thwart every worthy effort, should be universally shunned and condemned. But what are the facts? While we cannot agree with "a graduate of '69," who says that "mild bumming is rather popular at Yale," we cannot deny that men may often acquire and retain popularity among us in spite of a pretty strong tendency in that direction. In other words, college sentiment is disposed to pass lightly over offences against temperance, which, in other communities, would be called disgraceful.

We fall into the same error in this, as in many other matters, in supposing that, as students, we are not subject to the same rules as other people, and that the principles of morality, which we all acknowledge to be right and proper for men in business and professional life, are not applicable to ourselves. Perhaps the worst result of this error, if we indulge it, will be that when we come to put off our academic robes, we shall find ourselves saddled with various ugly habits, which are not so easily laid

aside. We had no intention, when we formed them, of carrying them with us into our business or profession; but we find too late that no other acquisitions of our college life cling to us so persistently. Our knowledge of Greek may fade away, every operation of mathematics may pass from our memories; but these will refuse to be forgotten or neglected.

The number of those in college who often drink to intoxication is, of course, small; but there are not a few, who, by occasionally indulging a taste for strong drink, are feeding an extremely dangerous appetite. It is very probable that some one, who may chance to cast his eye over this article, will be disposed to call the writer an "old granny," and complacently smile at the idea that he cannot always control himself in this matter. If so, the writer will endeavor meekly to bear up under the crushing epithet, and will even acknowledge that his critic may be one of those fortunate, but extremely rare individuals, who can indulge such a taste, to some extent, and never be greatly injured by it. But even the critic will not deny that there are others who are so constituted as to be unable to do this, and who, by departing from temperance in the least degree, are selling themselves to a slavery that is horrible to contemplate. Moreover, no man can be certain that he does not belong to this latter class, until he has made the trial, nor will he discover that he does, until he is bound hand and foot. It is a great mistake to suppose that only a few weak-minded men are liable to be thus led away. The drunkards are not all from the ranks of the fools. We are all well aware that many of the noblest minds have been made to grovel in the dust under the lash of this most tyrannical master. Yet we are rather disposed to smile at the idea, that a practice, which has ruined thousands of greater men than we can hope to be, will ever injure us.

This is not a matter which concerns a few individuals. While it of course affects most deeply those who drink, the temperance men have no right to be indifferent to it. Indeed, they cannot be, unless they are so selfish as to be indifferent to the welfare of their classmates. Why is it,

then, that when we see classmates, and perhaps intimate friends, ruining their health and blighting their prospects by intemperance, we pass the matter over quietly, and, if we do not directly encourage them, at least use little or no influence to restrain them. I do not mean that temperance men should lavish advice unasked upon those who are not. In our democratic community, advice is a dangerous remedy. Few of us can take a dose of it without wry faces; fewer still can administer one so as to effect a cure. Yet, without being officious, or exposing themselves to the charge of meddling with other men's affairs, the temperance men might exert a strong influence and do much to check the evil. There can be no doubt, that, if college sentiment plainly condemned drinking, there would be less of it among us. If men could be made to feel that intemperance would detract from their popularity and lower them in the estimation of their classmates, some of them, at least, would take care to shun it.

But how is such a sentiment to be created? Like everything else of the kind, it must of course come by degrees. Yet it need not be despaired of. Comparing the present state of college feeling with that of ten or twenty years ago, we perceive that a great advance has been made. Customs, which were then popular, are now looked upon as little better than relics of barbarism. We are far beyond the days of the Bully Club; a gradual purification of sentiment has swept away the Spoon; hazing has fallen into disrepute, and all abuse of Freshmen seems likely, in a few years, to be known only in tradition. May we not hope, then, that "bumming" will, sooner or later, come under the ban? Meanwhile, what can we do to hasten so desirable a reform? We must cease to talk of the excesses of our classmates as a pleasant joke, and let no fear of being called "old fogies" deter us from manifesting our disapproval, on all proper occasions. It is charitable to impute to thoughtlessness the fact, that men who never drink, and would consider themselves disgraced by being intoxicated, will often lightly joke over the follies of a classmate, who has brought himself into that condition. If the evil is to be mitigated, we must regard it as an evil.

There are, moreover, occasions upon which a class, as a whole, may properly express itself upon this point. One of the severest tests to which a man's temperance principles are subjected, during his college course, is experienced at about the close of Freshman year. There are many influences, which, at this period, tend strongly to lead one into excess. It is, therefore, especially important to be on one's guard at this time. One of the most enjoyable features, belonging to the close of Freshman year, is the class supper, which, after some years of neglect, was revived by the present Sophomore class. If it is conducted in a generous spirit, and society rivalry is not allowed to interfere, it becomes an extremely pleasant affair, and does much to strengthen the bonds of friendship and class unity. There is, however, one objection to it, which, to the writer at least, appears far from trifling. As it has thus far been conducted, it is too easy for one to begin there a career of intemperance. The occasion is most favorable. The class has just passed its first Annual; all the indignities and disagreeable experience of a Freshman's life are over; the newly-fledged Sophs are anxious to show their independence, and some are likely to think that such an addition to their dignity can only be adequately celebrated by a corresponding departure from their manhood. Hence, it happens that men, who have always before been strictly temperate, will drink at the class supper, and, having once laid aside their principles, are not likely to take them up again. If wine could be excluded from the table, while no rational pleasure would be diminished, more than one good end would be attained. There would then be no danger of any of those disgraceful exhibitions, which are liable to take place under the present system, and which cannot fail to cloud the enjoyment of the occasion for at least a large portion of the class. Such action would remove from the affair that suspicion, with which, not only the Faculty, but nearly all disinterested observers regard it, and above all, it would, as I firmly believe, save some from a life of intemperance.

H. H. R.

JUST AS IT USED TO BE.

Full many a face the walls disclose,
 Of spectacled eyes and monstrous nose ;
 With mouth stretched grinning from ear to ear,
 And lanky neck, amazing queer ;
 While underneath, in boyish scrawl,
 The master's name adorns the wall,
 Just as it used to be !

Each boy is droning at his desk,
 Scratched up with face and form grotesque,
 And many a name indented deep,
 Posterity's rewards to reap,
 Just as *ours* used to be !

Now all are on wild play intent,
 The while the master's eye is bent ;
 When he looks up, then they look down,
 And at their tasks profoundly frown ;
 When he looks down, with grimace sly
 They torture their faces completely awry,
 Just as *we* used to do !

The master was a man of fun,
 And when he joked or made a pun,
 (And cunningly they learned to trace
 A joke within his smiling face.)
 Right well they roared with wily craft,
 And saw or not the point, they laughed,
 Just as *we* used to do !

'Twas sad to muse what used to be,
 And find all things unchanged but me ;
 'Twas sadder still to think that they
 In coming years, with pain would say,
 "O, that the days would come again
 When all was pleasure, nothing pain,
 Just as they used to be !"

B. W. D.

LUES GYMNASTICA.

THE good people of Athens had quite a laugh one day at the expense of Socrates. That worthy man was something of a Falstaff as to his fleshly mould, and was wont to carry himself with the gravity and moderation which befitted his corporeal needs and advancing years. But on the morning of the day in question, he was discovered dancing with might and main, in the desperate hope of reducing his corpulence, and clad in invisible raiment, after the manner of some ballet girls whom he had seen the night before. Perhaps the best of it was that the friend, who had surprised him, saw nothing ludicrous in the situation of the great philosopher; but was at once so overwhelmed by his wily arguments in favor of physical culture, that he took himself off and proceeded to do likewise.

This fever of interest in physical culture, which we have called *lues gymnastica*, and of which Socrates was suffering a relapse—at his time of life it must have been a relapse—is still very common, and nowhere more common than among us. Sooner or later in the college course, every one is its victim; it is almost as inevitable as the measles, comes early in college life, is seldom dangerous and rarely of long duration. Its worst forms, usually the result of exposure at Hamilton Park or Saltonstall, are characterized by long perambulations, short commons, a morbid inclination to works on physical culture, attended by mental lassitude in other directions, and resulting in tutorial premonitions of suspended sustentation. But what makes this disease anomalous is the fact that, when well treated, it becomes permanent, and is of great benefit to the patient; or, in medical terms, when it becomes chronic, it ceases to be abnormal, and conduces to healthy functional activity.

But, seriously, I wish to say a few words about the gymnasium—what we think of it and how we use it.

There is evidently something wrong. It is very common to hear persons bewailing our lack of enthusiasm

for physical culture and questioning whether a compulsory system, like that at Amherst, would not be preferable to ours. Every term, from its beginning to its end, marks a rapid diminution of devotees. It is doubtful whether more than one man in ten of the three upper classes regularly uses the gymnasium. Now this is all wrong; college graduates ought to be conspicuous for physical development, for strength of body and grace of motion. A large form, well handled, goes for much in the world, particularly in public life. People more willingly respect a big man than a pygmy.

You recollect how disgusted the Egyptians were, when they came down to the shore to see Agesilaus, and found him a little, lame, dwarfish, old man, in place of their ideal warrior. But perhaps you have not heard of that old Governor of New York, who, as it is said, failed of re-election, because he was small. He had gone, with a portly friend in Westerian buff and blue, to an out-door meeting of his supporters, where he was unknown. On alighting from the carriage a moment after his companion, he was chagrined to find the crowd wildly applauding his big friend; nor would they be convinced, for a long time, of their mistake, or greet his little bows with anything but laughter: and the meeting was a failure. Perhaps this was not the cause of the unfavorable change in that district; but it was, to say the least, embarrassing.

Now it is not too much to say, though very likely you will smile at the repetition of an old story, that by a proper course of exercise during these few years, every one of the average age can increase his size and weight one-fourth, double his strength, and make himself a heartier man for life. You do not care to be an athlete or a shoulder-hitter: but it may be convenient at some time to assert your superiority over an insolent tramp or coachman, or to protect a lady from a drunken rowdy.

It is well nigh impossible to overestimate the advantage of vigorous exercise in other directions also. The ball ground of an academy is a more potent means of grace than its evening prayers. Taking as an axiom that "clean-

liness is next to godliness," it may easily be proved that gymnastics includes cleanliness, and that preaching, with us at least, is but a small part of godliness.

Yet, admitting all that can be claimed for physical culture, I believe that the means of obtaining it, which are found in our gymnasium, have done more injury than good, and consequently I am glad that so few are constant in their devotion to it.

In support of this belief, many instances might be cited of men, who have received injuries, the effects of which will be present with them for many years; of members of the university crew, unfitted for all manual labor, and of those, more especially, whose constitutions were unequal to heavy exercise. But it is not my wish to repeat the old, exaggerated story of ruined bodies and minds, that our aunts have so often droned to us all. Bodies, at our age, are too full of vitality to be thus easily ruined. But this supineness regarding physical pursuits, which everyone recognizes, is still stronger evidence that gymnastics is not the invigorating pastime it is bruited to be. Do you suppose that nine-tenths of the hearty life, that is here constantly seeking vent, would be neglectful of such a blessing if it existed? The truth is, it does not exist. Gymnastics, to the most of us, is neither healthful nor pleasurable, and of course it should be both.

For this fact there are two reasons. The first is found in the gymnasium itself. Intended to meet the wants of the feeblest, as well as the strongest, it is furnished for giants with twice our stature. It is an imitation of the old Spartan plan, that whosoever is weak shall die. Many of its appliances are outrages upon common sense, the lifting weights and spring board for example. Dr. Sanford gives the true theory of bodily growth—vigorous work, of such weight as slightly to start the tissue of the muscles, quickening the blood, and thereby carrying nourishment to the tissue thus opened to receive it. That the great majority of persons in their practice utterly ignore this theory, is too evident to need proof. Entering the gymnasium after long inactivity, instead of adapting their exercise to their

condition, they immediately begin with the heaviest work at hand. The muscles, fresh from long rest, are able, for a time, to go on vigorously, but soon, unused to such severity, they become strained and stretched, until they have lost their elasticity and power. It is a common experience, to find that after a week's work, one is unable to perform feats that were easy at first. But this branches into the second reason, which may as well be mentioned at once. Our whole system of exercise is wrong. It is a kind of passion, blind and unregulated. This *lues gymnastica* assails us at the sight of some athlete ; and, in a kind of phrensy that we call enthusiasm, we enter upon a course of exercise, without the slightest consideration of our natural constitution, or regard to our present condition. You shall see a youth of slight build, perhaps of scrofulous or consumptive habit—for whom the most carefully graduated exercises, under experienced guidance, is absolutely necessary—perform in a fever of excitement, and within a half hour, an amount of work which it would be impossible for him to endure in a half day of real labor—work which might be healthful for him after six months of careful training, but which is simple madness at the outset. He continues a few days, and is then missing from the gymnasium. You say, perhaps he says himself, that his good resolutions have lapsed into laziness, and you denounce his want of pluck. It is nothing of the kind : his system has been abused, and revenges itself by a lassitude which cows all resolution and all pluck ; his instinct asserts its supremacy over a misguided judgment. You shall see a sudden aspirant for the crew, without the slightest preparation, enter upon exercise as violent, as excessive, as long continued, as befits the day of the race. The ashen pallor of the face, the dark circles about the eyes are no warning to him : he is “training,” and that suffices him. Body and mind may cry out against the outrage : he is treading the beaten track, and that is enough. Pretending to no minute knowledge of training, I do say that it should be governed by the laws of common sense ; that, being intended to foster and ma-

ture the strength for one grand effort, it should never beget prostration or lassitude; that a boating man should never see the limit of his power but once, and that, when he crosses the goal. You say, perhaps, that such cases as these are not common. They *are* common, and more, they represent college sentiment on this subject. Let an aspirant for a crew show his good judgment by leaving the weights before the crew is done, and there are wise-acres enough to shake the knowing head at his incapacity. Proofs are not wanting that our crews have been improperly handled. For two years the university crew has been beaten by Freshmen, who had not lost their vigor in mistaken training. Every year it has been found, at the last moment, that comparatively untrained men were superior to members of a carefully selected crew, after three months' training. Do you recollect how the really best man was beaten, as if by child's play, in a race last summer, because of his absurdly severe training, which was not so different from the regulation method? We are told that our men lack pluck and skill. It is false; our men have stamina and are plucky, they have brains and are skillful. But their pluck and skill avail but little, when their physical powers are deadened and paralyzed by excessive and incessant calls upon them; "Yale sends muscle, but lacks life," has been the true story of our defeats for many years.

You observe that these evils are spoken of in the past tense. And they should be; for I am convinced that a better way is being adopted by our boating leaders; that, taught by disheartening defeats, they are coming to regard training, as a course of careful nursing, rather than violent suicide; as systematic gymnastics, rather than incessant agonistics. Do not understand me as advocating baby exercise—hard work only will develop hard muscle—but moderation, caution, special adaptation of exercise to every man. You might as well—as they do on ship-board—prescribe salts for everything, from a broken leg to yellow fever, as insist on the same exercise for every man. Very few persons enter college without some physical bias, either natural, or the result of injudicious education;

none have reached the full maturity of their strength and form. For the correction of these evils, and for the development of such constitutions, the nicest judgment and most extensive experience are absolutely necessary in the instructor. The prize fighter, from the beginning of his training, is under the hourly watchfulness of experienced eyes. Though in complete maturity of body, and in possession of unbounded vitality, yet how carefully is he nursed, guarded from over exertion and lassitude, his heart-beats counted, his lungs sounded, lest the slightest strain at the outset should render all future care unavailing. The Greeks, brutal and debasing as was their gymnastics, had their *γυμναστάρχοι*—officers elected with as much form as their *στρατηγοί*—always present at the exercises of the boys to incite or restrain. But with us there is no incentive, save wild emulation; no instruction, save blind instinct: only a dumb insentient gymnasium to perfect the development, in its multifarious forms, of Nature's most exquisite and delicate mechanism. And what is the gymnasium to serve so high an end? Merely a medicine chest, full of drugs and surgical appliances of most terrible energy, and we, as children scarce able to decipher the labels, are dealing out in unmeasured potions its contents. It is no wonder that experience begets a wholesome dread of such sharp tools, except in the few who are tough enough to endure the cutting, or shrewd enough to avoid it.

And, for the remedies. There is urgent need of an experienced instructor, possessed of an intuition to read unerringly physical need; one who will, by his manliness, inspire respect and confidence. Such an one would be of more use to us than a dozen professors of Chinese or Sanscrit, necessary as they may be. An established professorship to such an end would largely supply the place of college pastor in conserving college morality. But in want of this, there remains only to be urged the old-womanish advice to care and moderation, which young men have always sneered at and neglected, but in their old age, when it was useless, have most heartily respected.

SONNET.

Three little winged words beat at the door
Which bars my heart from all the world away.
Surely I had no wish to say them nay,
And fluttering, in they came, nor wandered more.
But ere a year did pass, my heart waxed sore;
For in my breast they would no longer stay,
But bruised their wings against the door all day,
Jarring my being to its very core.

So, presently unloosed, they flew away,
Perchance to vex some other heart with pain;
E'er since that time my heart has empty been,
Thrilled with sad longing, stricken with dismay:
Wide open stand its doors from day to day,
But ne'er will feel the wings of Love again.

F. D. R.



THE MAGIC CHRYSALIS.

MORE than five centuries ago, when King Abn-l-Ahmar held sway over the Moors at Granada, and the glory of his palace, the famous Alhambra, was at its height, there lived in a neighboring castle a wealthy nobleman named Cacim Venegas. The family to which he belonged had been one of the most powerful and illustrious in Spain; but at the time of the Crusades many of its members had enrolled themselves under the banner of the Crescent, and had fallen fighting valiantly against the Christian invaders.

With the return of peace, the family, instead of increasing, gradually diminished, till, at the time of our story, Cacim was its last representative.

In early life he had married a lady of suitable rank and fortune, and from this union there sprung an only son, Ahmed Venegas, whom his father intended should receive the education of a true knight. But the boy

showed great distaste for warlike pursuits, and long before arriving at years of discretion became such an ardent admirer of the science of alchemy that the indulgent parent gave up, with a sigh, his ambitious hopes and placed him under the tuition of a philosopher of excellent reputation, under whose guidance he advanced rapidly, and soon became master of all the hidden lore his preceptor could command.

Cacim had caused a fine laboratory to be fitted up in a remote part of the castle, where the students could work without fear of annoyance or interruption, and here they spent day after day, never wearying in their search after the Elixir of Life. But although he was wedded to science, Ahmed possessed too much of the spirit of his ancestors to be entirely blind to the attractions of the outer world. In fact, he was by nature decidedly sentimental, and having a beauty of person and a refinement of manner that would have fascinated far less ardent natures than those of the ladies of his native city, it need not surprise us to hear that in the course of time he fell in with a being who realized the brightest dreams of his imagination and kindled in his breast a passion which she herself fully returned. The lady Allifra was all that the most exacting critic could have demanded, and when, after the lapse of a reasonable amount of time, the betrothal was announced, the friends of Ahmed were unanimous in their approval of his good judgment. The lovers were as happy as people in their situation generally are, and Ahmed's attention became so entirely absorbed that by degrees he neglected his retorts and crucibles, and finally, to the great disgust of Zeydun, his teacher, gave himself up completely to the society of his lady. In company with her he would spend hours in relating the exploits of the Moors against the Christians, or in singing to the accompaniment of his lute, those most beautiful of ancient ballads, the Andalusian love songs, oblivious of the existence of any other being.

A year slipped quickly by and the time for the marriage had almost come, when Ahmed was suddenly taken ill.

The severe course of study through which he had passed seemed to have overtaxed his brain, and, after smouldering for months, the fire of disease broke out with irresistible fury.

Zeydun was his constant nurse and attendant, but learned as he was, no remedy within the range of his knowledge proved of any avail, and the patient sank so low that it became evident his hours were numbered. With a heavy heart the philosopher conveyed the intelligence to the family, and advised them to lose no time in bidding Ahmed a last farewell. Fortunately the progress of our story does not require us to intrude upon the sad scene which followed. At its close Allifra was borne in sensible from the chamber, and the dying man fell into a deep sleep, from which Zeydun predicted he would never awake. To his parents he seemed already dead, and a gloomy silence settled over the castle, broken only by the voice of sorrow. The family of Venegas was extinct with the death of this, its only scion.

But the best of us sometimes make mistakes, and our friend, the philosopher, proved no exception to the common rule, for Ahmed, instead of following the course which had been marked out for him, slept peacefully for many hours, and awoke a new man. He had passed the crisis in safety, and from that time began steadily to recover; whereat there was as much rejoicing throughout the castle as there had previously been sorrow. But this joy was destined to receive a shock almost as severe as that caused by the original trouble, for it soon became apparent that the fever, although gone, had left behind a dreadful reminder of its visit.

It had spared his body indeed, but it had taken the better part of him, and Ahmed arose from his sick bed a monomaniac. His whole nature seemed reversed, and where he had formerly showed the greatest love he now displayed the most bitter hatred. His parents dared not approach him, and the sight alone of Allifra was sufficient to throw him into terrible fits of rage. The only person who could maintain the slightest control over him was

Zeydun, and in his presence he was always quiet and tractable. Like all persons in his condition he needed constant occupation to keep him out of mischief, and the thought one day occurred to the philosopher that perhaps his old pursuit might recall his mind, or at least afford him temporary amusement. The idea proved a happy one, for Ahmed immediately became interested and finally entered into his work with such enthusiasm that he could hardly be persuaded to leave it for a moment. He seemed anxiously endeavoring to discover some new power or agency, and called into requisition all the resources of the laboratory. In regard to his object he was uncommunicative, but upon other topics he conversed with freedom, and Zeydun was not long in finding out from him the cause of the hatred which he bore toward his parents and his intended wife.

It appeared that he had lost all recollection of his sickness, and believed instead that it was Allifra who had been ill and that she was now dead. The Allifra he so hated was not the real person, but some one whom his parents had endeavored to put in her place. "Although my own Allifra," said he, "is no more, and her body is destroyed, still her spirit is ever near me. Now, if I could but discover something for the spirit to inhabit, I could have her with me again as of old. I have devoted much earnest thought to this matter, and have determined upon a plan which I am sure must succeed. Thou, with all thy toil and learning, hast been unable to discover the true Elixir of Life; and even if it could be found, it would not answer my purpose, for it would be powerless to affect the dead. As long as the vital spark remained, its potent charm might bring renewed health and vigor to the worn out frame; but beyond that its influence would cease. Therefore I must seek after something higher, something more difficult to produce than even the Elixir. When I have found it thou wilt know all; till then, question me no further."

Zeydun saw that he was determined to keep his plan secret, and so, like a sensible man, used his eyes instead

of his tongue, and watched in silence. During the week which followed their conversation, Ahmed busied himself in trying a number of strange experiments, which were beyond the comprehension of the philosopher, and to his mind would of themselves alone have been a sufficient proof of his pupil's insanity. At last, however, after diligent application Ahmed appeared to have discovered something which satisfied him, and abandoning his work as suddenly as he had taken it up, he turned his attention to an entirely different object.

Among the many ornaments which adorned the castle of Venegas, was an antique statue of rare beauty of finish and perfection of form, representing a female figure standing with outstretched arms in an attitude of devotion. The name of the sculptor (who carved it) had long been lost, but the work was a masterpiece which should have immortalized him. This statue now occupied Ahmed's whole attention. He studied it earnestly for many days, and not content with simply gazing at it, calculated its proportions by careful mathematical measurements. He then procured some wax and a quantity of the brown modelling clay used by sculptors. By means of the wax he made impressions of every part of the figure, and using these as models, made exact copies of them out of the clay. Then, joining together the pieces so formed, he produced a hollow mold, the true counterpart of the statue. It was not until after a number of trials that he was able to finish his work satisfactorily, many of the impressions being imperfect and having to be cast aside. But at last, after much patient labor, he triumphed. Zeydun was completely nonplussed. What new freak was about to develop itself it was beyond the power of his imagination to conjecture. He was not long left in doubt, however, for Ahmed summoned him one evening to the laboratory, and astonished him by revealing the whole mystery, speaking as follows: "You remember that in our last conversation upon this subject I mentioned a plan by which I could bring back to earth my beloved Allifra. I have tested it thoroughly, and have not been disappointed.

Listen! Human flesh, as is well known, is composed of a number of substances familiar only to those well versed in the mystic science. These substances are united in certain regular proportions, and if a proper quantity of each be reduced to the form of a solution and the compound be well agitated, then, when the particles are made to assume a proper position in regard to one another, the mass will solidify and form flesh. In spite of thy incredulity I will prove this to be true."

So saying, he placed a small cauldron upon the fire, and throwing into it the necessary ingredients bade Zeydun stir it vigorously. The philosopher, overcome by curiosity, obeyed in silence, watching intently for the phenomenon whose appearance he hardly dared to expect. He continued the stirring for some time, and was on the point of giving up, when the liquid suddenly changed its color, and curdled into a quivering, jelly-like mass. Whether the substance really was flesh or not we will not attempt to prove. Certain it is that it bore such a close resemblance to it that the pious Moslem started back in horror. Ahmed, on the other hand, shouted for joy. "Behold, oh wisest of instructors," said he, "the promised proof. Now, all that remains to complete my design is to fill yonder mold with the liquid-flesh, which, upon hardening, will form the body of a perfect woman. Within this suitable habitation I will invite the spirit of the departed to take its abode, and so I will have my Allifra back again, the same as she was in the happy days of our courtship. To-morrow night at this time you will see my triumph complete. Let us now retire."

In the course of the next twenty-four hours, Ahmed busied himself in making his final arrangements. But Zeydun had also been hard at work, and his fertile brain suggested a scheme which he hoped would succeed, not only in delivering his charge from the burden of insanity, but would also return to him the recollection of his former love. His expedient was a desperate one, and there seemed little hope of success; but the need was pressing, and he resolved to make the attempt.

At last the appointed hour arrived, and Ahmed having arranged the mold (in the middle of the room) hastened to prepare his wonderful compound. Carefully weighing the chemicals he placed them in the boiling cauldron, which was waiting to receive them, and eagerly agitated the mass. Then, when he considered that it had been sufficiently fermented, he poured it into the mold, and seating himself prepared to wait till the liquid should congeal into the long wished for form. Zeydun, now perceiving his opportunity, injected into the room a powerful lethargic vapor, and as its fumes penetrated the system of Ahmed, his head fell upon his breast and he gradually fell fast asleep. The philosopher now summoned the attendants and commanded them to remove the mold. Then producing a quantity of the clay casts which had been rejected, enough to make a complete mold, and calling Allifra, who, with Cacim and his wife, were waiting in an adjoining room, and bidding her to assume, as nearly as possible, the attitude of the statue, he encased her from head to foot with the casts. It is but a just compliment to her beauty to say that the fit proved excellent.

When Zeydun had completed his task, there stood in the middle of the room an object which appeared an ugly, shapeless mass of brown clay. But like the chrysalis, it needed only to be broken to reveal the beauty concealed within. The family now hid themselves where they could watch the sleeper, who began to show signs of returning consciousness. Slowly he raised his eyes and gazed around him in the stupid way natural to one just awakening from a sound nap. As his glance fell upon the mold he aroused himself with a start, and his face assumed an expression of hope and longing fearful in its intensity. He hesitated a moment as if dreading to make the final trial; then collecting all his courage he shivered to atoms the brittle chrysalis and disclosed to his enraptured gaze the form of Allifra, standing before him pale and beautiful, with outstretched arms, as if mutely and irresistibly appealing for a return of his old affection. Overcome with joy he extended his arms in loving welcome and then fell senseless to the floor.

Cacim and Zeydun rushed to his assistance, and when he revived, as he did a few moments after, every trace of insanity was gone, and with it all the unnatural passions which had been agitating him since his illness. The cure was perfect and permanent, at which the joy of all parties was unbounded. The wedding was soon celebrated with great pomp, and from this time to the overthrow of the Moorish empire, the ancient and honorable house of Venegas steadily increased.

D. B. D.

SPRING RAIN.

[From the German.]

I peer into the stillness of the night,
 With watchful eye,
 'Mid branches green the rain-drops patter light,
 So secretly.
 Again weeps nature till the sorrow sweet
 No tears can move,
 As weeps a maiden while her pulses beat
 With longing love.
 Yet with the morning all her tears are dry,
 Her face is bright,
 And none suspects or knows that yearning cry
 In silent night.

THE MODERN CUSTOM OF LECTURING.

THE Lyceum has of late years grown to such dimensions as to constitute an important feature of our national system. Taking its origin in our modern facilities for travel, it is, of course, of an entirely novel character; requiring for its wide extent and large success a free people, and one which has attained a considerable degree of refinement. It has reached in this nation its largest

growth. It is a system productive of many benefits; but one whose benefits are liable to be marred by many defects, a system, at the most, whose advantages far outweigh its disadvantages; but which, directed to its best use, may become one of the noblest supports of liberty, one of the most essential elements of national education, and be at once the glory and the conservative power of our nation.

The first among its benefits which we shall notice, is the fact that it tends to foster the study and improve the character of our eloquence. The printing press is fast banishing eloquence from our Congressional halls, for men speak more and more to a newspaper reading, and less and less to a visible audience. The bar is too much clogged with dry detail and tedious reference, requires sound logic and calm thought so much more than appeals to the passions, that, despite some noble examples to the contrary, it never can be a proper field for the display of eloquence.

The pulpit, from the great frequency of its addresses, a frequency which renders them wearisome alike to preacher and hearer, from the bounds in which its very sacredness confines the speaker, and from the sameness of its subject, cannot keep alive, of itself, the eloquence of a nation. The political canvas, though in many respects, better than either of the others, yet is too familiar and off-hand in its character to call forth speeches of solid and permanent value. But the Lyceum possesses few of these defects. Its audience is one eager to listen, expecting much from the speaker; its orator one whose every interest urges him to exert all his powers, and whose situation is such that he has every facility for doing so. It is lifted far above the angry waves of partisan or sectarian prejudice; it cannot be narrow or bitter. It gives the successful orator a wider fame, and thus renders his position one more worthy of labor. It must, therefore, exert a most favorable influence upon oratory, in inducing the cultivation of elegant, spirited and elevated speech.

Not that we are to look to the Lyceum for the development of the loftiest eloquence. This requires two circum-

stances which it lacks, a great occasion and a great, definite object. It required the imminent peril of an indifferent people to call forth the sublimest harmonies of Demosthenes; it needed conflicting sections, endangering the existence of our liberties, and through them, of the liberties of all men, to call forth the mightiest effort of Webster's mighty intellect, the loudest peal of his stentorian voice. But though we cannot look to the Lyceum for the production of those few masterpieces that live through all time, we can look to it for the elevation of the general character of our speaking, and an increased appreciation of, and demand for, eloquence. The next advantage which we are to expect from this custom of lecturing, is its direct educating influence upon the people. In the first place, it is of no small benefit, in itself, to have heard and criticized the most famous orators of our land. Then the intellectual effort of listening to a production of such sustained elevation of thought as a successful Lyceum lecture must be, is of no small benefit. But the benefit derived depends, of course, mainly upon the character of the sentiments uttered by the lecturer, and must be rather a moral than an intellectual one. And now the question arises as to what the tone of the Lyceum shall be. We have seen that it cannot well be narrow, sectarian or bitter. Shall it also be bold, manly, and out-spoken, inculcating what is noble, rebuking what is base, whether in the abstract or concrete, or shall it pander to popular prejudice, and seek to gratify the popular tastes? It may be said that since the audience hire the lecturer to speak, he must utter only what is pleasing to them, or not speak at all, and that there can be no such thing as independent speech in the Lyceum. This I deny. It is eloquence, not opinions that the people throng to hear. How many of those who constitute Wendell Phillips' audiences share his sentiments? How many Democrats stay away when Beecher is advertised to lecture? No, the Lyceum, though closed of course to merely partisan discussion, is open to the utterance of manly convictions, to the rebuke of great evils, to the correction and elevation of public sentiment.

Let then the lecturer take it for his high aim to instruct as well as to amuse, to awaken in the minds of his audience love and an admiration for what is lofty, and contempt for what is base ; let him

" Pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime"—

but rather give utterance to a broad and generous wisdom ; let him display a conservatism which retains of the old all that which is worth retaining, a progressiveness that is constantly seeking something nobler, purer, better ; and what a field of usefulness is open to the Lyceum in raising the ideas of our people above the narrow and mercenary range within which they are too prone to be confined, and in exciting a love and admiration for the æsthetic ; in preserving in our minds a reverence and love for liberty ; in lifting up a trumpet voice of warning when our liberties are being undermined, and of encouragement and cheer when we are defending them by force of arms ! And has not the Lyceum, to a considerable extent, fulfilled of late this mission with us ? Did it not, during the trials and discouragements of the late war, sustain and support us, showing us the real nature, and therefore the certain result of the conflict in which we were engaged ; warning us against all hollow peaces, or lying compromises, and so stirring our souls, by holding up before us the inestimable value of the liberties for which we were fighting, that we looked forward with glad joy and triumphant hope, from the gloom of the present, to the bright and ever-increasing glory of the future ? And may we not hope that the position which the Lyceum assumed in days of trouble, will not be receded from now that prosperity has returned ? May we not hope that as the lofty mountain peaks first catch the sunlight, and retain longest its lingering rays, so our eminent orators, as they have first received the dawning light of our new civilization, may be the last to lose its splendor ?

NOTABILIA.

EXCEPTION is sometimes taken to the freedom with which undergraduate journals comment upon points of discipline and methods of study. Such comments are open to the criticism of being often crude, contradictory and destructive. At the same time they serve a useful purpose. It is hardly supposable that any system of instruction or government is so complete in theory or so perfect in practice, as not to possess some very glaring faults. Even if it were perfectly adapted to one generation of students, it can hardly fail, after a time, to become obsolete in some particulars. If, now, such parts of it as are shown by practical experience to be useless, or hurtful, are pointed out by those who are most directly affected by its injurious features, the matter is at least brought to the attention of the authorities, and if the complaint appears to be well grounded, may lead to redress. Even if no such result is accomplished, it is at least desirable that students should be led to reflect a little upon subjects with which they are sufficiently familiar to form an intelligent judgment. A little thorough discussion of what is before our eyes and fully comprehended, is a vastly better discipline for practical life than reams of Sophomorical disquisitions upon the Cosmogony of the Universe.

The proposition to have a class supper at graduation is well worth taking into consideration. The present senior class has had the honor to depart from college traditions in so many ways—some creditable and some not—that it is worth considering if the class isn't bound to make amends to the college world by substituting some desirable custom in place of the many which its iconoclastic zeal has demolished. Judging from the satisfaction which graduates seem to take in their triennial feasts, we should say that a class supper would be more enjoyable than half a dozen Wooden Spoons or any other form of amusement that could be devised. The class has never

met as a whole except in lectures and class meetings, and it might be desirable to cultivate one another's acquaintance under more favorable circumstances for social feeling than those occasions afford.

The man who proposed a convention of undergraduate students of all colleges for the purpose of obtaining redress for their wrongs, is a genius of the first water. Just imagine how the tyrants who compose our college faculties would stand aghast at such an outburst of the spirit of independence. They would no longer dare to practice their petty tyrannies upon a resolute body of young men who should declare that they wouldn't be educated except in accordance with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Harvard men could meet in groups on the campus, and have societies, without being liable to a penalty. Amherst men could dance without having to appeal to the courts for protection, and Princeton men could be relieved from the burden of study hours and the obligation to pay their washerwoman's bills and *Nassau Lit.* subscriptions in advance to the college treasurer. As for ourselves, we should find it pretty difficult to find any cause for indignation except being allowed to do about as we please, but sympathy for our less favored brethren, of course, would draw our generous souls into the fray. Can it be that our unknown friend is in "blood earnest," or is he only perpetrating a sarcasm upon trades-unions and woman's-rights conventions?

The thorough knowledge of the ancient languages which is now acquired at Yale is well calculated to excite an old graduate's admiration and an upper-classman's envy. As an illustration, we may mention a report that a Freshman recently electrified a rural prayer meeting by addressing the Almighty in pure Ciceronian Latin. Whatever may have been the effect of his petition upon the Being to whom it was addressed, it certainly succeeded in impressing the immediate audience with an exalted idea of the petitioner's learning and modesty.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from Feb. 10 to March 20, including perhaps the dullest and most monotonous period of the entire year. The parties and various gaieties of the preceding month have given place to the sobrieties and observances of Lent; the frequent ringing of the church bells impressing many even of those outside the pale of the "Established Church," with a feeling of solemnity. This period has been a very sad one. The Freshman class has been a second time bereaved, by the loss of O. G. Corbin, who died of consumption Feb. 27, at his home in Succasunna, N. J. Of rare ability and an earnest Christian character, he will be greatly missed by those who knew him. More recently a gloom has been cast over the whole college by the death of Frank W. Howard, one of the most prominent and most highly esteemed members of the Junior class. It will be remembered that a year ago, owing to the very delicate state of his health, Howard was obliged to spend the winter term in Florida. He derived considerable benefit from his stay there, and since then his friends, though somewhat apprehensive lest college duties and confinements might prove too severe, had anticipated no sudden or serious attack. About a month and a half ago he left college and returned to his home in Brooklyn with a cold, which, in consequence of the exposure of the journey, settled upon his lungs and resulted in rapid consumption. After a somewhat painful illness, he passed away quietly, in the midst of his friends, on Saturday evening, March 16. Next morning the sad intelligence spread throughout college and fell like a blow not only upon his own class, but also upon many others who had known him in college and at school in Northampton. Grave and thoughtful beyond his years, but of genial manners and attractive person, prominent in social life, manly and independent to such a degree as sometimes, perhaps, to have given offense, as a friend, exceedingly amiable and disinterested, as a Christian, conscientious and devoted, can we wonder that his classmates should seem so deeply afflicted by their bereavement, and should gather sadly at his distant burial? His name shall always be kept fresh in our hearts. May his short but faithful life, spent in his Master's service, excite in us, his associates, a love of purity and excellence, and suggest to our thoughts a nobler ideal of manhood. We deem it a privilege to be allowed this opportunity of paying our tribute of affection and admiration to the memory of an old schoolmate and a very dear friend. The

funeral services, which were most appropriate and touching, were conducted by Mr. Beecher on Tuesday afternoon at the house. The remains were interred at Greenwood Cemetery. At a class meeting held Sunday afternoon, March 17, a committee was appointed which has presented the following resolutions: *Whereas*, God in his Providence has taken from us our classmate, Frank W. Howard, *Resolved*, That in the death of our late friend and companion we have lost one who, by his manly qualities and Christian life, won our admiration and love. *Resolved*, That while we mourn our loss, we are yet thankful that we were so long permitted to enjoy his endearing social qualities and the influence of his example. *Resolved*, That we extend to the family our heartfelt sympathy in their deep affliction. *Resolved*, That this expression of our attachment and sympathy be forwarded to them and that the customary badge of mourning be worn by the class for thirty days. In behalf of the class, T. Armstrong Bent, Atwood Collins, W. D. Crocker, W. F. McCook, C. H. Thomas, committee. Among the most prominent of the college items for the past month we notice the Chemistry Annual of the Senior class, held in Alumni Hall Feb. 17—at which some were caught skinning and some were not,—Washington's birthday, welcome half holiday, with its parade of bangers, each attended by a Freshman; likewise St. Patrick's Day with its procession, and lastly the great number of public lectures held within a few weeks—including the interesting course upon Art by Prof. Eaton, now almost finished, the lectures under the auspices of the Scientific School, Dr. Rimmer's lecture upon Comparative Anatomy, Feb. 9, the lecture upon Michael Angelo by Prof. Niemeyer, March 6, Mr. Beecher's talks with the Theologues concluded March 1, ex-President Woolsey's lectures on Heathen Religions, &c., &c. We see also that the ten men who were suspended some weeks ago, because some one was hit by some one with a snow-ball, have returned. We are glad to hear that they have had a delightful visit, but how provoking for the *eleventh man* who was assured, we understand, that he also would have been suspended *if only there had been evidence against him* by reliable witnesses! Oh! how lucky for the New Haven landladies that these vigorous measures have been in force only this winter when the snow has been so very scarce and the snow-balling so very limited! Last season, assuredly, under such an administration as the present, it would have been lonely enough and peaceful enough too for the few maimed ones and still fewer saints left in town. The vast number of letters which, report has it, have been sent home by division officers of late, was not so well calculated to gladden the parent's heart, as was news, to those interested, of the

Junior Prize Speakers,

Whose names were announced on Tuesday, March 12. These are as follows: W. Beebe, E. S. Cowles, R. W. Daniels, H. M. Denslow, W. A. Houghton, H. W. Lathe, H. W. Lyman, E. S. Miller, S. O. Prentice and F. B. Tarbell. Of these, Cowles, Houghton, Lyman and Prentice, wrote upon "The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu"; Beebe, Denslow, Lathe and Tarbell, upon "The Iconoclastic Spirit of the Present Age"; Daniels and Miller upon "The International Society." We were glad to see that all of the new Lit. board were among the successful competitors. The articles were handed in to Prof. Northrop, Feb. 29. Thirteen were upon "Richelieu," which was the most popular subject; while neither "Plato and Aristotle," or "The Spanish Rule in Cuba," was chosen by any of the competitors. From Junior appointments we pass to the

Sophomore Composition Prizes,

Announced in Chapel Feb. 16, as follows: 1st—O. F. Aldis, T. W. Grover, E. W. Southworth, A. D. Whittemore. 2d—E. R. Dunham, T. F. Leighton, H. H. Ragan, A. Wilcox. 3d—E. L. Curtis, G. F. Doughty, J. C. Sellers, John W. Peck and T. P. Wickes. The successful writers made the following choice of subjects: "Wordsworth and his Friends," Doughty, Dunham, Grover, Sellers and Southworth; "Organization of Labor against Capital," Aldis, Leighton, Ragan and Whittemore; "Decay of the Mohammedan Power," Curtis, Peck and Wilcox; "Respect for Precedent," Wickes. Of the thirteen announced, eleven are said to belong to the first division, and the standard of the essays is reported to be very good. More valuable than the composition prizes, we hope, will be the prizes which are to be offered for superiority in the

Athletic Games at Hamilton Park,

Which the boating and ball authorities announce for the third Wednesday, or thereabouts, of next term. This exhibition proposed for the sake of awakening an interest in sports, preparatory to the boating and ball campaigns, will consist of running and walking matches, hurdle races, a sack race, jumping of various kinds, throwing the ball, &c. The prizes will be open to the whole University, and all are invited to be present and to bring their lady friends. We hope that this proposition will be carried out and will greatly promote the cause of

Base Ball,

At present in a pretty hopeful condition. The Nine has safely weathered examinations thus far and there seems little danger now that any one will leave us by the way—an event which seemed somewhat probable at one time. The financial affairs under the energetic management of the officers are very prosperous. Last year's debts, including even the personal traveling expenses of the Nine, have been liquidated in full. The pitching alley, which cost \$147, has been paid for, and the efforts of the subscription agent—now nearly completed—are thought sufficient to meet all the demands of the coming season. Gymnasium practice has been commenced and will be continued until the end of the term. The Secretary will correspond at once with the leading clubs, and many interesting games may be expected with clubs represented and clubs not represented in the

Amateur Convention,

Which assembled in Masonic Hall, New York, on Wednesday evening, March 13. Captain Deming of Yale was present, and brought back a report of the proceedings. A quorum of the clubs composing the old association not being represented, a new organization was effected by the fifteen clubs who had sent delegates. Among these were the Stars, Excelsiors, Rose Hills, and most of the best amateur clubs of the country, with the exception of Harvard, which was not represented. A new set of officers was chosen, the constitution and rules of the previous association amended in some unimportant particulars, a proposition to purchase a steamer or silver ball as the emblem of championship, rejected, after which the convention adjourned to meet again in New York on the fifteenth of next March. We may as well, in this connection, notice the college meeting which was held in the President's lecture room, March 6, to arrange a game of football with Columbia. C. Deming, '72, Schaff and McCook, '73, were appointed a committee for this purpose; but upon enquiry it was found, that information received was incorrect, and that Columbia was not in a condition to play us.

Boating

Interests, also, as well as ball, seem to be entrusted to excellent hands and are looking up. We learn from the President that during the past month several crews have been faithfully at work in the Gymnasium.

There is not manifested, however, among the class crews the interest that ought to be expected from men enthusiastically supported. From which we infer that there is a lack of hearty support from the classes. The captain of the University crew is working up a dozen men in a manner which evinces a resolute intention of meeting all the demands of the coming contest; and the subscription list has been circulated with satisfactory results. While appreciating the importance of contributions, the boating men earnestly request one more favor from the college at large, and that is a hearty and demonstrative encouragement of the efforts being made to regain lost honors. The barge races, to take place in May and the shell races in June, it is hoped, will give considerable stimulus to boating. Mr. White, the "ancient mariner," has offered a cup valued at \$25, for the first prize in a single scull race. It has been suggested by a certain Senior that a prize swimming match be added to the programme of races. There are a number of individuals in college, who, we hope, will compete if this suggestion is carried out and will also *practice* as often as possible. The convention has been called to meet at Worcester April 12; so that our next issue will contain positive information of the time, place, &c., of the regatta. Quite different from boating conventions was the meeting of the

Taylor Rhetorical Society,

Which held its second public exercises in the Marquand Chapel last Wednesday evening. The chapel was nearly filled with an attentive audience of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were several professors of the seminary and of the academical department. Mr. Geo. O. Whitney read selections from Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and Mr. J. S. Chandler an essay entitled "A Mountain Sanitarium." Messrs. G. W. Benjamin and G. A. P. Gilman maintained the affirmative, and J. S. Ives and A. H. Adams the negative, in a discussion upon the justice of the condemnation of the old man in the spelling book who stoned the boy out of his apple tree. Mr. Clayton Wells delivered an oration upon the duties of "Laymen." The lack of early culture in such a society as the preceding was plainly manifest among those elderly gentlemen who attended the recent

Meeting of the Yale Corporation,

On Wednesday, March 13. The principal object of the meeting was to take action upon the report of the committee appointed last summer to consider the subject of the admission of the Alumni to a share in the

management of the college. The report of that committee was accepted and the corporation voted to recommend to the legislature at its coming session a few changes in the act passed at the last session in reference to the admission of the alumni. The corporation also—aroused somewhat perhaps by the thought that this proposed change in the management of the college, must soon work a revolution in some of the old regulations and traditions—themselves made a few alterations of interest to the students. And, first, we are delighted to announce that the ridiculous, scandalous, old matriculation oath which confesses its own absurdity and which the conscientious signed only through fear of dismissal, is now obsolete. We give the old “engagement,” as it was called, and below the simpler, more appropriate promise which has superseded it: *I promise on condition of being admitted as a member of Yale College, on my faith and honor, to obey all the laws and regulations of this college; particularly that I will faithfully avoid intemperance, profanity, gaming and all indecent, disorderly behavior, and disrespectful conduct to the Faculty, and all combinations to resist their authority; as witness my hand.* The amendment is as follows: *I hereby acknowledge the obligation on my part, while I remain connected with Yale College,—of which by this act I become a member,—to submit to the authority of the Corporation and the Faculty.* The obnoxious hotel regulation also was repealed and the matter left in the hands of the faculty, so that in all probability students will be allowed hereafter to board wherever they choose. The committee on the building of a new chapel was reorganized and President Porter placed at its head. And a grant of \$2,000 was voted for the purchase of apparatus for the department of Physics and Chemistry. The Sunday service question was also discussed, but no very definite action taken. There are for the past six weeks a number of

Items.

Which deserve notice. The college pulpit was filled Sunday, Feb. 11, by Dr. Harris; Feb. 18, by Dr. Walker and Mr. Wilder I. Smith, formerly tutor; Feb. 25, by Dr. Harris and ex-Pres. Woolsey; Mar. 3, by ex-Pres. Woolsey and his son-in-law, Mr. Hermance; Mar. 10, by Mr. Twichell of Hartford; and March 17, by Dr. Gould of Worcester.—The sixth Berkeley sermon was delivered on Sunday, Feb. 18, by Dr. Washburn; and the seventh Feb. 25, by Dr. Schenck of Brooklyn. Bishop Williams will preach the last of the series Sunday evening, March 24.—The President held a reception at his house Monday

evening, Feb. 12, and another March 11. Both were very pleasant occasions to the many assembled. We hope that the Theologue, who, at a recent reception, theological or otherwise, conducted a lady to the refreshment room and then left her to take care of herself, has not yet recovered from the feelings of humility which he ought to entertain; nor let him suppose that he explained his neglect by intimating to the lady that he "forgot all about her."—We understand that the Theological faculty have expressed, by vote, to Mr. Beecher, their appreciation and approbation of his lectures.—The Seniors have obtained possession of all the signs used in the Marquand Chapel during these lectures.—The Yale Glee Club sang at the exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's wax works, in Music Hall, March 8.—Ex-President Woolsey's six lectures upon the Heathen Religions, are held in the Marquand Chapel on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at 7 o'clock.—Dr. Jones, the member of the Corporation, who died a week ago, was settled in Southington, Conn., for thirty-five years.—Ex-President Woolsey was elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club, London, Feb. 9.—The Geological Society of London, has awarded the Wollaston Medal for the present year, to Prof. Dana, for eminence in Geology and Mineralogy.—President Porter has been criticized for changing the definitions of certain political terms in the last edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The critic claims that the changes were made in war times, to accord with party spirit.—The dark lecture of Prof. Loomis to the Juniors was interrupted by some disorder, and the class summarily dismissed.—Gamma Nu held a jubilee Saturday evening, Feb. 10. The programme was as follows: Declamation, J. H. Cook; Oration, subject—"Progress in Ideas of Force," C. F. Cutter; Extempore address, G. H. Holden; Papers edited by G. H. Benton and W. H. Hotchkiss. The attendance of Alumni members was very large, and the interest was great. Addresses were made by Messrs. Chatfield, '66, Wells, '68, Heaton and Shirley, '69, Chandler, '70, Mansfield and Dudley, '71, and others. Mr. Chatfield offered prizes of fifteen and ten dollars in books, in case the society would hold a public prize debate. Messrs. Beach, '72, and Vaille, '73, were appointed a committee to superintend the publication of a new edition of Society songs.—The Literary Society of '74 have chosen the following officers for the present term:—President, H. H. Ragan; Vice-President, J. B. Whiting; Secretary, C. J. Harris; Editors, H. B. B. Stapler and J. C. Sellers.—President Porter attended a reunion of Yale Alumni in Newark, Feb. 9.—The judges of award for the Porter prize have been selected. The President chooses Professors Saulsbury and Fisher; the Association, ex-President Woolsey. Articles

are to be handed in during the first week of next term. — Commons rejoices in a letter box. — Mr. Fitch, Prof. Coe, and Tutor Heaton constitute the new Reading Room Committee. — Feb. 22, the Governor and others made an annual visit to the Scientific School. Their reports are very satisfactory. — Upon the same day Prof. Marsh gave the Connecticut Academy an extended account of the last expedition to the plains. — The Linonian Juniors have chosen the following subject for prize debate: "Is Froude's treatment of Thomas Cromwell just?" — Hannibal and Candy Sam have had a slight altercation, but no blows. — The weather reports are placed in the reading room every other day by Prof. Loomis. Which reminds us that that worthy was seen, one slippery Sunday morning, recently, impinging himself full length on the sidewalk with very considerable force, while hat, cane, spectacles, &c., bounded in parabolic curves toward the gutter, illustrating very strikingly the law of centrifugal motion. — Commons celebrated Washington's birthday with a royal feast. — Sigma Eps. indulged in a spread Saturday evening, Feb. 24th, and a grand entertainment at Delta Kap., Saturday, March 16, is reported. — J. P. Ord, '73, has been elected Class Historian, in place of H. W. Lyman, resigned. — The third thousand of Yale Almanacs has been called for. — The Juniors have chosen Oaks President of the class boat club, in place of Boyce, resigned. — A party of Seniors took a geological trip to West Rock, Saturday, March 16. — Prof. Hoppin has recently delivered, gratuitously, an able course of lectures on eloquence and style, at the Yale Law School. — A Senior was seen lately promenading Chapel street with the Nine of Hearts on his back, in a conspicuous place. — Geology recitations began Feb. 19, and lectures Feb. 21. Botany lectures, Feb. 24; medical, Feb. 26. On Monday, March 11, a subject was introduced for the purpose of better illustrating the position and movements of the muscles. — The course of medical lectures to the Senior class is concluded with the lecture Friday, March 22. We doubt not that all have learned by this time that the only way to enjoy the *mens sana* is to cultivate the "*sana*" *corpus* according to directions. — A Senior, in a recent recitation, said that the Turks were not Mohammedans, and judging from the very cheerful appearance of the division that he must have been misinformed, thought he had remedied the matter by explaining, after recitation, that he thought the question related to the Mongrels (Mongols?).

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

The Senior Engineers under the direction of Mr. Bach, V. S. C. S., are surveying with the plane table the grounds recently presented to the

college. — Both classes in the Select course are studying Shakespeare. Junior Selects and Chemists have been into Chemistry Annual. — Great excitement is felt in the School over the Olympian games. — Boating interests are absolutely stagnant from want of a proper officer invested by the School with authority to select and train a crew. Unless this is done immediately, the present aspirants will begin to lose their interest, and our former reputation will be endangered.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Publishers will oblige us by sending books directly to "The Yale Literary Magazine," New Haven, Conn.

Those who have not yet paid their subscription to the LIT. are reminded that this "little bill" is now over-due. The present Board desire to close their accounts before the expiration of this term, and have authorized their subscription agent to wait upon delinquents.

NEW BOOKS.

Our English Bible and its Ancestors. By TREADWELL WALDEN. 1871. Pp. 231. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The Cranial Affinities of Man and the Ape. By Prof. RUD. VIRCHOW. 1872. Pp. 54. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: Chatfield & Co.

Northern Lands; or, Young America in Russia and Prussia. By OLIVER OPTIC. 1872. Pp. 360. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We have read in Macaulay of an Italian criminal who was suffered to choose between Guicciardini and the galleys; but who, having selected the former, gave out when he reached the war of Pisa, and took to the oar. We would like to start that individual upon a course of Oliver Optic, as a scientific experiment. We might commence the operation by presenting to him the "Riverdale Stories," complete in twelve volumes, and profusely illustrated from new designs by Billings. We might follow up the attack with the "Army and Navy Stories," the "Starry Flag Series," and the "Boat Club Series," which contains that delicious morsel, "Now or Never; or, the Adventures of Bobby Bright." And we prophesy that long before the wretched man had reached the second series of "Young America Abroad," he would be beyond the power of human law. From what region these works are produced in such overwhelming numbers we are unable to conjecture. Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth alone, can undertake to compete with Oliver in titles, and in the number of his pages we can confidently assert that he admits of no parallel. It is a source of profound gratification to us, therefore, that all his books are exactly alike. For all that the reviewer needs to do is to give the author's name, and wherever Mr. Optic has succeeded in getting himself puffed, all infants and Freshmen will hail with delight the choice volume, which does not differ by a punctuation mark from the myriads which have preceded it.

We have received the usual number and the usual variety of Exchanges—from the *Atlantic* down to the *Acorn*; or, we may say, from the *Nassau Lit.*, as it ranks itself, to the *Nassau Lit.*, as estimated by its friends.

The *Radical* for 1872, presents many attractive features to those who are at all in its way of thinking. And others, who desire to know what the leading minds of "Free" or "Rational Religion" are saying on the various open questions of religion and theology, will find its pages well worthy of their attention.

The *Home Journal* is by no means merely a society paper. Its literary notes and general criticisms are able and interesting.

We see that a new board of editors assumes charge of the *Advocate*. We hope that they will be as successful as their predecessors in making their paper entertaining. The graduating editors feel sure "that the increasing interest exhibited in their paper cannot fail to sustain the reputation it has already acquired, as being one of the most prosperous and thriving little sheets in the college world." We subscribe to the sentiment, so far as we understand it, and, at the same time, we extend our sympathy to the departing editors who, affected by the nature of their position, and confused by grief, struggle manfully, we will believe, to express themselves. But we suggest also to the new board that it would be well to allow this "prosperous and thriving little sheet" to sustain its own reputation, and not seem to leave this duty to be performed in some inexplicable manner by any "increasing interest" that may chance to be manifested for its pages.

Among the best of the college papers we place the *Chronicle* from Michigan University. It furnishes a good many sensible articles, and its items are often humorous and instructive.

According to the *Advocate*, Harvard men carry off wine glasses and decanters of value from hotel dining rooms. We have noticed for some time that they have peculiar ideas of wit up there.

The *Evening Post*, of Feb. 26, gives a report of public exercises held by the students of Princeton, in celebration of Washington's birthday. It highly commends the closing speech, made by the representative of the Senior class, and quotes his "forcible" peroration as follows: "If you plant an acorn in a flower vase, one of two things must happen; the acorn will die, or it will burst the vessel. This acorn Washington planted when he said, 'Give my slaves their liberty.' But that seed did not die. It sprang up and burst the clay vessel of slavery. It spread its kindly branches over the whole of our free country. And now, under its protecting shade, the long-oppressed negro prospers in his freedom." It seems scarcely necessary to suggest that the illustration quoted is more striking than original. The eloquent Senior of Princeton might well have imitated the example of Wendell Phillips, who employed the same illustration, but appropriately ascribed to Goethe the credit of the conception.

The New Haven *Daily News*, on receiving a copy of the Yale Naught-ical Almanac, thus alliterates: "THE YALE NAUGHT-ICAL ALMANAC FOR 1872: C. C. Chatfield & Co., New Haven. As candid critics we cannot conceal our compliments to C. C. C. & Co., and the commonwealth of Connecticut, on the completion of this commendable contribution to the catalogue of contemporaneous comicalities. The contents consist of cuts, crack-brained and captivating corruscations of comical conceits; a calendar with concise, correct, complete and careful calculations by competent collegians; a conglomerated collection of curious circumstances, consequences and contingencies; collectively made comely with captivating cuts of cunning conception, comprising cauterizing caricatures on college celebrities, that carry convulsing conviction of conspicuous correctness. Cheap for 35 cents."

A "Curator" has been appointed at a salary of \$2.50 a week, to take care of the Harvard reading room. One more name to be added to the faculty of the catalogue.

A widower in despair thus expresses his feelings: "I, marry! I can't marry one much older than myself, for, then when I am old, my wife will be a tottering, helpless mate. To marry a widow with seven small children, won't do; for then *her* children will never agree with *my* ten boys. I can't marry a

fashionable girl, for I wouldn't have any wife. Only think of it! Girls now-a-days—what are they? They go about our streets with a waterfall on their heads, *hay rakes* in their hair, *Saratoga Springs* all over under their gowns, *steel springs* under their feet, with *braces, hooks, pins, cotton bales, chalk, paint, false teeth*, Egyptian and Japan *switches*, and dead folks hair in addition, add to these the innumerable straps, cords, strings, pulleys and stuffed straw, or *gutta percha* stick-out-behind arrangements, for 'grecian benders,' and what would I have left for a wife?"

It is stated on good authority (it pains us to announce), that Mr. Charles Goodwin and Sarah Goodwin, his wife, and James Goodwin, aged seven years and three months, will kindle fires with kerosene no more.

The *Courant* informs us that in the collection of hymns used in the chapel, may be found the following:

" Yet Noah, humble, happy saint
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in the Ark secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through,"

Dialogue at a recent "Law of Love" recitation in the President's lecture room:

Pres.—"If you were standing on the end of a pier and saw some one struggling in the water, would you consider it right to plunge in to the rescue at the risk of your life?"

Student—"Yes, sir—no, sir."

Pres.—"Do you think one is ever justified in sacrificing his life in order to save life?"

Student—"No, sir."

Pres.—"What would you say of the old hero who leaped into the gulf to save his country?"

Student—"Well—I suppose he hadn't studied Hopkins."

A Yale Senior who was very intimately associated with the following adventure, vouches for the truth of his description: A portion "ob de white element of our population," a few nights since, attended the exercises at Little Union. Albeit they be sober men, when the preacher painted the picture of "Baalam a-ridin' on his beast wid de angel ob de Lord a-blockheadin' ob de way," and "Balaam a clubbin' dat yer beast," and "de unlocking ob his jor," with the words that follow, "'Wha' for ye club me dese fo' times?' An den Baalam saw de angel an said 'guess I'd better go home'." At this point the pale faces cracked several smiles. The preacher stopped and told one of the visitors "dat although he could read de biggest book out, he'd better smood out dat smile or he'd get put out shuah." Another was more unfortunate, for after contributing \$1.50 to the support of the church, he was unceremoniously "trowed out" for being too fervent in his devotions. As he departed, he heard rising behind him the "strains" of

"Splunged in a gulf ob dark despair."

We must apologize for the delay in the issue of the present number. Perhaps the fact that the Seniors have been writing their Commencement pieces during the past month, and the Juniors, until very recently, have been absorbed in their exhibition speeches, will be accepted as sufficient explanation. Contrary to our custom we have this month, owing to the lack of contributions, inserted an article on hand from a graduate.

G. R.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum meus gratia manet, nomen laudisque VALENTES
Canticum Soboles, unanimique PAYRES."

APRIL, 1872.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII.

APRIL, 1872.

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE,

JOHN H. HINCKS,

CHARLES C. DEMING,

CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,

GEORGE RICHARDS.

THE CRITICAL SPIRIT.

THE disposition to criticise is readily developed. The requisite ability for discreet criticism is of slow attainment. The power to lay aside at will all endeavor to criticise is not easily exercised when the habit of criticising has once been formed. Accepting these statements as true, we perceive that those whose minds are more or less imbued with the critical spirit may be grouped under four different classes.

In the first class we might include the incompetent, who are disposed to criticise, and who are, apparently, unable to view anything otherwise than with the design of criticism. That the immediate tendency of collegiate training is to increase the number of this class is obvious. The close thinking and sharp analysis required in order to do justice to the earlier studies of the course develop very rapidly the desire for nice discrimination, whilst the progress in gaining information is comparatively slow. The many worthless criticisms of undergraduates, whose desire to exhibit their acumen more than keeps pace with the obtaining of the necessary *data* for competent criticism,

emanate from this class of writers and speakers. No one will hesitate to admit that it is essential to a true education to awaken an ardent desire for criticism, as the mind being thus quickened more readily appropriates exact information, and becomes in due time competent to judge for itself and others. This does not imply, however, that scathing criticisms should be uttered daily by those who have scarcely taken time for reflection, and who are entirely unfit to judge, but rather that it is eminently proper for those who are at the threshold of knowledge to exercise their powers upon familiar subjects, venturing only an occasional opinion upon other topics, and submitting to authority until the range of personal experience and observation is so enlarged as to warrant original views.

The many inane specimens of criticism which are thrust upon the public through the press owe their authorship to that host of book reviewers, critics of acting, sermonizing, lecturing and music, who, knowing a very little of everything and everything of nothing, may justly be included in this first class. Pecuniary necessities induce them to view everything critically, and the habit thus acquired combined with ignorance precludes the possibility of their entering into the enjoyment of the really excellent because they do not know that it is good, and hesitate to deliver themselves up to enjoy what may be inferior. They can neither afford much gratification to others, nor find real pleasure in criticism itself, for this is reserved to the masters in the art. When criticism becomes, from long indulgence, without proper investigation of the subjects discussed, habitual and untrustworthy, it conduces to an unquiet and unsatisfied state of mind characteristic of many with whom we come in contact.

We may regard as composing the second class those who, realizing their incompetency, have the disposition to criticise but are able to lay aside the critical spirit at will. The innumerable defects which are too apparent to escape the notice of the merest tyro, in almost everything with which we have to do, are passed over in silence by this

class of men, and that which would annoy one who has less control of his critical spirit, is resolutely lost sight of. Slight errors in grammatical construction, or a lack of purity in style will so offend the taste of some that a speaker can no longer be heard by them with pleasure. The incorrect sounding of a few notes of a musical composition is remembered by many when the excellence of the performance as a whole is forgotten. The trifling blemishes are sought for, dwelt upon, and made the basis of remark. Those who are incapable of thrusting aside that which is of less moment, fail to realize the enjoyment resulting to that class who criticise when they please, and when they choose to bid criticism be silent find their will obeyed. To enjoy the treasures of nature and art one must be able instinctively to thrust out that which offends, and to appropriate the larger meed of good. Avowed skeptics are usually those who have looked upon the different religious creeds and observances with the critical spirit, not expecting immediate good from them, but curious to know whether good might possibly be had by accepting them. Perceiving defects in all systems they pronounce them alike shams. The larger class of believers are those who acknowledge themselves incompetent to render a final judgment upon the points discussed, but make criticism subordinate to an enjoyment of that which has become the most acceptable by trial.

The few and the fortunate comprising the third class are those who, disposed to criticise, are withal quite competent to do so in their branch of learning or business with satisfaction to themselves and others. We are at once reminded not only of those gifted men of our own land, but of the patient investigators for truth abroad, whose contributions to the world in science, literature, art and invention have told how critically and accurately they have wrought in their several departments of labor. The world owes much to such men for pointing out the beauties and blemishes, in order that others may appreciate more fully that which is worthy, and make some strenuous efforts to overcome deficiencies. The critical

spirit of the educated Germans is developed so highly, and their investigation is so thorough on all subjects which they discuss, that their criticism demands our highest respect, but it may be said that their own pleasure is pre-eminently that derived from criticism itself.

Turning from that class of active minds who are said to possess the critical spirit when it might more truly be remarked that it possesses them, we consider, finally, those who might be comprised within the fourth class, men whose disposition to criticise and whose unquestioned ability to do so, are at all times subservient to their own will. We can conceive of no higher type of critic. At one time deriving all the satisfaction which can arise from criticism itself; at another remaining passive, as it were, whilst impressed with all that appeals to the cultivated taste. If it be thought necessary that good critics should inspect deliberately that which is presented, applying all the rules known to govern, and if it be further desired that they be capable of entering into the feelings and emotions which the thing criticised is calculated to produce, we recognize in this fourth class the men who conform to this ideal.

Culture renders them susceptible to pleasures which the unlearned and uncultivated cannot know. The sensibilities are neither shackled nor allowed too great range, but that control of the critical spirit preserved, which enables them to partake of the keenest enjoyment to be derived from created good. The ambition to attain this height cannot be otherwise than laudable. Every man can determine how far he has already advanced. If one finds himself criticising indiscriminately, and is conscious of his own ignorance, it will prove an inestimable advantage to him and to his fellows if he will confine his attention to something he does understand and in that direction exert all his powers. If he would extend his field of view and has the opportunity for reading and observation he may, after a time, have reason to consider himself prepared to discuss still other themes. Whilst one is thus becoming a competent critic, he will ensure himself more

satisfaction and be a more desirable companion, if he frequently lay aside the critical spirit when study hours are ended, and surrender himself to the enjoyment of that presented, regardless of its minor defects.

Because it is our life-work to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge, and to investigate critically both for ourselves and others, it by no means follows that we should allow ourselves to be ever presiding as judges at courts of enquiry.

ON LAZINESS.

"—— Whate'er smack'd of 'noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

THOMSON'S "*Castle of Indolence*."

WE are lazy; we own the soft impeachment. Nay, we glory in our infirmity. Laziness hath her victories no less than war. Do not blame us for using the feminine adjective. We do so deliberately and advisedly, and in no uncomplimentary way. Far be it from us to suggest the possibility of an imperfection in the sex to which we pay unconditional allegiance. It is because we honor the attribute, and intend to magnify it, that we lift it to the rank of the virtues and graces, and make it a She.

Laziness is like a college; it has degrees. And a little laziness, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. There is sloth, for example. The sluggard is one of the lazy man's poor relations—a kind of "hanger on the skirts of power." He is a very contemptible creature. He excites in us a feeling similar to that aroused by the habitual punster—the man who is constantly aiming at wit and rarely hitting it. Yet the punster is occasionally useful; for he furnishes a topic for conversation and an object for abuse. And when he is inordinately prolific we can laugh at the man, and he will give all the credit to the joke. But for the sluggard we have not a single good word. He may as

well follow the original direction and "go to the ant," whom he will doubtless discover in the nearest sugar-bowl in a state of beastly intoxication.

Then there is the sleepy man. He is not quite so bad as the sluggard, but very little better. At any rate, he is usually out of our way, and only annoys us when we innocently amuse ourselves by waking him up. If it gives him any satisfaction to wander around in a condition of utter vacancy, let him reap the full benefit of his illusion. If we cannot admire him, we can at least endure him.

Genuine laziness, however, is an admirable trait. Don't dispute us; we have experienced it, and we know how it—that is, we are able to appreciate its merits. It abounds in passive virtues. It is a great economizer. It saves an immense amount of wear-and-tear of body and wear-and-tear of mind. Who asks the lazy man to shut the door or to turn down the light, unless he asks it "as a trifling jest?" Such a reputation frees one from a thousand ills that other flesh is heir to. The situation is accepted. The laws of the Medes and Persians are transient and variable compared with such a character, and the everlasting hills a fading phantom. The mountain must come to Mahomet, or Mahomet will never have the pleasure of its acquaintance.

After the arduous duties of a college day, we enter the snug precincts of our sky-parlor; we draw up our most comfortable rocking-chair before the large open fire-place, in which our accommodating chum has prepared a cheerful yet not inebriated fire. Our worthy partner enters, and bustles around as usual. It tires us to watch him, and yet the sight has ever a kind of fascination. He brings out his best coat—hung upon a rainbow which formerly half enveloped a flour barrel; and his black pantaloons, carefully turned inside out, doubtless to prevent them from being stolen—an unnecessary precaution. He proceeds to occupy his broad-cloth tenement. How interesting the process. How beautiful the fairy-like gloves, No. nine! How spotless the Ethiopian boots! How chaste the lavender tie that binds his wind-pipe! We toil not,

neither do we spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was never arrayed like this chum of ours. He removes any false impressions which may exist in the crown of his beaver. He says he is going to make a call, and passes out into the gloomy entry. We "make an effort" and lock the door, and we are alone.

And now it is our turn. There, in that silent room, we have a call all to ourselves. We invoke the fairest divinity that ever blessed this lonely star. We can consult our taste in every particular. Whatsoever is lovely, pure and of good report, beauty, grace, wit, the charm of sympathy and the rapture of love—all are mingled in our companion. Not unawares, we are entertaining an angel. Our conversation never flags. We choose our own topics, and drop them at will. We are never beaten by a repartee. We are never repulsed, or deceived, or mocked. We always have the last word. If you call this a vague and unsubstantial pleasure, we assert that mind is superior to matter in the intensity, no less than in the nobility of its operations; and if you prefer the reality, you must content yourself with an inferior article. But perhaps we have enjoyed our visit enough. Well, it is over. No looking at watches; no general hand-shaking; no exchanging hats and forgetting umbrellas; one embrace, as long and ardent as we please, and our call is ended.

We might dwell at length upon the subjective pleasures of laziness, but we must refer briefly to some of its objective benefits. It is like charity, for it covers a multitude of sins. It furnishes an impenetrable cloak to stupidity. The lazy man always assents. He never attempts to find out the truth for himself. • He is content to accept everything on the authority of his grandfather. Neither does he desire to investigate the signification of any statement. What does it signify? He receives it as reliable, and is satisfied. And so, when the mightiest intellects are staggered, he wears such an air of calm appreciation, that the uninitiated are wont to ascribe to him the wisdom of Minerva. The brightest witticisms, the keenest sarcasms he hears with such an intelligent smile, that he almost deceives himself into believing that he understands them.

Laziness covers insensibility too. It transforms a brute into a stoic, and gives the man of rough and heartless nature the reputation of a philosopher. We have known of men whose slightest remark was considered oracular, for the simple reason that their feeble minds seldom produced an idea. And we have known a man to be regarded as a deep well of sympathy, into whom his classmates have poured out their souls, when he was receptive merely because he was empty.

Laziness, moreover, is an effectual mask for incapacity. It is a great thing to be able to say, in regard to a man, that he has never made a failure. A practical man might be tempted to observe that it is better to be active and enterprising, and to be occasionally unsuccessful, than to have no ambition at all; but we are philosophical, and know better. Let us dream and speculate, and our achievements will be all the more brilliant, because they are unreal. And meanwhile we are having greatness thrust upon us. Our classmates nudge each other, when we saunter leisurely into the recitation-room, and say, "There's Old Blank now; what a head he has! a regular genius! That man could be a celebrity. Why doesn't he go in for the LIT. Medal, or the Valedictory, or the Class Oration? If he wasn't so intolerably lazy he could be anything he chose." And we, placing our hat carefully on the window seat, chuckle to ourself, and muse over the fallibility of mortals. We do not want to be anything—else. "All is vanity," said Solomon; and surely our advantages are not superior to his. So we glide peacefully down the stream of life, as Antony's galleys floated down the Cydnus—our senses wrapped in blissful satiety, and our comrades chanting our praises along the vine-clad shores.

Then there is an additional blessing coming in just here. For should the lazy man spur himself up to an exertion, the very fact that the effort is unusual, gives it unusual credit. We do not expect a fourth division man to make a rush, and when such an accident happens, it calls forth our profoundest admiration; and if we, departing from

our normal character, assume the role of a *littérateur*, and write you a LIT. article, don't view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by, and give us a palm branch with which to fan ourself to rest after the exertion.

We had thought to prolong our task by considering a few more of the advantages of this admirable trait. Laziness is like necessity, for it is the mother of invention. How fertile it is in excuses for delinquencies! How interesting the self-assurance, which is its inevitable offspring? The lazy man, moreover, by never learning anything at all, never learns any bad. He avoids those perplexing theories which Hopkins tells us are all wrong. He does not crowd his brain with scientific speculations, which the coming age is destined to make merry over. He does not disturb himself about political questions, which will all be decided without his assistance. He is not a busybody. He never pokes his fingers into his neighbor's pie. He never pokes them into anything, if he can help it. He is never far away from his headquarters. You always know just where to find him: and you rarely find him engaged. He is never sorry for what he has done, for he has never done anything. He is never disappointed, for he never has any plans to pursue. Finally, like us, he spares you the infliction of a long-winded article, because, when he arrives at this point, he is *too lazy* to finish it, and is content to offer his best, and all-sufficient apology, and subscribe himself,

A LAZY MAN.



THE BURNING OF WARWICK CASTLE,

Sunday, December 3d, 1871.

On crystal Avon's peaceful shore
The silvery morn is faintly dawning,
Where, save the music of the cascade's roar
No sound disturbs the Sabbath morning.
No sound save when the wintry breeze,
As if in terror, checks its flying,
A tale prophetic whispers to the trees,
And shivering, heeds not their replying.

Now from the folds of early gloom,
 Its shrouded grandeur half concealing,
 The ivy-covered walls of Warwick loom,
 Three battlemented towers revealing.
 Nine hundred years have rolled away
 Since Ethelflede, King Alfred's daughter,
 Here, weary, hid herself from life's fierce fray,
 Where now the Castle fronts the water.
 What sounds since then have echoed there !
 What sounds of revelry and dancing
 Have burst forth on the midnight air,
 When lights flashed bright, on armor glancing !
 What tears, by weary captives shed,
 Have moistened Warwick's dungeon paving !
 What shouts, what groans, when the insurgent's tread
 Was heard, and rebel flags were waving !
 The Sabbath morning, gray and still,
 Can scarcely yet with dawn be waking,
 Then whence that lurid glare on stream and hill,
 That rumbling roar upon the silence breaking ?

'Tis fire ! Oh wake, all ye sleepers that dream !
 Wake, wake ! retainer and vassal !
 Think not the red light is the sun's early gleam ;
 A foe has invaded the Castle !

Red pennants are streaming and float on the night,
 And lambent, envelop Guy's tower !
 And Cæsar's dark turrets reflect a weird light,
 And shrink at the conqueror's power.

Still on stalks the fiend, resistless in might,
 As in scorn of the foes it opposes,
 Alternately flashing in crimson and white,
 As reviving the wars of the Roses.

Still onward through gallery, corridor, hall,
 Consuming the wealth of long ages,
 Seething billows of flame remorselessly roll
 In a sea whose wild wrath nought assuages.

Thus for six fearful hours the ruddy fires glow
 Growing pale at the light of the morning.
 And thus Warwick Castle the proud was brought low
 By a foe without signal or warning.

On Avon's banks at evening's close,
 A lonely ruin in the gathering gloom
 That, like some memory of the Past, arose,
 Was all that told of Warwick's doom.

THE STORY I TOLD MY PIPE.

YOU may talk of the joys of wedded life, of the pleasure of a dear companion and a home circle, but place us before a warm fire on a winter's eve and you will be troubled to find a more contented, happy couple than my pipe and me. We have our little ways and eccentricities known to and appreciated only by ourselves. We never quarrel and we seldom disagree. A natural diffidence and unwillingness to subject my own personal appearance to the criticism of an unappreciative public, induces me, then, to describe my pipe only, leaving myself wholly to the imagination of the reader. Picture, then, to yourselves, a high, narrow forehead encircled by a turban reaching quite down to a pair of shaggy eye-brows; underneath deep set eyes, an aquiline nose, a firm mouth overshadowed by a heavy mustache and a flowing beard. I call him Abu Ben Aben, with Abu for short; because, when the warmth of the fragrant weed begins to permeate his brain like his great ancestor of old he seems just waking "from a dream of peace." Then, as the heat grows more intense, his eyes burn more fiercely and assume that far off look as they were wont to do in days gone by, when on his faithful steed he ranged the desert wastes of his native land. Soon his face changes, becomes more soft and seems to invite confidence; then it is that I pour into his sympathizing ear my woes, and never have I parted from him without feeling cheered and comforted. Thus it is that the habit has grown upon me of confiding to him all my secrets and thus it is I came to tell him this story which I am about to relate.

One evening, about two weeks after the beginning of second term Senior year, I came into my room, threw a letter on the table, filled Abu with my last lot of "Lone Jack," drew a chair up before the fire and sat down. After smoking silently for about fifteen minutes, I saw the confidential mood steal over Abu's face. Then, holding him before me, I thus began:—Well, old fellow,

I've been in love. "Well, that's nothing new, you've been there before." Abu, once and for all, I won't have you use slang. I never indulge in it myself and I won't allow it in those around me; as to what you say that's true enough, but while those others to which you refer were mere pastimes, *this* was of the right kind. When I saw Carrie I knew I had met my fate at last. "What did you say her last name was?" That's just it, I didn't say anything about her last name. Some time ago while I lay upon the lounge I heard you tell that brier-wood on the table all about that last affair of mine, name, age and every particular and now I'm not going to have Carrie's name made the common talk. "Dreaming?" No. I was not any more than I am now. "Drunk?" If you insult me again in that way I will stop talking immediately. You know I never drink. It was in the ball-room of the "Union" at Saratoga last summer that I first saw Carrie. She was there with her mother. I never could bring myself to like that woman, she seemed always on the look-out for some eligible rich young man for her daughter. I thought then and now for that matter, that Carrie was the prettiest girl in the room and immediately obtained an introduction. "How did she look?" Well, let me think. Yes, now I know, her sweet face seems to be just hovering over your head. I see a mass of golden hair, a low, broad forehead, a pair of deep blue eyes, and cheeks that in their mingled hues of pink and white might well be compared to—. Now what possessed you, Abu, to throw out that awful cloud of smoke? Do you know you have destroyed her image entirely? You are jealous, I suppose; still, jealous or no, the next time you repeat such an experiment our friendship ends. You never saw her and so could not be expected to know how angry such an insult to her would make me. I was smoking cigars for she did not like a pipe. You need not repeat that time-honored sentiment of yours—how any girl who does not like a pipe lacks the essential qualities necessary to make a man happy. That's your side of the question entirely; still, I am getting almost to think the same way myself.

A dance with Carrie and then a walk on the piazza only made me more her slave. For she could waltz to perfection and talk quite as sensibly as one might expect. After this things went on swimmingly; there were boating parties on the lake, picnics and drives in which Carrie always accompanied me. I often wondered at my good luck, but now I know it was the work of her mother who knew well enough how to manage such affairs. Well, one evening, after a particularly fine redowa while walking on the piazza I told her how much I loved her and asked her that one all important question which was answered to my perfect satisfaction. About an hour afterwards, as I was walking up and down enjoying the calm moonlight, a good cigar, and thinking myself the happiest of men, I heard a voice which I recognized as her mother's say: "You have done very well, my daughter. He's quite a nice young fellow; his father is rich and he is an only child." I must confess it rather jarred upon my feelings to have my merits reduced thus to a numerical basis, but I consoled myself with the thought that it was the daughter I was going to marry and not, thank heavens, the old lady. My father, you know, was a stock broker and reported to be worth at that time about half a million.

We all returned to the city together and soon after I left for college only wishing it was the following fall, for that was the time appointed for the wedding. I managed somehow or other to get through the term, and the first train after the close of examination bore me an eager lover to the city. My first call was, of course, at her house where I was received by all as one of the family.

Matters went on in the highest degree favorably and pleasantly till that awful day known among the brokers as "Black Friday." My father had bought or sold short, I don't know which, neither do I care; only this I do know that, by the next evening instead of being richer he was completely bankrupt. I went to Carrie expecting to be cheered and comforted, but she didn't seem to sympathize with me as much as I had thought she would. The next

time I called she appeared to act more coldly. Still I tried to convince myself that it was only my imagination. As I was going up the steps of her house to make my last call before leaving for New Haven, I saw, coming down, young Stimpkins with a complacent sort of smile on his face. He's awful rich and an awful fool. How I hate that fellow. I only wish he was a Freshman and I a Sophomore. If some fine morning he didn't make a mighty sick-looking appearance, then you might sell my hat to an undertaker.

Up to this time I had received no letter from Carrie, but to-night this one came. It tells me how at first she thought she loved me and could be happy with me but lately her feelings have been changing. Now she knows she never really did love me, and asks to be released from our engagement. It ends with the warmest expressions of *friendship* and is signed Miss Carrie M——. Oh, it's a very proper letter, written on delicately perfumed paper adorned with a very pretty monogram. The *Correct Letter Writer* would put it down as a highly creditable performance, but for once I must disagree with the C. L. W. So it's all over and I have only you, old fellow, left to console me. If you should go—. What, smoked out? Yes, too true! you like Carrie have deserted me because I have no longer the means of giving you enjoyment.

T.

THE CHARACTER OF ISAAC WALTON.

IN that which has perpetuated his name, Isaac Walton is a character almost without a parallel. He lived in an age of political revolution, and the only part he took in politics was to write a tract on "Love and Truth," which appeared without his signature; and yet even in the events of those stirring times, his quiet, peaceful life was not buried up and forgotten. He lived to be

ninety years old, and he died less than two hundred years ago, and yet, although he has won a world-wide fame, the whole story of his career can be told in a few simple words.

He was born in the town of Stafford, on the 9th of August, 1593. His mother was the niece of Archbishop Cranmer. His occupation was that of a linen-draper, and he practiced this calling in London. In 1643 he retired from business to a small estate near his native town, where he spent the remainder of his days. He was acquainted with the most eminent and scholarly divines of England. His powers of mind and body were preserved to the last, and he died in 1683. And this is about all that his biographers can tell us. As we look at it from the outside, his life seems almost without incident. There were no business failures, no domestic calamities, no civil disasters. He paid little attention to the affairs of the State, though his tender sensibilities must have been wounded by the misfortunes of his country. He never aspired to distinction, though his friendship with some of the most influential celebrities of his day, might have given him assurance of success. Ashmole tells us that Walton was instrumental in preserving the life of the lesser George; and he was somewhat harassed during the civil wars, and thanked God that he was not a Covenanter. But these were rare episodes in his career. For the most part, the current of his life ran as smoothly and as peacefully as the streams along which he used to wander, and which he loved so well.

It is only by his writings, therefore, that we know him, but in these we know him with the fullness and completeness of an old acquaintance. His principal works are his "Memoirs" and the "Complete Angler." To one who has never perused the former, it is impossible to describe their wonderful charms. They are simple, unpretending stories. They are interesting in *themselves*. The worthies whose lives they describe were prominent characters in the religious circles of the 17th century. Their careers abound in incidents, questions of policy, cases of conscience, embarrassments of fortune, grave controversies

upon subjects of ecclesiastical and civil importance. It is interesting to follow the course of their study, their mental struggles, their disappointments and successes. We see them in the university, in the family, in the pulpit, traveling on the Continent, recreating in the Highlands, conversing with His Majesty, James I. at Whitehall, dining with Ferdinand in Florence, and arguing with Arminius at Padua. They were men of unusual gifts of mind and heart, of great learning, of sound judgment, of deep religious feeling. Wotton was a statesman. Hooker was an able writer upon the laws of ecclesiastical polity. Herbert and Donne won great reputation as poets, and the hymns of the former will always find a place in the literature of the Church.

These Memoirs are interesting also as an account of the *times* in which these men were prominent characters. They give us a clear account of the relations of Church and State, of the attitude of Elizabeth and James towards Churchmen, Dissenters and Catholics. It was an age of political excitement, of sudden expedients, of quarrels and compromises—a time when opinions were slowly formed and steadfastly maintained, and by none more slowly and steadfastly than by Bishop and Dean. But they have a special interest for those who are studying the character of their author. For his nature is laid open before their readers, and all those traits of mind and heart which made up the man—all those refined sympathies and generous impulses find constant and beautiful illustration.

A very different book from his "Memoirs" is Walton's "Complete Angler;" and yet that both should have been written by the same pen seems the most natural thing in the world. For no matter what might be the nature of his subject, Walton could only write with one aim, and in one way. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the plan of this work with which all our readers are doubtless familiar. We have all enjoyed those genial conversations, conducted by teacher and scholar during their excursions. We have shared their meditations at noon under the shady branches of the beech trees. We have

taken refuge with them, from the storm, in the "honest ale-house, with lavender in the windows." We have listened with delight to the little snatches of charming poetry which are sung and repeated in meadow and wood. But it is not my intention to analyse the writings, or to examine their literary merit. My purpose is, rather, to notice briefly some of the characteristics of their author herein displayed.

We are attracted at once by his modesty. In the introductions to his "Memoirs," he mourns over his unfitness for such an undertaking, and expresses the greatest surprise that, with his "education and mean abilities," he has had the audacity to appear in print. He wishes "that as that learned Jew, Josephus, so these men had also writ their own lives." And in the preface to the life of Herbert, with charming *naiveté*, he declares that certain reasons have induced him to commence the task, "and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my Reader." And this same humility is everywhere manifest. He makes every allowance for the disagreement of the reader; so that you enter into the closest sympathy with the genial narrator, and almost feel as if you were telling the story yourself. Now, if this modesty were affected, or if his works were not productions of which he had good reason to be proud, we might pass by this trait of our author's character in silence. But he was the sincerest of men; no false delicacy ever interfered with his independence. If he qualifies and depreciates his sentiments, he never hesitates to give them expression. And not only was the man honest: the works are admirable. They are remarkable for their simplicity and candor. He repeats the wildest stories with an air of credulity, so that you cannot but conclude that he gives them in good faith. He talks about a river in Judæa, which, according to Josephus, "runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath." He describes the ghostly vision which is reported to have appeared to the Dean of St. Paul's in Paris, and endeavors, by a number of traditions, to substantiate the illusion of his friend.

Walton's style is eminently adapted to the character of his sentiments. His words are chiefly Saxon; his language is clear, direct and strong. His illustrations are numerous and apt. After the fashion of his day, he sometimes employs a singular conceit to animate his subject. He makes frequent allusions to historical events. He shows considerable familiarity with the Latin authors, though it is probable that he became acquainted with most of them by means of translations. And it is a noteworthy fact, that this quiet old shopkeeper should have had the inclination to spend his later years in literary study. The marvel is, not simply that he should have written so well, but that he should have written at all. In its ease and melody, the "Complete Angler" is a poem. Without effort, and with the apparent unconsciousness of the writer, the sentences flow along with all the grace and sweetness of a madrigal. Such a passage as this, for example, is continually met, and is certainly an inspiration—"No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cow-slip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us."

The authority of Isaac Walton, upon all matters pertaining to the science of angling, no one will question. He made it the subject of constant study, the theme of careful thought. He acquired a wonderful proficiency, and embodied in this work the result of his research, and therefore as a manual for fishermen, it is unrivalled. It is a book also of the greatest interest. It derives a kind of fascinating power from the quiet humor which pervades it. It has a flavor of heartiness and cordiality. It is a book to read on a cloudy day—a book brim full of sunshine. The kindly heart of the genial teacher is overflowing with a kind of native mirth. This, he tells his companion, who is grieving over the loss of a two-pounder, that no one can lose that which he has never had. He rallies him on his predilec-

tion for rosy milkmaids, and laughs at his unattractive flies. He breaks out into a eulogy upon Herbert, and then, almost in the same breath, his mind ever returning to his favorite sport, he exclaims, "We may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did; ' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling."

We have noticed, incidentally, the controlling influence in this noble character. Isaac Walton was a man of pure and upright principles. No one can read his works without being impressed with his deep and consistent piety. His life seems to have been a constant thanksgiving. Gratitude and humility are beautifully blended in his character. It is interesting to notice how closely he connects his religion with the business and pleasures of his daily life. He looks upon nature as beautiful only in the smile of its Creator. He considers existence desirable only when joyfully consecrated to Him by whom it was bestowed. And so in every satisfaction we discover the element of praise. "Come," he says to his scholar, "let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and try to catch the other brace of Trouts." "Most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him who made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and stomachs and meat and content and leisure to go a-fishing." And so in that age of corruption and commotion lived this humble tradesman in a state of almost unexampled purity and serenity. Without any advantages of training or culture he has written one book at least which, for grace and elegance of style, for vivacity and wit, for the thorough discussion of its theme, and for its teachings of morality and religion our literature will always preserve. And while our literature preserves the writings, all who read them will treasure in their hearts, the man.

We can almost accompany him, in his closing years, as he wanders along the banks of the Dove, his long, gray hair falling down over his shoulders, his face beaming with calm enjoyment. He talks to us about his friends who have crossed the unknown river before him and whom he is waiting to join. With the humor of his younger days, he laughs and jests with quiet conscience. With his old facility, he turns from play to praise and from song to prayer. And the wise and holy instructions which he pours into our listening ears can never fail to purify and elevate, as they can never cease to charm.

LOW-STAND MEN.

WE have had an article in the LIT. on "The Misfortune of *not* being Near-sighted," and we have had a cheerful view of "St-t-tammering," but it requires a more philosophical mind to undertake the task upon which I am about to enter. To be a "low-stand" man in college, in the ordinary sense of the word is bad enough—but it has its redeeming features: for the ability to rise in rank lies within one's own power. But to be such, in the Pickwickian sense, of which I am speaking, seems desperate; for one is as helpless at twenty-one years as he was at twenty-one months. I wonder the old alchemists never thought of investigating the mystery of growth, to find some elixir for lengthiness as well as longevity (for those old alchemists must have been little fellows); and if there were any chances of success we should be as assiduous in this generation in searching for it, as Septimus Felton was in his. Had such a *desideratum* been attained, we should have a fashionable shape for every season, and men and women would lay aside or assume different sizes as they now change their beavers or bonnets. We should have bulls and bears in fashion as we now have them in the stock markets, and we should be able to add a new

feature to our Olympic games next summer—a stretching match. But since no other philosopher has done posterity so valuable a service, we ourselves must, at least, look at the matter philosophically, and perchance this may prove a better elixir than the former.

I submit, that there is nothing, at first sight, more tantalizing than to see far up in the Empyrean above you the head of a fellow many years your junior, and to be made conscious by grave M. D.s and books of statistics that the average height is so and so, and that this is attained at a certain early age, after which the ends of the bones become ossified and hope dies. Everybody around you is mounting heavenward—but your wings are clipped. Grammar school boys look down upon you, and Freshmen wink at each other over your head. Little girls, just in their "teens" take you for a coeval, and giggle when you approach. Some fair tall Juno, in deference to the sex pretends to take your arm, although you know she thinks you ought to take her hand, and landladies smile approvingly upon the "nice little fellow" (*vide* coming class histories). At home, after years of absence, friends still ask you where you are attending school, and old maids solace you with the assurance that "you have not changed a bit," or they turn into sphinxes, and ask you why you don't grow. Oh! at such moments, that one might turn Oedipus to answer the riddle for his own satisfaction, and to topple over the inquisitive crones. This is all very aggravating to be sure; but it also has its laughable and consoling side. Ethically viewed, it should be a matter of congratulation that one has reached his end in life by such a short process; physiologically and spiritually, that the vital forces, no longer needed to build up this vile body, can all be turned to strengthening the mind, and beautifying the soul. Then, too, it is as complete an *incognito* as growing *out* of people's remembrance, and the amount of security which it inspires in the breasts of cautious mothers, who regard your youth and innocence is something startling—at least it would be were it not for the strength of mind and beauty of character above

referred to. Still more, like charity, "it covereth a multitude of"—shortcomings. People don't expect so much of you ; hence, failure is not so disgraceful ; and success more prodigious. But to come more specifically to the experiences of college Lilliputians—and it is for them that I especially write. First, there is that all pervading sense of smallness, which of course fosters humility, but which is also at times very humiliating. It becomes especially so toward the latter part of the course, when the outlook into the professions begins. We commence to picture ourselves under various circumstances ; the imposing boy-advocate addressing a jury of men ; standing upon the traditional stool of the pulpit, which scarcely raises you above the edge of the sacred desk. With what joy you hear of some fellow pygmy as a rising man in his profession ! how it thrills you with hope when your reading acquaints you with the diminutive stature of some hero or genius, and with what self-complacency you rise to recite to a tutor or professor who "'though small in stature is great in mind !'" Then comes another comforting thought in this outlook into life. Small men, we are assured, almost invariably marry huge wives—and this is often cause of merriment to the unthinking. But I assure them this is no laughable matter—for if it is true (and I think they are right in the statement), cannot these unthinking see what a noble self-sacrifice short men make for the sake of their posterity, and can they not see how the principle of natural selection is here beautifully exemplified ? Surely, Darwin never thought of this ! Speaking of Darwin—low-stand men in their own persons strengthen or refute his theories, just as you please to look at us. It would be difficult, on the one hand, to tell from what some of us could have been evolved ; and on the other, it may be confidently asserted that in size, manner, and general friskiness, we most closely resemble monkeys.

I must not forget to mention a point in which low-stand men coincide with all others who have peculiarities. A late friend of mine was troubled with a pair of bow-legs. He assured me that with the consciousness of his infirm-

ity it was wonderful how many he discovered in the same condition. So, too, unless one is small himself, he will never have noticed how low the average humanity has sunk. Tall men, I tell you, are the exception; we, the rule. They are abnormal; we, the normal type. There is one humiliating consideration, however, to sour these sweet conclusions, viz: that the majority of these small types occur among the African race in our midst. This, however, only increases our humility. And now, while we are upon the street, I may as well speak of another matter closely connected with the above—in fact, to explain the process of induction, by which we are able to arrive at the above conclusion. Dr. Johnson had a habit of touching every post he met—for what purpose no one knows; but your low-stand man acquires the habit of mechanically measuring himself by every post he passes. He sees where his head comes upon the post as he goes by it, and then perchance watches when others pass the same; or more frequently, perhaps, he passes closely by one of nearly his size, and compares shoulders as he passes; or he tries to calculate the angle at which another's eye or nose is elevated above his own; or better yet, he marks, at the General Delivery, how far up on the iron post of the railing before the window, the cranium of a rival for the "short of it" reaches, and then measures himself by the same standard when his turn comes. There is another way, which can be adopted when no one is looking. Notice when some short Prof. or fellow is going round a corner, see where his head reaches, and then go round the corner yourself. Never walk to the Post Office with the tallest man in the class, out of kindness to him—for comparisons are odious, and he might be laughed at. As you are a modest man, avoid persons a few inches taller than yourself, for they are most profuse in those sweet compliments in which the endearing name of "little" so frequently and lovingly occurs. I don't wonder that Pope was cynical (Pope, by the way, and Napoleon, and King David, and all great men took low stands).

I have adverted to a few of the graces of character which inhere in all small men. I have spoken of humility, charity and patience. I might mention scores more, but I do not wish to rouse jealousy or to kindle a war of races in this peaceful college. I forgot to say, however, that an increased dignity was one of the necessary results of a low stand; for by the beautiful law of compensation which runs through all nature, superior gravity of carriage, and thoughtfulness of expression, must perform the functions which, in the less favored, are performed by so vulgar an agent as size. Like a rove-beetle whose habit of turning up his tail leads "other animals besides children to the belief that he can sting;" so kind Nature compensates by superior dignity what she has omitted in stature. This is especially noticeable when your low-stand man goes among a crowd younger than he, for one of whom he might perchance be taken. But as a final solace comes the mustache—badge of manhood! And if your taller friends ask you why you don't cut off those first prized hairs, you know better than they their *distinctive* value. None in the community can offer a more fervent prayer than we, in the language of the clown in *Twelfth Night*:

"Now Jove in his next commodity of hair, send me a beard"—

But in spite of all these kind compensations of Nature, we are awfully tempted to "go back on" her and tip the shoe-maker a wink, while we slyly suggest that high heels are preferable in all cases to low ones. The tailor knows instinctively that he can add half an inch or so to the breadth and height of your shoulders, 'tho in shame you protest against it. But who shall portray the mental struggles which the beaver occasions? Shall we indulge? Courage, ambition, senior dignity, desire to rise, all echo yes! But those more humble virtues which I have described as the fruits of Lilliputism, and that modesty (we will not call it cowardice) which shuns all remark or comment generally win the day. I hope I have proved that, with a few drawbacks, which, like moral evil in this world, are only placed here for our discipline, low-stand men in this *Pickwickian* sense are a very enviable class.

COLLEGE READING.

MOST of us, coming directly from preparatory schools where constant application to elementary studies is required, supposed that at college a much broader field would be opened. We had been either too reluctant or impetuous to gain any further instruction than the prescribed course at the academy required. But at college, though the text book might be the essential passport to a thorough education, we thought the historian, the romancer, and the poet would be very generally read. Every one, however, after being here two or three years, is surprised to find how small a number of students, including those who are distinguished for their scholarly ability and literary productions, have read extensively or have any great enthusiasm for reading. There are writers, speakers, scholars, ball and boating men who are admired and stand pre-eminent in their specialties; but is not the well-read man an exception?

It is admitted that to study is or ought to be paramount to all other objects for which we come to college. The popular man's ambition once was to take the Spoon; the boating man, to row at Worcester. A few, and of these the college world scarcely hears a word, are, I admit, extravagant in the time they devote to reading. Exercise, health, and oftentimes study, yield to their favorite vocation. Many eagerly desire to read, but somehow seldom seem to avail themselves of their advantages. Indeed, it is a significant fact that the most of us spend our leisure time unprofitably. Not many are frequent customers at the bookshelves of the *Socii*. Should it not, then, be a serious question why so few unemployed hours are assigned by the average student to books? The answer is given that recreation is imperative, that much headwork outside of what is absolutely required in the curriculum is injurious, and that our spare moments should be devoted to physical culture. There are still, however, many opportunities wasted; for, although the difference be-

tween the number of books drawn from the Library during Freshman and Sophomore years is striking, still the increase is far less perceptible in Junior and Senior years, when we ought relatively to have systematized our course of reading. In general, the longer we remain here, the tendency among the majority to do less reading is strongly marked.

The reasons of this apparent apathy are readily understood. A text book seems designed to obviate the necessity of searching into anything beyond it. We rarely are compelled to refer in connection with our studies to outside books. Compositions and disputes, however, often necessitate recourse to them. But the studying of the Latin and Greek languages scarcely ever leads to an investigation of the literature, art and civilization of Rome and Greece; only what is positively required in the history is learnt. Metaphysics in Senior year prompt but a small number to further research. Even English Literature, a study which charms so many, and above all awakens an inclination to become familiar with the standard authors, has before this year had the disadvantage of coming late in the course, and has been pursued so superficially that all but the most persevering retain little interest in it.

Then, too, college sentiment has a cooling effect on literary enthusiasm. The "bubble reputation" is courted here as in the world. It is not always true that "the error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Our own reason is too often the slave of the opinion of others. Once out of a recitation and we converse on trivial and empty subjects till it is necessary to prepare for the next. Who would think of criticising a newly published book or of discussing with any thoroughness a public question at the club? Why is it that the literary interest in the open societies is dead? Is it not partially because public opinion belittles them and because we prefer to read in our rooms the magazines and newspapers of the day rather than to be bored with delving into distasteful subjects? The time devoted to the book during one part of the course is too often entirely

wasted, or else absorbed in the paper at a later period. While depreciating the one who makes an appropriate and correct quotation or a clever repartee, we are really concealing our own mortification because we cannot do the same. So much time is consumed by us in trying to be "good fellows," that the reading of all who are not actually in love with it, materially suffers. It is a peculiarity only of a few good writers and of some who were well-read before they came to college, to acquire an increased passion for reading as they advance.

I fully realize the drawbacks. The recitations and lectures of Senior year demand the immediate attention of the ordinary student. But Junior year, generally considered a period of more leisure, presents a better opportunity for literary culture; still, with the present class at least, it has been exceptional to observe a deeper interest in reading, however it may be with writing, than during the second term of Sophomore year. It is naturally asked, how can we attain a more zealous love for literature? This essentially rests with the individual, for

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune,
But to write and read comes by nature."

It is desirable, I think, to avoid too much superficial reading. When not engaged in study we sometimes imagine that we are improving ourselves as long as we read, not stopping to consider the essence of the book. One sentence from Bacon may be worth more than a cart-load of modern literary rubbish. A tendency prevails to read books of the present time, as they are fresher and perhaps more diverting. But their flash is not the enduring brilliancy of the diamond. Should not the pages stamped with the approval of the past rather be perused? By paying too much attention to books of a light character, "the vapid productions of shallow minds," we become dissatisfied and lose the little pleasure we before had in reading. But let us recollect that the most precious treasures are found at the bottom of the sea and not floating in sight upon the surface.

Furthermore, would not a regular course of reading afford more positive enjoyment? Books are too often read because they are popular. All desire to appear well in society. Each of us reads what the others admire, without regarding his own taste or capabilities. We sometimes therefore endeavor to elevate ourselves to books which may be unfitted for us, and do not seek to have books elevate us. No book is worth the reading that should not be remembered. A settled and thorough plan in regard to studies has been adopted. Violent and irregular exercise does not invigorate but rather impairs the system. The principle is of universal application. It is better to take careful notes on what is read, as some one has lately suggested, applying the practice to some well selected course of reading. But in this, advice is needed. Could we not be required to read certain volumes of the principal authors? Two terms can not be devoted to the study of English literature. If the text book is employed during Sophomore year, the first term of Junior year may be spent in becoming more familiar with the writers, of whose works we before had but an imperfect idea. The examination would enforce study. This proposition, now under the consideration of certain members of the faculty, would have a tendency to develop a more general taste for reading, and would, we may confidently believe, considerably raise the standard of literary attainment in the college. Now, when it is said that our sister University at Cambridge is unfortunately relaxing somewhat that drill in the good old English language which has given her alumni such pre-eminence in letters, it is a cheerful sign that a contrary tendency is observed here, and we shall look for speedy results in the attention given to *belles-lettres* by the students, and shall expect not many years hence, as a result of the policy, a body of authors such as Yale shall not be ashamed to own.

C. W. B.

ANTE UP; OR, A TALE OF SIN.

THOMAS, Richard and Henry were classmates and fast friends, and roomed together in the antique rather than attractive shades of South Middle, home of college legends and romance.

Thomas and Richard were chums. Henry roomed with a mutual friend of all three, John Robinson. Neither Thomas, Richard, Henry, nor their mutual friend, John Robinson, were remarkable in any way, or thought to be so. It was acknowledged, however, that all four were good enough sort of fellows, which is not such slight praise after all.

I think on the whole they were good enough, at least, for my purposes. They were passably capable, honest and pure, in short, a rather amiable set. They were the pride of four fathers. Four mothers loved them, a dozen youngsters were bullied and big-brothered by them, and as many youngsters swore by them and thought nobody else was "as big as them." Four (possibly more than four) young and good looking females admired them at greater or less distance. And so, like the pig of history, "who was not very little, nor yet very big," they were about as good and useful as other common folks are, and were, perhaps, fully as agreeable as more uncommon folks, in whose presence one feels so painful a sense of his own inferiority.

As might be supposed from this general description, the rooms of these young men were furnished in the most ordinary way. There was the usual bookcase, and the usual dust in it; the customary lounge, with the usual holes in it; the usual number of chairs, in the traditionary state of decay; the common open grate, with the usual fire in it to neutralize the cold drafts so very usual in South Middle at the time of year wherein these four young men are introduced to the reader. There was in the center of the room, and in the center of an animated group, the customary large study table, and it was covered pretty much as usual too.

For at the ghostly hour of twenty minutes to ten, or thereabouts, when my story begins, our estimable young friends, with others after their kind, were engaged in the prosecution of that hilarious indoor pastime known as Penny Ante, or more familiarly, as Whisky Poker.

To play this game, it is necessary to have a pack of cards, a crowd of fellows, a little money, and a considerable deal of cheek. One a trifle cheekier than the rest assumes the position of dealer or banker, tears up some church papers for chips, marks on them their value in legal tenders, and exchanges them at par for the loose change of the crowd. The "ante" and the "limit" are argued and fixed. The banker deals five "devil's pictured beuks" to each fellow, cries in affable, but business accents, "Ante up, gentlemen," and the game begins. This, as I hinted before, is one in which plated ware is as good as the solid article. Woe to that ingenuous youth whose face is any index to his hand. Woe to him who cannot assume an expression of demoniacal glee at beholding a motley and heterogeneous throng of small spot cards; or an expression of quiet sadness and chastened resignation at turning up four aces and a king. Woe to such *navité* if it fell in with the subtle gamesters now around the South Middle study table. It was really wonderful what poor hands were invariably dealt by the bank.

"How much do you go?" banker Tom would inquire persuasively. Dick said he would go five on his hand, bad as it was.

Harry incontinently crawled. Their mutual friend, Robinson, saw Dick's five, and would go him three better.

Dick wasn't to be bluffed in that transparent style if he didn't have a hand, and saw that eight and went to the limit, which was ten. Jack unostentatiously put up and showed two pairs of kings. Dick, with a shrug, turned down a flush and drew in the pile with a mournful smile.

The cards had hardly been dealt around again, and the disgusted holders were as usual exchanging the ills they had for evil which they knew not of, when a sturdy rap

was answered by a hearty "come in," and an entry neighbor, Zebedee, did come in.

"Playing poker again?" he said.

"Yes;" said Tom, "buy some chips and take a hand."

"Oh, I don't want to," said Zebedee.

"Well, what if you don't?" said Tom, "no creature does only what it wants to, except a jackass. Come, sit down and don't be a mule."

"I shan't get the valedictory if I do. I know I shan't," said Zebedee, gloomily.

"Well, what good would it be to you if you did get it?" said Tom. "Besides, what does a valedictorian amount to anyway?"

"He ought to have tremendous power," saith Zeb. "He's head over all the rushers."

"Oh, I can't stand that," said Tom, springing up. "There's no use in keeping up this game any longer."

"Hoadley's will be shut up now in five minutes," said Dick, suggestively.

"Træger's won't," said Harry.

"Oh, tally one, and play the game out," said Jack Robinson.

Zebedee sat down and bought a half a dollar's worth of chips, which latter transaction appeased Tom. So he sat down too, and the game was resumed.

"I ought to be writing my composition," said Zebedee, as he took his chips. "Tom, have you written yours?"

"I suppose I am writing mine now," said that individual, as he swept a pile of chips into the bank.

"Why will you persist in being such a fraud?" said Zeb.

"Fraud!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly, "philanthropist, you mean."

"How do you make that out?" said Zeb.

"Easy enough. Here, there's an ante missing. John, its useless for you to try to deceive me in this manner. You haven't anted."

"On the contrary; I have anted," said Jack.

"Then somebody else hasn't," said the banker. "On further thought I find I haven't." Whereupon, he pushed

his bit of paper to the pile, and then began to deal the cards. "Easy enough, I say. I pay some hard-up cuss two dollars to write the thing for me. That's a mercy to him. He pays his washer-woman, and that's a mercy to her. Then I read a decent composition to the division, instead of my own, and that's a mercy to them. So everybody is happy, and I am happy, too, in the consciousness of doing good. And what greater happiness, my brethren, can there be, than the consciousness of doing good? Nothing that I know of, except playing poker, and you don't know, Harry, how much you mar my pleasure in playing that, by those unsuccessful attempts on your part to steal my chips."

"Shouldn't look then," said the detected one with a face of brass.

"You did it in so bungling a way, I couldn't help it," retorted Tom. "Come, ante up again."

Apropos of Harry's maneuver, let me say that I could never understand why Ah Sin, with that native shrewdness and diplomacy so phenomenally his, should have thrown away his talents on so puerile a game as euchre, while there existed a game so suited to his peculiar genius as whisky poker. Even in euchre Ah Sin was formidable, in whisky poker he would have been invincible. Perhaps—but I anticipate.

After a most exciting hand, in which Robinson, with the most unparalleled effrontery, had gone to the limit on two pair of nine and tens, and actually bluffed the whole crowd, Harry was observed to look critically at the antes and then direct a look of scorn on Zebedee. "By jingo," he broke out, "that's pretty small."

"What's pretty small?" said the bank.

"By darn," cried Harry, with increasing emphasis, "Tom Thumb couldn't see that with a microscope."

"What?" cried all, suspending play and looking up.

"Why, Zebedee has been making chips," continued Harry, in tones of the deepest disgust.

"What?" screamed Tom, jumping up. "Well, that is pretty minute."

"You haven't made even that," grunted Zebedee, addressing himself to the detective.

"All Harry ever makes is noise," joined in John Robinson, who loved quiet above all things.

"Well, but this is a serious matter," said banker Tom, as he tried to discriminate between the real and bogus chips. In vain; Zebedee's spurious stock had hopelessly mixed the finances of the bank and all its customers, and a general crisis was inevitable.

"What are we going to do about it?" said Tom, indignant.

"I like mine fried best," murmured Dick.

"I'd like to say darn, mighty well," said Harry.

Jack dropped his winnings into the fire, and spoke one word. That word was "beer."

That sounded the key note. Tom banged his fist fiercely down on the table and echoed "beer."

"Yes," cried Dick, "this insult must be washed out in beer. Ale must flow like water."

"Zebedee," said Harry, "you have deeply injured us; but we forgive you. We turn the other cheek. We insist that you further *malt treat* us."

"And have I deserved this?" said Zebedee, getting up desperately. "Come along."

Let us draw the mantle of charity over the midnight orgie.

* * * * *

"Dick," said Tom, as he sat wrapped in thought, and very little else, on the edge of his bed, early the next morning, "I think—what the dickens do I think; O, yes, I remember now. I think, Dick, I shall retiretorest. I think, Dick, we had both better retiretorest." And retire to rest they both did thereupon.

JOURNALISM.

THE TENDENCY TO USE IT DISHONESTLY AND THE PRINCIPLES TO BE OBSERVED
IN ITS PRACTICE.

JOURNALISM is a tremendous power for evil in the hands of a dishonest man; and the temptation to use it dishonestly is so strong as to cause it to be one of the most corrupting professions in which a man can engage. We have heard a young journalist, who in former years has been connected with our college press, express the disgust which, as an honest man, he felt with his profession. He had seen so much of its corruption as to almost doubt if there were any honor or decency left in it. What is the foundation of this corrupting tendency of one of our most important educational influences? It consists first in its power. Much as we may lament the fact, it is evident that very ordinary men may exercise a very great influence when their thoughts are put into print. Most men have little capacity to think for themselves. When they see an opinion in print, unless it is particularly obnoxious to them, they quickly embrace it. It is not the power of the opinion in itself which overcomes them, for if uttered in conversation, it would have little weight. But there is something in type which seems to invest an opinion with magic force. Types are all alike. There are no individual characteristics in them to distinguish the utterances of a philosopher from those of a fool. Then, too, there is an indefiniteness about a printed article. It seems to represent the opinion of a great many. Like an enemy seen in the dark, one man appears to be a hundred. Common John Smith isn't a very dreadful individual when you see him in broad daylight and talk to him about the weather. But when John puts on a mask and meets you at midnight, or when he masks himself behind a paper, he seems like a hundred devils.

Again, the temptation to abuse of the press arises from the fact that personal motives may be concealed under an assumed impartiality. The influence of the press proceeds from the common opinion that it is impartial. The

press, it is very justly felt, is not one man publishing his views ; it is the mouthpiece of society, expressing without fear or favor the sentiments that it entertains. This opinion is created and corroborated by the fact that most of the subjects of which the press treats, meet with fairness at its hands. It has no interest in treating them unfairly. It's of no advantage to the editor to say that some rogue ought not to be hung if he manifestly deserves hanging, or that some public enterprise should be discouraged which is manifestly for the general good. So the editor, gaining by his articles in general a character for impartiality, is not suspected when some personal notion creeps in to make him depart from his usual justice. Like the business man who holds an important trust as the result of previous honesty, he is tempted to use his character for honesty as a cover for a dishonest action.

What then is an honourable journalist to do when he entertains personal feelings against persons of whom he may with propriety speak in his columns? Shall he attack them, allowing his own personality to be prominent, or shall he attack them in the character of a general mouth-piece of society? In the first place he would probably do better not to attack them at all. Because one has the power to attack people whom he dislikes with printer's ink, there is no more reason why he should do so than that he should proceed to pommel obnoxious persons because he has fists. If his person is assaulted he may use his fists, and if he is assaulted through the press he may in self-defense use the same weapon as his adversary. But if he must attack, is it not evident that he is bound to make the personality of his opinion prominent?—that is to say, is he not bound to indicate that he is not impartially uttering an opinion about a matter in which he is not an interested party, but is expressing his personal opinion of a personal adversary? Certainly he is ; otherwise he is doing as dishonest an action as a judge would do who should vent a spite upon a suitor in his court, by covering a judgment dictated by a private pique, with the majesty of a judicial sentence. It is evident, then, that a journalist must be very careful in his conduct or he will

unwittingly become a dishonest man. It is not uncommon to hear people speak of "going for" others in print, as if it were a legitimate way to express personal dislike of his conduct. A New York reporter will "go for" a person who has had the independence to kick him down stairs. A musical critic will deprecate *artistes* who will not tolerate his intrusion into their presence. A *N. Y. Herald* will "go for" such theatre companies as do not advertise in its columns. Almost any ordinary paper will attack the personal character and professional ability of a political opponent and never dream that it is doing a mean and dishonest thing. Sometimes, too, depreciation may take the form of indiscriminate praise. A person, for instance, who should praise a production of art of acknowledged inferiority by comparing it favorably with other productions, would be attacking them in a disguised manner. He would virtually say, "Here is an indifferent production, but it is much better than others which are before the public; therefore, they are *very* inferior productions." It requires no very keen analysis to show that this method is open to all the objections of the ordinary "going for," with a little disingenuousness added.

A journalist, then, in attacking an adversary, is bound to divest himself of the armor of public opinion, and to allow it to be seen that he has some personal interest in what he is saying. He does not in that case take an unfair advantage over the other. The reader, seeing that the matter is a personal one, does not accept with his usual readiness the opinion of his oracle as impartial, but reserves his judgment till he is more fully acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Hence the attack is deprived of its illegitimate strength, and stands or falls upon its own merits. Horace Greeley, for example, in signing his initials to his personal invectives, destroys much of their force, but he does a manly thing.

Not merely, however, is a journalist bound to divest himself of his character as a public mouth-piece in his attacks. If he would not forfeit his own self respect, he must do justice to a foe as readily as to a friend. He

must not think that he is at liberty to suppress or to torture facts in order to create false impressions. He must make his attack, too, in an open and manly way. He must not in the guise of a friend deal the stroke of a foe. He must not under the myrtle conceal the dagger.

But we have said enough to indicate in a general way the peculiar temptations of the journalist, and the main principles which he is bound to observe in the exercise of his profession. We trust the future knights of the pen among our readers may be led to consider the high responsibilities of their trust and to discharge them at their proper time in an honorable manner. In our day few professions are open which afford so conspicuous opportunities for the display of upright character as journalism. On the other hand, few offer so many temptations to men of weak character or confused notions of moral obligation, as this same profession.

NOTABILIA.

IT seems, after all, that the Sunday reform will go into operation before the graduation of the present Senior class. Some incredulous persons who first saw the announcement in one of the city papers, were disposed to think it a first of April joke. But since an infallible authority, which interests itself with so much success in other people's matters, has repeated the statement there can be no reasonable doubt of its truth. One can't help raising the inquiry—what is coming next? Is the change to rest here, or will the next generation be clamorous for an entire absence of restrictions? One thing is certain, any future change must be made in the direction of greater freedom. It is almost impossible to go backward in any change of this kind. Men always regard customary privileges as rights, and any infringement of supposed rights is sure to create resistance. It would be as disastrous to the

disciple of the college ten years from now to make the second service obligatory, as it would be at the present time to require attendance at prayer-meetings. It would certainly seem as though reasonable persons would find little to complain of in being obliged to attend one service on Sunday; but doubtless people thought just so a number of years back about two services. And then, too, college writers must find something to attack if the present mania for amateur journalism is to last. So that the growing liberality of the age, and the necessity of having some objective point of attack, may combine, in a few years, to make religious supervision of any kind seem a grievance.

The question naturally suggests itself in this connection if we are less pious than the last generation. A clerical graduate of twenty-five years standing, who attended a recent commencement, lamented in our hearing that "Yale College was an ungodly place." The evening prayers of his day were a thing of the past. Morning prayers no longer were held before day-break, and a Commencement piece of conspicuous brilliancy had defended the heresy of speculation. It is very certain that a change of some kind is coming over the spirit of the institution. But we think it would be very erroneous to conclude that the present generation of students have less practical piety than those of the last generation, or the faculty less regard than their predecessors for the moral interests of those under their charge. Not to speak of one or two minor reasons for the relaxation of restrictions, such as the greater age of the students, the greater sympathy between the faculty and the students, which leads the former to have some regard for the wishes of the latter, we think it may be said that the tendency of the age is to place less value in forms of religion. People now-a-days are as good as they were in the times of our grandfathers; but they are good in a more comfortable sort of way. Their goodness takes the form of amiability and philanthropy, and not of protracted sittings in uncomfortable meeting-houses. The old-time Doctor of Divinity was a man of severe aspect, who used to rise at

a preternaturally early hour, fast with great energy, and pray for an incredible length of time, and who, while preaching and practising the strictest morality, generally succeeded in making people uncomfortable. Indeed, he had no notion that people were made to be happy. Read the sketch of Dr. Stuart, recently published by his own daughter, and see how disagreeable a godly man could make himself. The modern Doctor of Divinity is a genial gentleman, who interests himself in the common occupations of his people, even to the extent of helping one of his Sunday School scholars to fly a kite. He interests himself in all kinds of benevolent fairs, orphan asylums, reformatory societies, and what not. He doesn't preach as strong sermons as his predecessor, but he succeeds in making himself a general favorite. He is a ray of sunshine, and not an iceberg. Now, we don't pretend to say which is the better type of a Christian minister; we simply notice an obvious fact, and affirm that what is true of the leaders of Christian society, is true of the rank and file. People of the present day display their Christian virtue in making other people comfortable, rather than in making themselves uncomfortable. Hence the authorities are not unwilling to relieve the students of the burden of super-numerary church services, and the students are not averse to being relieved.

Probably very few persons are aware that a committee is appointed every term to attend the various examinations, and, presumably, to make a report to the authorities. The recently published report of the Examining Committee at Harvard shows how much can be done by competent examiners in pointing out defects and recommending improvements. It is possible that we may have been greatly benefitted by the suggestions of our own examiners. We have a dim recollection of having seen at one or two examinations during our college course two or three rather feeble looking clergymen, who handled the Greek text-books as suspiciously as if they had been hot coals, and who listened with mute admiration while some

glib-tongued fellow scanned the complicated metres of the Greek chorus. We wouldn't under estimate their services, but if the reports were published from time to time, and thus subjected to criticism and discussion, many valuable suggestions might be elicited. A committee who knew too much would doubtless be troublesome to individual instructors; but on the whole the vigorous criticism of competent men couldn't fail to do much good. Possibly their report is embodied in the document which is annually issued for the information of graduates. If so, its criticism is not marked by that minuteness which is characteristic of the Harvard document.

We wish to call attention to the fact that the balance of power between the two political parties in this state is virtually held by Yale College. By a recent ruling of the Board of Registration, students who have lived in New Haven for six months after coming of age are allowed to vote, and a number availed themselves of this privilege at the last election. When the majority does not vary largely from one hundred, as has been the case for the last two years, it is easy to see that there are enough voters in college to determine the election. In view of this fact, wouldn't it be well for the Republican legislature, if it wishes to strengthen its party, to take measures to remove that invidious distinction of requiring six months' residence of students *after* they become of age, instead of before, which suffices for all other classes?

The Glee Club sang finely at the Junior Exhibition, and the thanks of the audience are due to its members. At the same time, their presence on such an occasion was an absurdity, and for that reason their self-sacrifice deserves additional praise. We must say that it looks decidedly cheap for the faculty in giving a public exhibition in which the best talent of the class is to compete for a prize which the whole of that body are to award, to furnish no more appropriate music for the occasion than an ordinary student song, which must almost necessarily be exquisitely ridiculous, considering the place, the occa-

sion and the character of the judges. One experiment ought to have condemned the practice forever, on the ground of good taste. If the class will not furnish music, or the faculty will not allow them to do so, it would be much better to have no music at all, rather than any vocal performance. Not that the vocal performance isn't enjoyable in itself. It is an agreeable diversion. So, too, it would be an agreeable diversion if some ballet dancer were to turn a pirouette on top of the pulpit, or some magician were to alternately abstract and insert coppers into the President's trouser's pockets. We respectfully submit that if some relief must be had from the steady flow of eloquence, it would really be less incongruous for the President to give out a hymn and request the audience to rise and sing it.

With the old form of Junior Exhibition, there has passed away the only opportunity for any considerable number of men in a class to speak in public during their college course. The public, of course, is to be congratulated; but it is by no means certain that the congratulations are to be extended the unfledged orators. Public speaking, like the use of ballot, may be considered in two aspects; first, in that of the interests of society, and secondly, in that of the interests of the individual. If, as some publicists would tell us, society can afford to suffer a temporary injury in order that the individual voter may have his intellect quickened by the use of the ballot, why cannot society consent to be a little bored in order that individual orators may be developed? When, too, the speakers compensated for the infliction of their own oratory by furnishing the best kind of music, the account was about squared. It certainly seems a little hard that men who have worked to secure a nominal "high oration" shouldn't even have the opportunity to deliver a dissertation in public. We notice, by the way, that the retrenchment in college oratory synchronizes with the tendency to cut down the number of religious services. Can it be that people are getting tired of oratory of every description?

We cannot allow the LIT. to pass out of the hands of the present Senior class without expressing the deep appreciation which has been generally felt for the lectures on Natural Theology by President Porter. The thoughtlessness of a few individuals is calculated to cause a wrong interpretation to be put upon the sentiment of the class, as well as to inspire an unfavorable opinion of its courtesy. For our own part, we can say that we have enjoyed the lectures perhaps better than anything else in the course, and this opinion we have heard expressed in different quarters. To our certain knowledge the lectures have stimulated thought, settled opinions, and in some cases awakened conviction. No greater praise than this can be awarded. And we may add that the rare delicacy and serenity with which inconsiderate conduct has in some cases been rebuked, has brought home to the class some of the teachings of the text-book of this term, in a far more effective manner than mere abstract statement could do.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from March 20 to April 4, a period as noticeable, perhaps, for brevity as for anything. The frost, retained so unusually long in the ground, has begun to yield gradually to the caloric influences of the solar rays—our knowledge of Chemistry enables us to explain—and is evolved from its state of inactivity in the form of a gas or vapor. Escaping, it leaves behind it a soft sedimentary bed which, combining in the right proportions with H_2O , produces a soluble compound, in fact, a saturated group of molecules, the characteristic elements of which are dirt and water, and the nature of which is to assist very considerably in precipitation, in case of molecular instability. Should precipitation take place, the base of the solid precipitated will probably afford a very palpable illustration both of the adhesive and combining powers of the compound. To encourage those experimenting we will suggest that the color of the trousers is quite immaterial; and will also add that if the individual experiencing precipitation is of an excitable disposition, it is

impossible to predict the results with certainty even by reference to the tables; except, in general, it is right to infer that after the momentary prostration of the lower members, reaction will quickly set in, and the tongue and upper members will move with extraordinary facility and power. In other words, it has been quite muddy of late. The athletic men, however, are beginning to rouse themselves at the approach of mild weather, base balls are passed to and fro within the prescribed limits of the campus and the fence is again frequented when the temperature will allow. The lateness of the season has found a parallel only in the delay of the Senior appointment men in writing their Commencement pieces. Many of these were not begun until three or four days before March 30, the time appointed for handing them in. Next to the State election, in which so many students actively participated, the most important and generally interesting event of the past fortnight was the

Lit. Supper,

Which took place at the New Haven House on Wednesday evening, March 27, at eight o'clock. Of course it would do violence to the constitution of the Chi Delta Theta to give any publicity to the solemn initiation of the XXXVIIth Editorial Board into the mysteries and obligations of that ancient and honorable fraternity. After the secret ceremonies, however, the door of the sanctum, leading into a private dining room, was thrown open, and the Senior and Junior boards might have been seen issuing arm in arm and displaying a cordiality and intimacy which, under the circumstances, was truly interesting and touching. The supper, the merits of which it is unnecessary to discuss, was such as might be expected from the acknowledged dignity of the guests. It may be remembered that last year the board of '71 intimated that the board of '72 would admit to their supper the most faithful contributor to the *Lrr.* The present board had not anticipated acting upon the suggestion, but in consequence of the illness of Mr. Coe, one of the Senior editors, Mr. Merriam, '72, a prominent contributor, and a class deacon, was invited to take his place. It is something of a coincidence, but last year an outsider was admitted in the same way to fill the vacant seat of an indisposed editor, which leads us to suspect that hereafter each board will ensure the most deserving contributor a share in its annual dissipation rather than leave the matter to be attended to by Providence. At the close of the supper, the toasts, which were as follows, were introduced with the wine and cigars:—

1. THE YALE LIT.

Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses
 Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique patres. OLD SONG.
 Responded to by J. H. HINCKS.

2. THE YALE COURANT.

Resist the Devil and he will flee from you. JAMES IV, 7.
 Responded to by W. BEEBE.

3. MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Devise, wit, write, pen, for I am for whole
 Volumes in folio. SHAKESPEARE.

Responded to by GEO. RICHARDS.

4. VOLUME XXXVIII.

Hic patet ingenii campus; certusque merenti
 Stat favor: ornatur propriis industria donis. CLAUDIAN.
 Responded to by F. B. TARBELL.

5. THE SUPPLEMENT OF THE LIT.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. GRAY.
 Responded to by C. C. DEMING.

6. CHI DELTA THETA.

Or who
 Can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast. SHAKESPEARE.
 Responded to by H. W. LYMAN.

7. THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

My tables, my tables—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile and smile.

Instead of this toast Mr. MERRIAM replied to the following:—

OUR GUEST.

One Pinch; a hungry, lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy.—SHAKESPEARE.

8. THE INFLUENCE OF THE LIT.

Here shall the Lit. the people's right maintain,
 Unawed by influence, unbribed by gain. STORY.
 Responded to by W. A. HOUGHTON.

9. THE FINANCES OF THE LIT.

Get money, still get money, boy,
 No matter by what means. BEN. JONSON.
 Responded to by C. B. RAMSDELL.

10. THE BOARD OF 1873.

Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band. GOLDSMITH.
 Responded to by S. O. PRENTICE.

After the management of the LIT. had been duly discussed, the gathering broke up at about half-past twelve. At a meeting held on the following Friday, the new board elected Mr. Beebe treasurer, and intrusted to Messrs. Lyman and Houghton the charge of "Memorabilia" for the coming year; to Mr. Tarbell the "Notabilia," and to Mr. Prentice, the chairman of the board, the advertising department and book notices. The numbers for '73 will be issued in the order named; Houghton, Tarbell, Beebe, Prentice, Lyman, Houghton, Tarbell, Beebe, Lyman. The allotment to one man of the duty of writing book notices is a plan which, we believe, has never been tried before and which, it is hoped, will promote the success of this department. The speakers at the LIT. supper, though not presenting such elaborate addresses, were, perhaps, quite as easy and unconstrained in manner as the orators who held forth at the

Junior Prize Exhibition

Given at the chapel Tuesday afternoon, April 2. The President presided and the faculty were judges. The speaking commenced somewhat after half-past two, according to the following programme:—1. "The Iconoclastic Spirit of the Present Age," Herbert M. Denslow, New Canaan; 2. "The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu," William A. Houghton, Holliston, Mass.; 3. "The Iconoclastic Spirit of the Present Age," Herbert W. Lathe, Worcester, Mass.; 4. "The Iconoclastic Spirit of the Present Age," Frank B. Tarbell, West Groton, Mass.; 5. Music; 6. "The International Society," by Rensselaer W. Daniels, Lockport, N. Y.; 7. "The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu," Samuel O. Prentice, North Stonington; 8. "The Iconoclastic Spirit of the Present Age," William Beebe, Warsaw, N. Y.; 9. "The International Society," Elliot S. Miller, Williston, Vt.; 10. Music; 11. "The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu," Edward S. Cowles, Farmington; 12. "The Statesmanship of Cardinal Richelieu," Hart W. Lyman, Northampton, Mass. The speaking occupied about two hours and a half. The music consisted of two songs by the Glee Club—"The Spring again Rejoices" and "The Switzer Boy," both of which were received with applause. The audience was not very large. The student community was pretty well represented, but there were not as many ladies present as at the exhibition given last year. Messrs. Atwood Collins, Schuyler Merritt, F. S. Parker and S. W. Williams acted as ushers. As soon as the speaking was concluded, the faculty retired to the Treasury building, and after a long discussion it was announced that the first prize, of \$50, was divided between Messrs.

Houghton and Tarbell, both members of the '73 Lit. board. Besides this award, a prize of \$10, as usual, was given to each of the ten speakers. Perhaps it is but fair to state that, to the greater part of the audience, there seemed little choice between the best four or five speakers, and it would have given pretty general satisfaction if a second prize could have been divided between two more of the prominent contestants. Altogether the exhibition was quite a success and we hope that the Juniors will do as well in their

Prize Debate,

Which we are very glad to learn is to take place in Brothers Hall upon the first Saturday of next term, if it is possible to carry out the proposed plan. There are many who regretted exceedingly that the open societies should cease for so long a time to attract much interest, and should finally die out altogether. Oratory certainly does not receive overmuch attention among us, and any judicious effort to promote it ought to be commended; and so we hope that Prof. Northrop's plan will meet with success. It seems somewhat doubtful, however, for a number of the most prominent writers of the class have signified no intention of taking part, and although a good many men have handed in their names, only a few of them have positively decided to enter the lists. The faculty have offered three prizes for this object—the first of \$20, the second of \$15, and the third of \$10. If fifteen or twenty speakers can be secured, it is proposed to hold two sessions—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The following question has been selected: "Is there danger of too great centralization of power in our government?" Professors Day and Gilman and Mr. Simeon E. Baldwin, have consented to act as judges. And after being exposed to the severe and protracted storm of argument, they will probably be fit

Subjects

For a coroner's inquest rather than for rendering an impartial decision. The subjects for Townsend compositions and DeForest oration, were announced Wednesday morning, April 3, as follows: 1. "Gibbon's 'Secondary Causes for the Rapid Growth of the Christian Church'"; 2. "The Use and Abuse of Forms in Religious Worship"; 3. "Progress of English Poetry in the treatment of External Nature"; 4. "Sir Walter Raleigh"; 5. "The True Doctrine of States' Rights under our Amended Constitution"; 6. "The World's Obligations to Plato." "The compositions must be delivered by some person, not

the writer, to Prof. Northrop, at 137 Farnam College, on Friday morning, May 31st, between 9 and 10 o'clock. The name of the writer must be in an accompanying sealed envelope. Credit must be given for thoughts borrowed, and quotation marks must not be omitted where they are needed. Fifteen minutes only will be allowed for speaking, but the compositions need not be thus limited. The speaking for the DeForest Medal will be on the afternoon of June 28th." Sophomore composition subjects are as follows: 1. "Mazzini and Cavour"; 2. "Myth of King Arthur"; 3. "Emperor Trajan"; 4. "Mythology of Christian Art"; 5. "Southern Life before the War"; 6. "Charlotte Bronte's Novels"; 7. "France as a Civilizer"; 8. "Salem Witchcraft." The compositions must be handed in at the beginning of next term; at the beginning of which term also will be introduced the

Sunday Reform,

Which was decided upon by the corporation at their last meeting, but which was not made public until within a few days. It was voted to give up the afternoon Sunday service in the chapel next term; and the question whether or not evening prayers at 5 o'clock should be substituted for morning prayers, as at present, was left to the faculty, who decided last Saturday that no change should be made in this respect. An optional service at the Marquand Chapel will probably take the place of the usual service. So a coveted reform has at last been brought about. The result remains to be seen. In this connection we offer a suggestion which we hope is worthy of consideration. It is offered in view of the fact that there is no biblical instruction given at college outside the pulpit, and that there are many desirous to receive such instruction, and many amply qualified to impart it. Why may we not have, for instance, a series of familiar talks or lectures upon Bible or religious subjects, occupying, perhaps, three quarters of an hour every Sunday afternoon—not critical examinations of the text in the original, nor abstract and unintelligible discussions of doctrines and principles, but simple, graphic descriptions of men and places—a general history of the Jews up to the captivity, for example, or a year with St. Paul—or some practical question with which everybody is supposed to be familiar, but about which, it is safe to say, most college students do not know a great deal. Sunday should be a day of rest, and we want our Sunday lecturer to be one to whom it will be very easy for us to listen, and who will study to be entertaining rather than profound or exhaustive. We believe that the field for effort in this direction is a very fruitful one. But it is now the

Close of the Term,

And we must wait patiently for the execution of any new plans until after vacation. The students are groaning under the weight of examinations, some, confident of an occasional rush, others, who have had their good things in this present, waiting resignedly for the issue which is to augment their labors a trifle during the holiday; but with the new term, when the elms are budding out and the grass of the campus is struggling into existence and our pleasant city is assuming its summer garb, we may expect to see a fresh start in college. Ball and boating men will begin in earnest and we hope will enter upon a season of unparalleled success. The new LIT. board, whose college record speaks for itself, will assume the responsibilities which we gladly lay off. The many indisposed and absent will return, we trust, in good condition, and every one will be benefitted by the two weeks respite. This attractive looking fortnight, however, will not be entirely devoted to idleness. The Seniors will have Townsends and unfinished Commencement pieces on hand to divert the leisure hours of their last college vacation. The Juniors will cultivate the argumentative style, and the Sophomores will amuse themselves by writing prize compositions. May there be few conditions and omitted examinations to obtrude themselves. As we close up our record for the year, we wish to express our indebtedness to our Scientific Editor, Mr. Henry S. Hoyt, for his regular and gratuitous services, the result of which for this number may be found after the

Items,

Which, like the rest of the Memorabilia cover less time than usual. The college pulpit was occupied on Sunday, March 24, by Rev. J. L. Jenkins, of Amherst; March 31 by ex-President Woolsey and Rev. James Hubbard, of Boston.—Bishop Williams was unable to preach at Trinity as was expected.—The Easter Anthem was sung in the chapel Sunday afternoon, March 31.—March 29th was observed as Good Friday and as State Fast day. Recitations were omitted and a service held in Marquand chapel at four o'clock in the afternoon.—The monthly meeting of the Yale Missionary Society held at the Marquand chapel on Sunday evening, March 31 was addressed by Mr. Barnum, of Turkey.—A number of students set their alarm clocks for an early hour Easter morning and attended the half-past six services at Trinity.—Sunday evening, March 31, Prof. Wheeler delivered a lecture at the Scientific School on “Luther and Zwingle.”—A Yale Alumni Association is to be established in New Haven.—The com-

mittee appointed to manage the election of alumni members of the corporation is constituted as follows ; ex-President Woolsey, Rev. David L. Brainard, of Lyme, Conn., Franklin B. Dexter, Rev. J. H. Twichell, of Hartford, and F. E. Kernochan, of New York City.—'75 held a boating meeting Saturday, March 23, at which Mr. Howard, President of the club, presided. Messrs. Jenks and Selmes were appointed to collect \$300 to purchase a barge. A shell has already been ordered. The candidates for the Freshman crew have been at work in the Gymnasium under charge of captain Cook, and show considerable zeal.—The Law School and Dwight Union debating clubs had a debate March 20, in the superior court room. It was won by the latter. George H. Watrous, Postmaster Sperry and Hon. Dexter R. Wright acted as judges. The decision was in favor of female suffrage.—H. G. Newton, of the Law School, and Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, of Hartford, discussed the same question Friday, March 29.—'74 has shown considerable interest in football of late.—About a dozen Seniors met Prof. Wright at Chemistry examination Saturday morning, March 30.—The Woolsey fund has reached about \$100,000. The class of '60 heads the list with \$20,000.—The Yale club has disposed of fifteen barrels of sugar this term.—The silver drinking cup has been stolen from the basement of the Gymnasium.—Commons has an addition in the way of a pretty waiter girl.—The question of a class dinner or supper is being discussed in '72.—Thieves have been busy in college of late. Miss Kate Mallahan has been arrested and found guilty of several depredations. Keep your doors locked!—The White cup, soon to be rowed for in the single scull race, is on exhibition at Hoadley's.—Grass seed has been sown over the bare ground in front of Durfee and Farnam.—We can make all due allowance for our fair New Haven young ladies. We have felt long and deeply their peculiar and embarrassing circumstances. As students, *our* attention must be chiefly devoted to matters of time and sense, rather than to the fascinating society of the "children of Light." It is natural, therefore, that the "children of Light" should surpass us in that sympathy and affection which they are so abundantly able to cultivate; and yet, occasionally, our social intercourse is marred by an event of so startling and so painful a description that it can neither be explained nor excused. Such an occurrence is still fresh in our memories. It was the season of Lent—a time for sobriety and decorum. It was in the hall of wealth and fashion—which should have suggested prudence and respect. It was in a retired and genteel park—which might have typified modesty. It was in the year called Leap—when the coldest advances are liable to misconstruc-

tion, and yet——! It was natural, perhaps, that two such delicate and sensitive natures should have become, in the course of their promenade, "attuned to gentle harmony," and that one should have attributed to the other her own amiable heart and loved her neighbor as herself. Yet we were unprepared for the closing scene. And the violence of that unrequited affection as the ruby lips parted almost unconsciously to utter these plaintive yet bitter words: "My dear F.!" still lingers in our thoughts. May we not, however, suggest a little discriminating caution and a more private expression of emotions which, we are confident, must, ere long, be reciprocated.—Some courageous Seniors of South college, who have been investigating the proceedings of the Star Chamber with Professor Wheeler this term, summoned to them, the other day, their "sweep," the timid but unsuspecting Alston, formerly a slave, and having locked the door arraigned him solemnly before their self-appointed tribunal. Many and grievous were the charges advanced, not one of which could the wretched man answer satisfactorily. Why had he stole slyly into their rooms at recitation hours and eaten their coal and drunk their oil? Why had he maliciously roused them in the morning when he saw that they wished to sleep? Why had he not, at the bidding of a Senior, set aside the authority of the faculty and opened the chapel door in the middle of a speech at the Junior Exhibition? etc., etc. The unanimous verdict was death, a sentence pronounced more in sorrow than in anger. When the executioner appeared, tall, masked, clad in a sheet, and grasping firmly a pistol, the victim turned as pale as was possible under the circumstances, glanced hurriedly at the window—the fourth story window—and then, uttering a faint sound of terror, dove affrighted between the legs of one of the judges, nearly upsetting him, and thus into the depths of the coal closet. The vengeance of the law in the shape of the ghost followed hotly in pursuit and discharged the pistol with tremendous effect. The report, however, could hardly be distinguished by those outside the closet, who were rolling around the room, convulsed with laughter and radiant with satisfaction at the success of their mild amusement.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

The boating men have been divided into two crews, and practise regularly, under the charge of C. D. Hill and E. M. Child.—Examinations commenced on Thursday, April 4, and extend to the following Tuesday. The order for the Seniors is, Thursday, English; Friday, French; Saturday, Zoology; Monday, Geology. Juniors, Thursday, Physical Geography; Friday, Chaucer; Saturday, French; Monday,

Astronomy; Tuesday, German. Freshmen, Thursday, English; Friday, Physics; Saturday, Spherics; Monday, Descriptive Geometry for the second division and German for the first; Tuesday, German for the second, Descriptive Geometry for the first. The Seniors are out Monday, the other classes are kept until Tuesday. The Junior examinations in Higher Analytics, Differential and Integral Calculus, were annals.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Publishers will oblige us by sending books directly to "The Yale Literary Magazine," New Haven, Conn.

Those who have not yet paid their subscription to the LIT. are reminded that this "little bill" is now over-due. The present Board desire to close their accounts before the expiration of this term, and have authorized their subscription agent to wait upon delinquents.

NEW BOOKS.

Spectrum Analysis. Three lectures by Profs. ROSCOE, HUGGINS and LOCKYER. New Haven: Chatfield & Co.

This is the seventh number of the University Scientific Series published by this house. The aim of the series is to place in a cheap form the advance scientific thought of the age. The lectures in the present number are full of information presented in an attractive manner, upon a subject which has received much attention of late, and which is of interest to all.

The Science of Aesthetics. By H. N. DAY. New Haven: Chatfield & Co.

This author is already well known to the public by his treatises on Logic, Art of Discourse, English Literature, etc. Much care has evidently been bestowed upon the preparation of this volume, which treats of the nature, kinds, laws and relations of beauty. It is adapted for the purposes of a text-book, supplying a marked deficiency in this department of study, and will repay the general reader for the time spent in its perusal. The engravings are unusually fine for a work of this character, that of "The Laocoön" being especially worthy of notice.

Most of the college periodicals are changing their editors. The retiring Boards find it difficult to express their emotion and weep copiously, whilst the new aspirants for editorial fame with their faces wreathed in smiles, make their best but modest bow to the college public.

The *Sibyl*, from Elmira Female College, contains many emanations of feminine sense and nonsense. The attention of the college seems to be directed principally to star-gazing, judging from the many luminous notes from the Observatory which is graced with the presence of the Senior class for two entire evenings each week. One-tenth of this charming circle is brunette, one-fifth blonde and seven-tenths mixed. Average height, five feet three and one-half inches; average weight, one hundred and seventeen pounds. The muses are afflicted with the astronomical epidemic and the *Carmen classis septuagesimae secundae de observatoriale*, in Yankee Doodle *Canlandum*, is the favorite song.

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, from Halifax, N. S., contains fragments of anti-democratic speeches, which deny that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, and affirm it rather to be the *vox diaboli*. Under "Brevia" we notice these paragraphs:—

"Most thinking men must be sick of the everlasting cant about equality, civil

and religious liberty and such like idols of popular political philosophy." "Liberty is incompatible with civilization, as equality is inconsistent with justice." The publication of these effusions no doubt has a wholesome effect upon Canadian youth in restraining them from indulging too exalted ideas of democracy.

The *Denison Collegian* aspires to a review of the "Treaty of Washington" and candidly asserts that "personally, we believe that all claims for indirect losses are unjust." Other meritorious articles of a political nature commend themselves to the careful consideration of statesmen, and doubtless will have great weight in molding public opinion. It is thought, however, that as a general rule, college magazines should confine their attention to matters distinctively literary and collegiate.

The *Volante*, a modest sheet from the University of Chicago is a new visitor. The Seniors at that Institution are engaged in ogling with a field glass the gushing beauties who trip daintily about the halls of St. Xavier's Female Academy, just opposite.

The University of Michigan, whose catalogue we have just received, is an Institution to which western men may look with some pride. It is one of the few educational centers where an opportunity for liberal culture is really provided.

The "Story of the British Privateers" is interesting at this time as given in the *Lakeside Monthly* for April.

The *Catholic World* does not echo the general sentiment of the press concerning the excellency of Taine's English Literature, but remarks, at the close of a careful review "that it will be found an interesting work to those whose opinions on art and literature are formed, whose religious principles are fixed, and whose judgments are sufficiently mature to be in no danger of being affected by the artificial, erroneous and false views of man and his responsibilities with which the book abounds." This magazine though devoted to Catholic interests, seems to exercise greater freedom in the expression of opinion than the publications of that church are wont to do.

Our exchanges during the past year have been a source of much information and amusement. We have praised or censured them according as we thought just, and occasionally enjoyed a hearty laugh at their expense. As we turn over their pages for the last time, we are inclined to say that "with malice toward none and charity for all" we close our editorial intercourse with them.

Our contributors, who have done their part to make the LIT. a success, have our sincere thanks. The liberal manner in which the members of the college, and especially those of our own class responded to our appeal for subscriptions is worthy of remark. The favorable criticism of graduates, the publication in other journals of articles from the LIT. and the remarks of the better class of exchanges lead us to conclude that our issues have generally proved acceptable. We have enjoyed the honor, appreciated the responsibility, and we are ready to lay down the trust. We have witnessed our successors chosen amidst much tribulation, met them at the LIT. love feast, and given them the mystic grip of X. A. O. We are confident that under their management the LIT. will fully maintain its past reputation.

We might, after the manner of preceding Boards, close this scene with poetry and pathos, but we forbear. After July next our address will be Vallejo, California. The salubrity of the climate, the business and professional advantages of the city as set forth in a pamphlet recently received, have determined us to migrate thither after graduation, and to invest the proceeds of the publication of the thirty-seventh volume in desirable real estate. We shall be happy to entertain, in that charming city of the Occident, any who may have ever contributed in money or in wit to the support of the oldest of college periodicals. *Vale.*

C. B. R.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1872.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII.

MAY, 1872.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '73.

WILLIAM BEEBE,

HART W. LYMAN,

WILLIAM A. HOUGHTON, S. OSCAR PRENTICE,

FRANK B. TARBELL.

COLLEGIATE CONCEIT.

WALKING leisurely down street the other day with a friend, to take a harmless look at the "snab" (which pastime I take to be a sacred right of the student's), we met a well-shaped young man, apparently about nineteen, who was arrayed in gorgeous apparel and showed by his gait and general demeanor that he placed an inordinately high estimate upon himself.

It was easy to see that he was "only a towny." He had not that expression of knowledge hid within, which mental culture, however carelessly pursued, rarely fails to impart, in some degree, even to the homeliest features. In fact, though extremely airy, he had nothing of the student air about him. My companion, seeing this, declared in disgust at such a display of coxcombray: "Now there's a fellow that ought to come to college. If his conceit wouldn't get pretty well knocked out of him before the end of Sophomore year, I'd be willing to lose my bet." "College, then, it seems, is the place where youngsters such as we get their conceit knocked out of

them—is it?" said I, incredulously, for I had always thought it was the other way. "Why, yes; don't you think so? Look at ——. You know how important he made himself when he first came to college, but now you never find him taking the lead in anything." And he went on to name half a dozen others who, as I could not deny, had undergone a similar change. Luckily, just then, as I was casting about for something to say in reply, the fair objects we had come to view began to appear, and of course absorbed our attention, so that we did not go back to our discussion.

But on thinking it over since then, it seems to me that both of us were right. Our stand-points were totally different, for he was thinking of conceit as shown by students among students, while what I had in mind was the conceit which appears in the student's relations with the world outside. In the one case the student has to deal with equals; in the other, with those whom it is no arrogance on our part to call, in respect to education, his inferiors. It is true, a youth of wealth or high social position may think, on coming here, that these advantages will give him superiority at college as well as elsewhere, —and, to a certain extent, they will. But if he sets out with his superiority constantly before him, acting the superior to men of less means or lower position, he soon finds that it will not answer. Whatever he may be or do at home, he cannot play the lord at college; for here, if anywhere, all men are equal, and the standard by which he and everyone else is measured is not one of wealth or position or ability even, but of character and worth.

He may, indeed, seek to overthrow this standard and set up one which he can meet more easily. He may, if he is shrewd, form his "little crowd" of choice spirits—a self created aristocracy—and try to "run things" on an improved plan. And it would not be surprising if he should succeed for a time in his great ambition to be looked upon as an influential man. But it is only the triumph of a moment. The pretentious structure is no sooner reared than it collapses,

Et celsae graviore casu decidunt turres,

and my Lord Architect hobbles off out of the ruins as best he can, while better builders take possession of the ground. This is the “knocking about” which is so salutary, a truly wholesome discipline, far more effective in its way than the cunningly devised scheme of the Faculty with all its parade of first and second stages.

But it is hard to make experience serve us outside of the circle in which we gain it. Because one finds that it will not do to show conceit here, it by no means follows that he will not show it elsewhere. Indeed it sometimes seems as if men sought to indemnify themselves for their self-denial here by putting on an extra amount of grandeur the moment they get away. And so, many good people have come to think that a college is a place where they turn out conceited puppies who may indeed amount to something sometime in the dim future, but until that time are wanted by nobody. A minister—“fresh from college,”—the mere phrase is enough to condemn him—is the dread of many a country parish, “because he is so conceited, you know.” They want a young minister, oh, yes; but one who has had time to get rid of his “college airs.” The great Horace was probably struggling to echo this noble sentiment, when, rising to sublimity, he put up the fervent but rather obscure petition: “Of all horned cattle, deliver me from a college graduate.”

But all this is prejudice, you say. No, with your leave, not all, and I think you will agree that it is not if you have ever observed a student at home in vacation.

When he went away at first, he may have been the most quiet, unobtrusive and altogether exemplary fellow in the town. But now—*quantum mutatus ab illo!* What an air he has. He may be an indigent student, and if he is you may be sure all the townsfolk know it, but does he swagger the less for that? No: “Learning is better than wealth,” and he is a practical illustration of the maxim.

Relatives often suffer. I knew a man, a great scholar, though from Harvard, who missed calling on his aunt one vacation, because he would not deign to go to any other

but the front door, which, as he well knew, the good lady rarely or never used. His whole conduct was of a piece with this, and yet he had the effrontery to complain that nobody was glad to see him. It was edifying to observe his knowing look and pitying smile as he sat listening to the country minister, and mark how these deepened into something very like a sneer on detecting a slight mistake in pronunciation. College was at a heavy discount in the place when that vacation of his was over. And his good old Yankee uncle openly declared that the distinguished nephew was likely to make a "big nawthin."

Would it not be a luxury to throw stones, figuratively, of course, at this fellow? But, my dear sir, I pray you refrain and first take a look at your own habitation. Consider, for instance, the oracular way in which you are wont to argue with "the folks" at home, the condescension with which you treat your old associates. Think over the many stories you have told your friends about college scrapes, etc., and see whether you have let slip any opportunity of setting your own ability, heroism and importance in the strongest light, even at the cost of a great deal of coloring and exaggeration. You little know the injury you did your *alma mater*; for it is just such inflated fictions as you and all the rest of us tell, that make people think and speak of college as "such a wicked place."

That is an old joke about the Freshman's airs when he goes home for the first time with his society pin. A Freshman is a good scape-goat. One can hit him with impunity, for he has no friends. But, if the truth were known, "we are all miserable sinners," and the wearers of other pins and badges, triangles I fear included, are not much below the Freshman in this desire to show off to admiring friends. Listening at keyholes, as a general thing, is not to be commended. But the student would often derive much profit from hearing the remarks made about him by these admiring friends when he is absent. A fond mother perhaps, or sister would say that Tom, Dick or Harry was getting "quite manly." But be sure there would always be twice as many impartial ones to say that college was making him "terribly conceited."

The truth is, we are all deeply sensible of the great advantages which we enjoy. We love to talk among ourselves of the influence which educated men exert throughout the country and the lofty positions which they hold, considering all the while that we shall one day wield something of that influence and occupy some of those positions. Nor would anyone have us feel otherwise about our lot than that we are blessed above ordinary mortals. For that is the truth. A moralist would say that we ought to feel humbled by a sense of increased responsibility ; but, unfortunately, that is not the way it works. What do we care for responsibility ? It is the superiority which we feel, and, do what we will, we can't help showing that we feel it.

And, after all, who shall blame us ? Take almost any young man who is hardly out of his teens, and whether in college or not he will think too highly of himself. Conceit is as natural to him as a ruddy cheek or a good appetite. But put him in college, impress him with a due sense of his advantages, give him the real superiority which education affords, and can you expect him to turn out a Moses ?

There is, however, this consolation : " A young man will be wiser by and by ;" and for the student, who is so wise already, there may be hope. He is soon taught to treat his fellow-students as his equals, and when he goes into the world he has only to learn the same lesson over again. If he goes into business he will find that practical knowledge and common sense take precedence of learning ; and in the professions the case is not much different. The superiority of which he is now so conscious he will have no alternative but to resign when he sees himself continually surpassed in his chosen calling—beaten on his own ground.

And even those who devote their lives to the pursuit of learning are not to be despaired of. Men of great learning are often heard to say that they studied long before discovering how little they really knew ; but at last they came to a point where all that they had acquired seemed

as nothing compared with the vast amount that lay beyond. Newton's comparison of himself to a child playing on the shore of the unexplored ocean of truth, is a case in point. To come nearer home, look at the modesty of some of our older instructors,—and yet, I doubt not, at twenty one they felt as large as any of us.

W. A. H.



THE ENGLISH AND ATHENIAN IDEA OF LIBERTY.

SIR William Blackstone gave a formula for Athenian liberty in defining that of England. The right to personal security, personal liberty and private property; the right to defend these by appeal to courts of law, to the executive and legislative authority and the force of arms.* All these the Athenian possessed, and he could boast no more. The two forms of liberty, then, are alike in all component parts, in everything tangible for definition.

An examination of the jurisprudence of each reveals no essential difference. The citizen of Athens was protected in body and estate, in liberty and good name, by laws as stringent as our own—and not more so. His freedom could be restricted only upon warrant from legal authority, his life and property could be endangered only in open court, before a jury of his equals; counsel and a fair hearing were assured to him. We have no safeguards more or less than these.

Yet, notwithstanding this structural identity, I doubt whether an unlearned Athenian, returned to earth and living the life of an ordinary Englishman, would see much to remind him of his former liberties. He would miss the daily stipend, the pomp of free theatre and festival, the fawning flattery of orators, the daily seat in the dicsastery, the oft recurring debates in the ecclesia; he would

* *Commentaries*, p. 144.

forget most of the exalted dignity and superiority of membership in the state ; he would be less intimate with the outward forms and expressions of his liberty ; he would be more an individual and less a citizen. In short, every day liberty in Athens was very different from what it is in London or New York.

These, however, are merely external differences, dependent on causes wholly aside from the direct workings of the principles of liberty ; but, being the points on which the casual reader of Greek history at once hits, and with which he usually rests, they deserve mention.

A small population, immense revenues, and consequent leisure, have given Athenian society and politics their distinguishing characteristics to the popular mind, and are often loosely regarded as the causes of the phenomena presented in the history of Athens, her rapid growth, her wondrous development, her swift decay. But they are not so ; in themselves they are but results. We must look back of them for the influences which fashioned the liberties of Attica and of England, for the life principle which animated precisely the same frame-work ; in one case, to rush in a brief cycle of two hundred years from the Tyrants to Marathon and from Marathon to Cheronea, and in the other to pave its solid way through eight centuries from William the Conqueror to Runny-medé, and from Runny-medé to the England of to-day.

These different principles are found in the Greek and Saxon characters. The Greeks were eminently a people of feeling ; the Saxons decidedly a people of reason. Everything, race, climate, situation, age, served to render the Greeks warm and passionate, prone to extremes, to idealism, susceptible to appeals from the imagination and heart. Everything conducted to develop in the Saxons a hard, cold character, a habit of weighing and balancing, a contempt for enthusiasm, a stern common sense. These were the two soils in which the seed of liberty was planted. What wonder that the products are widely different.

The history of the Greek phase of liberty is what their character would warrant us in expecting. Solon appealed

to their reason ; he framed a code of laws on principles of strict justice ; he removed the weightiest grievances and wrongs ; he established the relations of the state to the individual with far more justice to the latter than had been before known. The result was failure. He trusted to reason where reason was not predominant. He gained no hold on the people's emotions or enthusiasm. In a brief space his constitution was subverted. And so we find the Athenians, just before the beginning of the fifth century, servile and apathetic. A guard of hireling foreigners, supported from the people's poverty, is suffered to flout its banners in their face. A despotism rides in and out before them unchallenged. Meanwhile vast works of art, stupendous temples to the gods, brilliant games and festivals undertaken to impoverish the people, satisfy the people's tastes and aspirations. There seems to have been no revolution of popular sentiment, no growth of a public opinion hostile to this tyranny. Such deep public thought as preceded the revolution of Cromwell and as is working in the English mind to-day, finds no counterpart in this or any other period of Grecian history. The people are contented. They do not love the tyrant or his rule, but they will assail neither. A trivial circumstance breaks the spell. A maiden is publicly disgraced ; her brother, in mere fraternal indignation, stabs and kills the defamer, who happens to be the tyrant. There is a space of confusion. The despotism falls. A brief struggle between factions ensues, followed by results which, though of great import to the people, did not spring from the people, but from wholly extraneous and, apparently, accidental circumstances. Two powerful men quarreled for the first place in the state ; and the one,—to use the oft quoted words of Herodotus—“being vanquished in the party contest with his rival, took the people into partnership.” Here begins the growth of the Athenian democracy. Here was something which appealed to Grecian imagination, the idea of the Sovereign People, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The key-note was touched. A decade and Athens had sprung

from the dead calm of despotism, and was riding on the crest of the first wave of democratic enthusiasm.

The intense activity in all departments of state which followed this outburst must have been of brief continuance, had not the Persian war, following immediately, supplied an object for its energies, and through the common suffering of all classes, opened the way for the complete triumph of the democratic idea.

Without following the course of this triumph, I wish to speak of two points in the completed fabric of Athenian liberty, in which are seen the tendency of the Greek mind to extremes, and the effect of this tendency on Athenian polity. The Greek grasped the idea, in general a correct one, that trial by a body of non-professional men taken at random, is a safeguard against prejudice, corruption and political chicane. He carried this conception to its utmost extent. The judge was stript of all his authority; questions of law as well as of fact were submitted directly to the dicasts without instruction from the court: to remove the possibility of corruption, the dicasteries were made absurdly large. The result was natural. The subtlety of pleaders, the immense amount of irrelevant evidence, the absence of personal responsibility and the temporary whim of the audience,—the dicastery was little else,—thwarted the whole object of this bulky system. Decisions were influenced more by impulse than by judgment.

The other point is, the selection of important magistrates by lot. It was a dangerous thing to leave the power in the hands of the wealthy few; it was a fine thing, theoretically, to make every citizen not only eligible to the highest offices, but also likely to obtain them. To avert the one and accomplish the other, all possibility of selection and discrimination was thrown away. Ability, experience and peculiar fitness counted for nothing. It was the democratic idea in its extremest evolution, and that, too, only three-fourths of a century from the time when the people were excluded from everything. Athens could

have and did have nothing but inferior rulers and magistrates. "The wise pleaded and fools sat in judgment."*

How far this hobby was carried we do not know; but the fact of its existence shows what the Athenians really thought of liberty. All citizens are, or should be, equal; everything that opposes this must perish. Government should be not only for the people but by the people. Out of these two ideas, latent and unexpressed perhaps, but none the less controlling, grew that narrow-minded selfishness on the part of the people, which, in later times, marks all their relations with the state. These relations of state and individual, the duties which each owed to the other, had never been well defined at Athens, nor needed to be. In the first dawn of liberty, enthusiasm for the new idea supplied the place of written law and far exceeded by voluntary offering what any law would exact. Everything was for the state, the property, service, and life of the citizen. Accordingly we see examples of self devotion and heroism nowhere in history surpassed, if ever paralleled, we behold statesmen, generals and rulers who are at once the wonder and models of the world. A century later, matters were changed. The Athenian found himself in a commonwealth which brought him great gain, but he never thought of rendering his own service in return. The state, by some mysterious power, could take care of itself. The citizen was some exalted being to be shielded from all menial service, while he devoted himself to a nobler life, philosophy, art, science and indolence. The impotence of the despairing logic of Demosthenes to rouse the populace to active personal service in the extremity of the state, bears witness to the prevalence of this sentiment in his time. They would send foreigners to the war, but for themselves, they would not go. Moreover, this failure of Demosthenes is an additional evidence, if any were needed, of the emotional character of the Greeks. He spoke to their reason; he was eminently argumentative, and but rarely appealed to the passions of his hearers. The result was failure.

* Plutarch.

His matchless logic fell still-born on the people's ears. Indeed, if a criticism may be ventured on the prince of orators, mine would be, that, in his popular orations, he addressed the reason of a people who were governed only by their feelings.

Now, by the side of this narrow-minded selfishness, and in violent contrast to it, we find a strain of idealism running throughout the Athenian conception of liberty. The Athenians never tired of hearing their stump speakers and Fourth of July orators rant about the divine origin of their freedom and the interposition of mythical divinities and heroes in its behalf. They loved to think of it as emanating from the gods, as itself almost a god, for they never personally deified liberty to the extent that the Romans did, but united it to the attributes of their greatest divinity and worshipped it as Jove, the deliverer. (*Zeus Eλευθέριος.*)

And so, partly as a result of this visionary way of thinking, they came to treat the whole matter in an unpractical way, just as they did art and science. They acquired knowledge not for any practical use, but for elevation of mind. Nature and natural phenomena were investigated for the sake of knowing, and not that the farmer, the mechanic, or the sailor might better pursue his vocation that the few might be wiser and not that the world might be richer or happier. And so the *science* of liberty was pursued as a basis of pleasing speculation and rhetorical display; while in the slight sense in which it became to them an art, it was approached in the light of unfounded generalizations and not with reference to the practical needs of the state. I do not mean to say that theories of liberty became integral parts of state polity in despite of their every day results, but that theory and practice were antagonistic forces more evenly matched in Athens than elsewhere; that the former exerted a considerable influence on the substance and a controlling power over the popular conceptions of Athenian liberty.

This was the state of things soon after democracy reached the highest pitch which Athenian selfishness

would permit—for, be it observed that the Athenians never carried the idea of equality so far as to threaten those sources of their wealth which were antagonistic to it, namely the enslavement of a part of their own population and the fraudulent subjection of the other members of the Delian Confederacy.

Liberty and equality had been worked out to the limit of their possibilities with the Athenian mind. The democratic idea could advance no further. Its novelty, its charm, its sensational character, were gone. Devotion to it must needs decline, and it did decline with a precipitation equalled only by the rapidity of its growth. The same century (430 to 330 B. C.) beheld Athenian democracy at the summit of its power, under its greatest leader, mistress of an empire well worthy the name; and also saw it plunged in depths of degradation from which it has never risen,—passive under the heel of a barbarian despot.

Thus I conceive that Athenian character gave form to Athenian liberty. Like the people, it was bold, extreme, unregulated; fertile beyond all other example in everything that makes a nation heroic; in statesmen, poets, scholars, soldiers, citizens; but unstable in that its foundations were on the sand.

England attained her liberties by a longer and harder road. The impulse that forwarded the hand that guided was reason. The progress was quiet, sometimes almost imperceptible, never really brilliant.

We find the mixed inhabitants of England under the first William as abject and servile as the most bigoted enemy of liberty could desire. We see the English nation of to-day a model to the world of exalted, though properly curbed freedom. And yet there is not as in the history of Athens, any political revolution, any particular period of time to which we can attribute this wonderful change. The Magna Charta is usually pointed to as crowning such a revolution and securing English liberty. It indeed promised liberty, but it did not secure it.

Inasmuch as English kings have always hated English liberty, that liberty could not be secure till the people

knew their rights and how to use them. England has been eight centuries learning these two things, is still learning them. Various obstacles have opposed. Ignorance, poverty, and difference of race at first divided the people; it required a long course of time for common suffering to unite them. They have constantly been opposed by kingly power. England's history has been painted brightest when her monarch has been ablest, and justly; for then in her wars she has been more victorious, in her foreign relations most exalted, in her outward seeming, most splendid. But the history of English *liberty* has been brightest when her monarch has been feeblest. By his misfortunes, follies and errors the people have advanced. There has been continuous warfare which, while it has retarded the course of liberty, has given it a steady, even flow, with no wild wanderings on tumultuous rapids. We never find the English rushing into excesses, or ranting about equality. They thought out their liberties slowly, earned them as they went along, and valued them at the price paid.

On the other hand, they had two powerful teachers, Catholicism and the Reformation. The one taught them the sanctity of human life, destroyed slavery, and gave them, in some degree, respect for their own opinions; the other supplanted this when the people had learned all that it could impart, renewed the pure teachings of Christianity and gave impulse to the idea of man's importance as a man. Now both of these teachers addressed themselves principally to the reason, not to the emotions. There was abundance of excitement and fanaticism at their advent, but religion then, as now, was permanently efficacious only so far as it convinced the understanding. The excitement passed away, but the influence of the teaching has moved on till now. Before it all remnants of villainage and slavery passed away, though no one could point to the year or score of years that marked their death. In its presence the tyranny of the monarch became a thing of the past. The thirty-two charters and bills of rights which mark the two centuries after the

Great Charter are but the even paces of the English people in their grand march to freedom. Little by little they worked out this problem of liberty till at last they reduced it, for theory and for practice, to the formula,—“our liberties consist in not being restricted by any law but what conduces in a greater degree to the public welfare.”*

From these two surveys we can see to what extent the elementary principles are present in each form of liberty. The Athenian idea was founded on but one principle, that of democracy—rule by and for the people. Blindly they followed this idea to its end. There was little opposition to curb their impetuosity. There were no sound principles in religion or philosophy to moderate their extravagance. Their course was, accordingly, swift and straight to glory and to destruction. But it is necessary to call Athenian liberty institutional also. Whatever liberty Athens gained came in tangible shape and went to form the institutions of the country. Yet from the character of the people and the absence of a powerful conservative party, these institutions received no respect, and the result was the same as if they had not existed. Nothing was upheld because it was old. New ideas and new emergencies crowded out the past. The radicals of one generation were behind the conservatives of the next. The English crown in times of doubt has often made diligent search for precedent and example to guide its action. But in Athens present advantage and present argument availed, while established things were discarded. I can illustrate this by Athenian court practice. Previous decisions and opinions were cited not as law from which there was no appeal,—as in our own courts—but as influences which might or might not affect the dicasts.

Besides these two, I find no underlying principles which in any sense belong to Athenian liberty. Guizot has said that modern society is infinitely more complicated than ancient. The simplicity and dependence on one idea which mark Athenian liberty, are examples of the truth of this generalization. Some historians have drawn glow-

* Paley.

ing pictures of what the world would have been in case Greece had become a unit, and thus withstood the encroachments of barbarians. The union of Athens with the rest of Greece was as impossible as her existence without such union. The principle of unitedness—the federative principle—was entirely absent from Athenian liberty. The unenlightened selfishness of the people, their ideal and restricted views of liberty, rendered it impossible for them to think of sharing that liberty with others.

To the predominance, then, of the democratic and the essential absence of the federative and institutional principles, we must attribute the dazzling rise and sudden fall of Athens.

English liberty presents more component elements, more complicated relations. The democratic principle is, indeed, present, but curbed by the overawing dignity of existing institutions. In fact, the whole constitutional history of England is a series of contests between democracy and institutions. The exact relations between them—what one had gained, what the other had lost—were constantly riveted on the people's mind, not, indeed, under those names, but as every day personal facts. As liberty advanced, its victories became new institutions revered alike by king and people—by the latter, naturally, by the former, because they were his safeguards against farther revolution.

Moreover, English liberty has been strengthened by the principle of unitedness. We see this vaguely, at first, in the mingling of different races against a common tyranny. It grows more definite in the league of the Barons who won the Magna Charta. It is full grown in the confederations of the seaport cities and manufacturing towns against special kingly oppression. It gains its grandest expression in the union under common laws of all British Isles.

I wish to speak of but one more principle in which England differs from Attica, and that is the principle of centralized power. To the Athenians the idea of the

supremacy of the one was always abhorrent; their experience of it had been too bitter to be soon forgotten. By most remarkable law they provided for the banishment of anyone who gained a dangerous leadership. The result was that the Athenians were never a nation, but merely a collection of people. They never had a settled policy; they never could be relied on in their foreign relations; their governmental existence was at the mercy of the people's whim.

To this, England presents a marked contrast. A strong central government has given her stability, respect abroad, dignity in foreign relations, and, though outwardly a constant enemy of liberty, it has really been a faithful friend forming a healthful check on enthusiasm, the needful balance wheel of an active society. Thus on these mutually restraining principles of limited democracy of conservative institutions, and of limited sovereignty, have been founded the religious, social and political institutions of England. There is little romance in them, but much common sense, little brilliant foliage but much fruit, little that captivates, but much promise of stability.

In telling what these two conceptions of liberty are, I have largely anticipated the reasons for their being so. But there are two causes of which I wish to speak more definitely, namely, the education and religion of the two peoples.

Macaulay, in one of his earlier essays, where fancy seems in part to have guided his pen, has painted the education of Athens in glowing colors. Her people sat at the feet of the world's greatest orators, statesmen, poets, philosophers and teachers. Sculpture, painting, architecture, mellowed and etherealized the products of their brain. Leisure, wealth, and an unparalleled natural position, gave the finishing touch to their exquisite civilization. But this in itself does not form the best education. It resembles the so-called liberal training which is growing so unfortunately popular to-day. It is sound and general, but not thorough. It makes the polished man of

society, but does not give depth, discrimination, or the power of analysis. It deals too much with externals and thus begets a superficial mind, an appearance of wisdom without the substance thereof. This is exactly what it did for the Athenians. They were bright, vivacious, and, probably as a people, possessed of more general intelligence than any community before or since. But they were superficial, more impressed with the names of things than by their substance, influenced by a brilliant turn of oratory more than by soundness of logic.

On the other hand, the education of the Englishmen who govern public opinion, is that of daily routine, of work by the pupil, not entertainment from the teacher, of specific tasks, not general recreations. This education has aided the natural bent of the English mind in gaining deep analytical character, in placing reason above emotion.

Moreover the diverse influences of paganism and Christianity are seen in every phase of our subject. The worship of gods who were notably and selfishly respecters of persons, who distributed their favors for pecuniary considerations, and were utterly regardless of the lives and limbs of others than their favorites, together with the pervading influence of a philosophy which scorned to consider the health and well being of mankind, begot a disregard for the sanctity of human life and for the dignity of manhood.

Accordingly we see that, while the Athenians carried their democratic idea to the extreme of woman suffrage,* and their personal liberty to the extent of license; yet they never thought of human slavery as a sin, or regarded their neighbors as aught but barbarians devoid of all rights which they were bound to respect. Everything was for the god-favored few, because they were Athenians, nothing for the many because they were men.

But Christianity places "the sanctity of the human body second only to the holiness of the Deity;" teaches us that all men are our brothers, that liberty is not dependent on the chances of birth and circumstance, but the

* Comedies of Aristophanes.

birth-right of all mankind, heaven's own boon to fallen humanity. Founded on Christianity, English liberty possesses its broad, all-embracing character, making all mankind partakers in its blessings, and laying down, as its grand idea, the exceeding dignity and excellence of man because he is the noblest creation of the great Creator.

These are the two ideas of liberty as I conceive them, the highest forms in ancient and in modern civilization. Perhaps the latter would have been better expressed by the liberty of our own land; but I have preferred that of England, which differs in no essential part from our own because from its history, the principles which underlie modern liberty could better be seen. Of the worth of each and of their influence on the world we can form no adequate judgment. Each works out its own destiny, each fills its appointed place in that divine, eternal plan which the human mind can never fathom.

S. J. E.

DREAMLAND.

SONNETS.

I.

A shadowy land in dreams I sometimes see,
 Where Summer shines throughout the happy year ;
 High o'er the wooded plain the mountains rear
 Their heads ; while from the base in ceaseless glee,
 The dashing brooks break for the boundless sea.
 Far fled from this calm spot is every fear ;
 Its glistening carpet knows no human tear ;
 From heartless war of creeds forever free.

No ship e'er sought that solitary shore,
 Yet wanders through the shade of that far place
 The form of one with face almost divine,—
 The face of her I never shall see more ;
 But till the touch of Death my life efface,
 That beauty o'er my darkened way shall shine.

II.

Ah! God above is pitiless and mute!
The skies are brazen doors which shut me in
With all the world's increasing jar and din,
And out from hope. Is this the bitter fruit
Of exaltation o'er the grovelling brute,
That weary eyes look back to youth, wherein
A lost Arcadia lies, to heaven akin,
And forward to a bliss beyond pursuit?

For oft that spot doth lie before my eyes,
Which fill with tears whene'er the mournful thought
That I can never gain it, numbs my heart.
I stand, and all around and o'er me flies
Dust of a world where love and life are bought;
While she and I forever are apart.

F. D. R.

SPENCERISM.

I have been led, of late, to some sober thoughts on a subject which never before occupied my attention, and which, as it directly or indirectly concerns all members of the college, I am moved to present to the attention of the students through the medium of the "oldest college periodical."

I was led into such thoughts by some chance conversation with two of my classmates, both of whom I found full of the same theme. The theme was the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer; and each conversing freely upon it, gave a pretty accurate picture of his mental composition. My friend Ithmophrastus, whom I first met, is, by our standards, a thinker,—that is to say, his thoughts, such as they are, are part of himself. If they have ever belonged to others they are now digested and assimilated in his own mind, and there is about them some flavor of originality. His self-reliance, it is true, sometimes verges on self-conceit. He delights to make unexpected assertions, and whatever he asserts, he feels in duty bound to support to the bitter, or sometimes the ridiculous end.

But these eccentricities are tokens of much real strength of mind; and it troubles me that instead of applying this strength in orthodox channels, he continually allows it to run to waste in what I can consider only as most unprofitable speculations.

This propensity was at once evident from his treatment of the topic in hand. That upon which *οἱ πολλοὶ* in their well regulated thoughts incline to look with suspicion, he exalted above reverence. I did not take exception to the full tones in which he sounded the praises of the philosopher, his great mind, cogent reasoning, and rigid logic. But being myself one of *οἱ πολλοὶ*, I felt no sympathetic response when the same method was applied to the system. Ithmophrastus did not attempt an exposition of it, but simply showed, by his lavish encomiums, the impression it had made on himself. Its invincible foundation, its wonderful simplicity of structure, its comprehensiveness, its fathomless depth, its soaring height—each called for a fresh burst. This was a system whose success was already assured. No living theologian, metaphysician, or scientist could defend his own province against it, and its converts would in a few years be legion. Without the appearance of that impossible possibility,—a David for this Goliath,—the churches of the land would all in ten years time be shut; and to save wear and tear, my friend thought it were well to begin the closing process at once. This in good faith, and no sinister allusions to the Chapel intended. He closed, according to the approved rules of rhetoric, with a well sustained climax, in which he declared that with the reading of this author one just began to live, and that it was his purpose to devote his life to the study and spread of these doctrines. At this, I retired in good order, but internally somewhat discomfited and perplexed withal.

But this movement was only the "*gradus facilis ab sartagine inflammam;*," for I turned a corner and fell upon Analkidus, whom, as soon as he opened his mouth, I knew that an evil genius had sent to hammer to the head the nails set by his master builder, Ithmophrastus. For

Analkidus is a youth of the vine and tendril species, and the oak about which he at present most does cling, is Ithmophrastus. Whatever breezes of opinion were swaying the former, the latter, I knew, would be vibrating in unison. The event proved my suspicions all too true. Down upon me came a second edition of the same avalanche from which I had just escaped. Spencer, coherent in logic, invincible in intellect, Spencerian Philosophy, destined to overcome all opposition, remold the belief of the race, and to shut, in a brief period, the churches of the land, including the College Chapel. It was also mentioned that one hardly began to live until he read that great work, and that it was worthy to command the devotion of a life-time. And so I left him.

Now this conduct, if it were the display of an individual peculiarity, would be a little amusing, perhaps, but not sufficiently important to warrant my asking for it any attention. The hallucination of my two unfortunate friends excited in me at first only a smile. But their unanimity soon roused my attention, and I fell to thinking that they were representatives of a class, small I can truly and thankfully say, yet sufficiently large and sufficiently influential to merit some attention from those who would estimate aright college society. I refer to the class of college skeptics; and concerning them I would ask of the public one or two questions.

Each of my two friends represents a different phase of this class,—one the thinking, the other, the credulous phase. This distinction is, to be sure, no novel discovery, applicable only here. It fits as well us of the opposite faction, and, indeed, the world in general. Those who lead and those who are led, those who walk and those who are carried, in short, the Ithmophrasti and the Analkidi,—when you have arranged men into these two classes, who remains unclassified? But, commonplace as the distinction may be, it is yet worth while to notice its application as showing how large a field there is for credulity, even in skepticism. Half of those who condemn the blind belief of the orthodox are themselves just as

blindly believing the heterodox opinions which they have caught up, parrot fashion, from their stronger-minded brethren. Such specimens we may be content to classify without analyzing. Of what use is it to ask Analkidus the reason why, when, before answering, he must run to Ithmophrastus, from whom we could get the authoritative dictum more quickly and with less distortion.

Just here let me warn my readers against the error of supposing that Ithmophrasti lie in wait at every corner. On the contrary, it gives me pleasure to state that specimens are rare, and that my meeting with two such characters in succession was a most unusual occurrence. Hence we may still frequent any part of the college territory in comparative safety.

But, you say, what has all this to do with skepticism? and how does the conversation of the mighty Ithmophrastus and the pliant Analkidus implicate them with that class? Do you make the language of the Spencerian Philosophy the Shibboleth of skepticism? To this I answer yes and no. That is to say, all admirers,—at least all critical admirers of Spencer—are not necessarily skeptics; but all of our number who have any pretensions to skepticism, are affected with an admiration for Spencer. As far as my ability to determine the purposes of the New Philosophy is concerned, it may contain no principle which necessarily conflicts with revealed religion and may be destined to work results as beneficial to humanity as those brought about by the Baconian method. I have, it is true, my own opinion; but I know neither much more nor much less about it than Ithmophrastus, who is loudest in sounding its praises. But, having formed, by previous observation, a list of the free thinkers around me, I find them at present all busy in chattering about Spencerian Philosophy, and in fortifying themselves with its arguments. Therefore I have characterized them by this sign.

And this is one of the questions I would propound—what has led our Ithmophrastus into this new way? I have, to be sure, an answer of a poor sort which I will

offer, hoping that some one will soon replace it by a better. Whether the schemes of Spencer necessarily conflict with the fundamental truths of revealed religion, whether he builds them with the hope that they will so conflict, and that too, successfully, or whether he wishes to think independently and fairly, unmindful of consequences—Ithmophrastus and I are alike incompetent to decide. But evidently my friend has seized upon this theory as a powerful defense of his own course. It certainly carries on the face of it some tokens of such an intention. And the practical importance to him of their tendency in the system, is the fact that the system is new, comparatively unventilated and certainly unhackneyed. It has not as yet been long enough before the public to find a rival or conqueror. In consequence, it is perfectly safe to profess as much of it as is agreeable. Its arguments are vastly more substantial than the rusty supports on which aforetime those have been compelled to lean who are appointed to fill the arduous office of skeptic in general for the college. Indeed, it has come to be high time for one of those periodical changes in which it seems imperative that skeptics should indulge. Such complete refutation of their successive positions does time and ripe investigation bring that they must, from time to time, take up a new position, in order to satisfy themselves that they have any right to be skeptics. So let our Ithmophrastus dress himself in this latest spring fashion; but let him be preparing an attic room in which to stow it as soon as summer novelties shall be ready to take its place.

So I can answer my own question only by saying in general terms, that the Spencerian idiosyncracy is a particular phase of the more general skeptical mind. But having come thus far, I find myself confronted by a more serious problem, which invites a long investigation and which I will not attempt to answer—namely, what is the reason for college skepticism? As collegians are unfeudged men and nothing more, we must not, to be sure, expect to find them acting from other motives than those which everywhere influence society, whether we are

analyzing their skepticism or their more common failings. But, while the world at large has its interest for us, it is the college world that claims our sympathies, and it is college skepticism that lies in the line of our duties. I would gladly see this subject more freely discussed, both by its defenders and its opponents. For those who profess skepticism can thus be made to realize what, I fear, in many cases they now fail to do, the important issue involved in their actions, and to move with greater deliberation. On the other hand, those whose inclinations are against this thing, and who are grieved at its prevalence, have a duty laid upon them to lend a hand in its removal. This they are largely unfit to do, from an undue negligence and a consequent and equally blameworthy lack of accurate and serviceable knowledge of the views here entertained and the arguments advanced in their support. To make this a subject of discussion would, I take it, be in some sense, a service to the college community; and in hopes of this I write. The writing will not satisfy curiosity, very little of which exists. It will rather, I hope, aid in awakening curiosity, that there may be one more subject of conversation for the club, the fence, and those select assemblies which are ever and everywhere convening to settle the policy of the college on important and mooted questions.

And if my efforts and troubles arrest the attention of some capable mind and lead its possessor in answer to my question to put in print his ideas on the reasons for college skepticism, I shall be abundantly repaid. *



“BLUE” DOUBTS.

DON’T be frightened by the “blue” look of this title. You have your “blue” days, so have I; and it may do us both good to think over some of the doubts which cause them. You remember what a learned divine told us

students not long ago ; " If I have a doubt, I hang it up on a hook and survey it on every side, until it is perfectly clear to me." These were virtually his words and they seem to the point. Far be it from me to solve any of our doubts in these few lines ; we may carry them with us to our graves. But I want to "hang them up" at any rate, and then by turning them round on every side we may come to a more cheerful frame of mind.

You will grant, I am sure, that none of us at college are without ambition. Our aspirations may not be alike in the particulars, but they all have in common the idea of something higher than our present sphere, the idea of attaining to eminence. It is indeed true that the hopes and longings of individuals are as varied as are their peculiar constitutions and habits. Some desire literary fame, others, scholastic reputation, still others, success as prominent politicians and statesmen, while very many, particularly our western friends, consider it their highest aim to heap up unbounded wealth. 'None of us can deny that every day we are building lofty castles in the air, higher perhaps than we shall live to occupy, but none the less vivid in our imagination. We do not want to have it said of us, "That fellow don't amount to anything." Now, for many of us this is an important crisis. Our college course has been forming our minds and developing in us new aims and purposes. We begin to feel now, if not before, that our tastes are changing and that our plans for the future must change likewise. Let us take as an example our classmate —, who ever since he was a boy has expected to be a lawyer. He came to college, tried to debate in a Freshman society, but was positively laughed down ; tried to talk politics, but has always been worsted in a discussion ; tried to write, but found that the Faculty didn't like his style, and in a word has come thirtieth best out of every collegiate contest which he entered. He is beginning now to be discouraged and thinks he had better not be a lawyer. But when he forms his plans, objections meet him at every turn. He fears he cannot be a merchant, for he has no

practical traits in his nature; he dislikes medicine; he feels that he has neither the talents nor the zeal which are needed in the ministry. Such are some of the discouragements springing from our change of plans. Our breasts seem to be the seats of mighty revolutions, internal, indeed, and unnoticed by others, but none the less weighty to us. "What am I good for? What is the sphere in life which I am to fill?" are questions which we ask ourselves over and over again. The four years which we spend here are doubtless the happiest and idlest of our whole lives, and most of us spend them more easily than we shall ever spend another four years. But the nearer we come to their close, and the nearer we come face to face with the world and its hard work, so much faster we begin to awake from our pleasant dream-life and to look at ourselves in our true light. We wonder whether we shall bear comparison with our fellows when we are thrown out into the world; whether we are able to fight our way independently of tutors and governors; whether we shall be crushed in the "mill," and we keep on wondering about probable and improbable events, until we have good reason for being "blue."

Then at other times we feel depressed when we think that our time here is wasted in inactivity, and that we are making no progress, while so many of our friends are advancing rapidly in the world outside of college. It gives me a jealous twinge even now, when I think of an old playmate and his present success in business. He had been for a year or two in the employ of a New York firm, when they made him the offer to act as their agent in the East and to receive a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars besides his traveling expenses. It need not be said that he accepted without hesitation. He traveled slowly toward his destination, stopping at London and Paris long enough to enjoy them thoroughly, and thence by the overland route to Manilla, his journey's end. The reports which he gives of the life there may well make one envious;—private apartments with three or four native servants, a carriage and pair (of horses, I suppose,

though they may drive mules in M.), and a mess of European friends like himself in business there. Such is his good fortune, and compared with him we may seem inactive, but a little reflection will show us that if we are faithful this is untrue. We are preparing ourselves for our future calling and the foundation which we are now laying must be substantial. Any one of the professions needs more preparation than does a business career. There is a vast amount to be learned, not alone in science generally, but in each department of it individually. The fault to be found, now-a-days, with American scholars as a class is, that they are too superficial ; that they will not study as deeply as the Europeans. There can be no danger that we shall fit ourselves too well for our life's work ; so don't let us grumble at spending four years here. Each one of us needs a supply of studious and persevering habits, and those we can acquire nowhere better than at college.

What, now, are some of the remedies for these doubts ? I believe that the great cause of "the blues" is that we sit still and worry about our troubles without lifting a finger to overcome them. If we would spend only half the time in steady plodding, which we spend in idle wondering, the way would soon seem clear before us. Many of us become discouraged, because we doubt of our worthiness. Still if we have loving friends, who respect us, the very least that we can do is to work conscientiously and not disappoint them. We must make ourselves worthy in our own eyes, as we are already in theirs. Suppose that we doubt of our capacity to carry out some cherished schemes in life. All we have to do is to aim high, and fix our eyes on those same schemes as on a goal toward which we will strive with every means in our power. Do you remember the moving principles to which Dickens imputed his success in life, when he said of himself in the character of "David Copperfield": "I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a

time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. * * * Whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its ends. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth." There would be more distinguished men in this century, if more were willing to persevere in the daily routine of hard work and in the improvement of little opportunities. Why, life is made up of little seconds, little chances for helping our fellow men, and he is a fool who despises the little things, waiting for something big to "turn up." And if in addition to all this we study ourselves, and see what are our passions and faults to be checked and what our merits to be encouraged, what we are capable of doing and what calling we are fitted for, if in a word we study ourselves as we would study some abstruse science, then we will be in a fair way toward success in life. It is well to be "blue" sometimes; it is a good thing to have doubts occasionally, but we must rise out of those doubts, and be up and doing. The world is advancing daily in science and knowledge of every kind, leaving preceding generations far behind; and while we strive to surpass our ancestors intellectually, let us try to imitate their noble characters and lives.

A. H. A.

ON SEEMING VIRTUOUS.

SOME people like to magnify their own depravity. The poor black imp on whom Miss Ophelia tested her educational principles "always made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing." She "spected she was the wickedest critter in the world." Similarly M. Taine, in a passage which reflects little credit on his country, says in his sweeping way, that if Frenchmen "have an affectation, it is not of virtue, but of vice; and if they have quacks, they are trumpeters of immorality."

Topsy and Frenchmen have their representatives here. You hear one man, whom you know to be tolerably faithful to his duties, boasting that he never studies more than an hour a day. Another attempts to impress you with his personal experience of all the stages of intoxication, though you are quite well assured that his extreme form of dissipation lies in temperate potations of lager beer. And there is not a sin so black that you will not find some falsely pretending to have dabbled in it.

Happily, however, special moral obliquity is not ordinarily looked upon in our community as anything heroic nor aggrandizing. The trumpeters of immorality are, for the most part, "shouldered to the shady side of public opinion." Our prevailing hypocrisy consists in what one of Mrs. Stowe's later creations calls "coming the high moral dodge." The devout member of the incoming class, who, before his seat in chapel has been assigned to him, is punctually present in the gallery at the time of prayers, and looks down with curious interest upon the assembly beneath him, sees with surprise and pleasure the reverent attitude of a majority of the students during the solemn supplication. Ah, well! he is disillusioned before long. One does not need to be inside college a great while in order to make the painful discovery that at our morning service heads are bowed for divers reasons, and that in all the gathered company the true worshippers are only here and there. Our Freshman, as he familiarizes himself with

Attic forms and mathematical propositions, learns too that it is not in chapel alone that college men present on the surface the appearance of more virtue than they really possess. He sees unfolded before him a demonstration, more clear than he has ever seen before, of the truth and shrewdness of Archbishop Whately's saying, an emendation of a popular proverb, that "hypocrisy is homage paid to public opinion." Hypocrisy may be too harsh a word to use. Our shamming may be sometimes a half-unconscious conformity to custom; it may be sometimes the involuntary instinct by which a man shows the better side of his nature to those who can appreciate it. Call it what you will, the seeming which is at variance with practice is a very shabby thing.

The public opinion which constrains pretense is, in part, of our own manufacture. For, whatever our private opinions and principles may be, and whatever may be the sentiments which we express when, unmasked, we talk confidentially to one another, the standard of college *public* opinion, when expressed in a public way, is high. Think, for instance, of the way in which in some mass-meeting, we deplore the petty practices of the hazing system that is not yet quite extinct. We make vigorous speeches, condemning in a manly way the cruelty of tormenting homesick Freshmen, all unused to college ways. But we leave our meeting and straightway forget what manner of men we were there. We instigate and take part in an annoying visit to some poor unfortunate's room, appropriating a hat or two on the way. Or, it may be, we argue that it is necessary to the development of the Freshman's mind and character that he should be made painfully conscious of his subordinate and insignificant place, cloaking, like Mr. Squeers, our tyranny over our lessers—a tyranny which, to be sure, no one is so insane as to regard as bearing the remotest resemblance to his—under the pretense that in all self-forgetfulness we are seeking their highest good.

Perhaps we are about to hold one of the elections on whose results the revolution of the crank of the universe seems, to our way of thinking, to depend. Does not some one parade in an anticipatory meeting his disgust with

coalitions and the crooked way of small politicians? Does he not express the hope that no one will cast a vote for any candidate on any extrinsic reasons? Does he not, in short, give expression to views which inspire confidence and command respect? And then does he not use all his resources and influence to secure the election of his particular man?

Now and then some one attempts to impose on a wider college public than his own class. He writes for the LIT. an elaborate attack on the practice which, in our elegant slang, we call "skinning." He shows how it stultifies the mind and blunts the conscience. Perhaps he might reform some sinner. But those who know him in the recitation room are aware that he is addicted to the kindred vice of "cribbing." So his logic and his eloquence are wasted.

However, the public opinion which most influences us to pretense is not that which we create. We are in contact with the Faculty, whom we regard as a virtuous body, and whose opinion of us will, we think, affect their dealings with us. So it is that while our college code of morals, the code, that is to say, to which we conform our conduct, has no commandment against small evasions of the Faculty's requirements, and while such evasions are chuckled over as smart and laughable, we nevertheless propose to maintain with our overseers the reputation of having the good moral characters, the certificates of which we once deposited in their hands.

Public audiences, too, are to be propitiated by exhibitions of correct moral principle. Those who are jealous of the reputation of Yale are often vexed at the way in which exaggerated reports of students' peccadilloes, started by some imaginative New Haven newspaper reporter, go circulating through the country. They should remember how much is done to counteract any misconception so obtained. On those important days when college orators make their bows to audiences gathered from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, what sublime lessons are inculcated! "Here," says the charmed listener, "are men who may be

supposed to represent the opinions of the college, and how touching is their sorrow for 'The Antagonism of Christian Sects'! how awful their picture of the corruptions of 'the political arena'!" Does it never dimly occur to them that not all of these haters of evil are ready to throw themselves into the scale of justice and holiness?

Of course it is common everywhere for men to try to appear better than they really are; but in the contracted world in which we live any discrepancy between words and actions is unusually plain. The Congressman may give a harrowing account of barbarities practiced on the Indians, and if he is insincere, very few of the wide audience that he reaches will ever know it. A writer in the *North American Review* shows up the criminalities of railroad legislation, and we take it for granted that he is a lover of justice in deed and in truth. Here we may deceive the public, perhaps the Faculty, but not one another. Do we care less for the good opinion of our immediate friends than of strangers?

It is a good thing to have a high ideal, but consistency between one's ideal and practice is a good thing too. If we killed our better selves, we should be ten-fold worse than we are. There is an alternative.

F. B. T.



RETURN OF GRIEF.

"Give wine to him who is of heavy heart,"
For if there come no respite to his pain
Ere morning shine upon his face again,
The thin-worn thread of life will break apart.
Give wine to me! Swift from those drops shall start
Rich praise of life and love without a stain;
All joy and mirth shall join in glad refrain,
And from my soul all misery depart.

But when its power is gone, bleak, barren night
Creeps o'er each sense. Clouds drive across the sky,
And cold and sullen rain beats in my face.
Sad ghosts of vanished joys fill all the place;
While at my feet upon the earth doth lie
A broken wine-cup, emptied of delight.

F. D. R.

THOUGHTS ABOUT NOVELS.

PERHAPS of the time devoted to amusement by cultivated people, the greater share is spent in reading works of fiction. This is notably the case in college, especially during the seasons when outdoor sports are impossible. No books in the library are in greater demand than the novels, and the appearance of a new book from a famous novelist is the signal for a rush to the alcoves and an eager search in the catalogues and among the shelves. If we inquire of these devotees why they spend so much time in reading of imaginary characters and events, the answers we receive vary within small limits. The object of the many is mere relaxation and amusement; the desire to keep up in the current literature of the day, animates not a few; while scarcely any will claim that in novels they seek for the instruction and information which can be found *nowhere else*. Indeed, few seem to be aware that the novel has any further use than as a pastime, and opposition to this class of reading is frequently owing to this misapprehension. But on the contrary this is far from being the case, and we conceive that the chief excellence of the novel lies in this: that while it gains the sympathies and excites the expectation of the reader by its characters and plot, it pours through these skillfully-contrived channels into the head of the unsuspecting reader a stock of information and a variety of ideas which he never would have taken the trouble to acquire otherwise, and which he is only dimly conscious of receiving now. The question, however, is suggested, "Is the information valuable which we derive from these sources, and such as can be gained by no other method? We contend for the affirmative of both these questions, and quote for support the dictum of a man eminently qualified to express an opinion on such matters: "Out of the fictitious book," says Thackeray, "I get the expression of the life, of the times, of the manners, of the merriment, of the dress, the pleasures, the

laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again. Can the heaviest historian do as much for me?" Experience will bear witness to the truth of these assertions and the pertinent force of the concluding question. And here, moreover Thackeray is not speaking of the so called historical novels, but of works of pure fiction. What better picture of the social life of the eighteenth century can be found than in the pages of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett? What historian would violate "the dignity of history" to tell us of the masquerades, the practical jokes, the visits to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and the other amusements in which our ancestors delighted? Who would stoop from narrating the debates in Parliament, the changes in the administration, foreign wars and political crises, to relate the average height of the head-dress and circumference of the petticoat, or to describe with minute accuracy the amount of gold lace and satin in a gentleman's apparel. Yet one need not be a *Tenfelschöckh* to see the significance of these things. To picture to ourselves vividly and completely, previous states of society,—which is one of the most essential as well as interesting parts of historical study—knowledge in such apparently trifling matters is of the utmost importance, and in the whole domain of literature there is nothing that can impart this knowledge so agreeably and so thoroughly as the much-vilified novel. The deficiency of earlier Greek and Roman literature in romances is so keenly felt that attempts have been made to supplement it by modern compositions. The pen of Becker has given us all that ingenuity and erudition can do to fill the gap, but the adventures of Charicles narrated by a friend, or the story of Gallus from the *stylus* of one of the Augustan literati, would be more satisfactory, more reliable, and, we may add, would delightfully vary the monotonous successions of the classical curriculum.

The works we have had in mind are purely fictitious, with their scenes laid generally in the author's own time and country. They were not written with any intention of instructing future generations, but simply,

we suppose, as novels are written now-a-days. It is curious to observe, however, that they teach us more valuable and reliable history than the professedly historical novel. The chief advantage of the latter lies in surrounding real personages with fictitious circumstances and events which shall serve to fix them in your memory. But strict fidelity is often necessarily sacrificed ; and he is a skillful contriver who can conform all the incidents of an intricate plot to the recorded temper and attributes of the character. The space of time which separates the author and his subject renders doubtful the correctness of the descriptions of manners and customs. For these and other reasons, too much confidence is not to be placed in works of this class, but a discriminating use of them is quite beneficial ; especially if pains are taken to compare the remainder with the historian.

We have dwelt upon the value of novels in representing past conditions of society. There are other fields, however, in which instruction can be derived from their perusal. Without pausing upon the more obvious points, we may mention the bits of information on various topics scattered through their pages, and which from association acquire a wonderful permanence in our memory. Some books seem to be written more with this view than any other. The author having too little learning for a regular treatise, but possessing an inordinate desire to display erudition, assumes a lamentable ignorance on the part of his readers, and at once proceeds to put an encyclopædia into the form of a novel. The ludicrous pedantry counterbalances whatever good might otherwise be derived. We can never sympathize deeply with the gay young hero who possesses the learning of six ordinary German professors, which he has acquired without apparent exertion or expenditure of time. He is too grand, too divine, and too inconsistent.

It is undeniable that fiction occupies the lowest rank in literature ; yet it takes a great man to write a great novel. We do not appreciate the amount of labor and skill that a romance has cost until we read it the second time.

Familiarity with the plot points out to us how nicely each incident fits into its place, how well chosen it is to unfold peculiar traits. The delicate perceptions of the author become apparent, and his powers of discrimination in the selection of words, phrases and sentiments. The careful study of the masterpieces of fiction is a profitable exercise for a young writer on two grounds. First, for the style which is almost always clear, easy, and idiomatic; secondly, for the stress upon perfect outline and harmonious adjustment of parts.

But while the romance has all these benefits to offer to one who will seek them, its first aim must be relaxation and amusement. The absolute feeling of relief which is experienced in passing to light reading after a course of hard mental work, is well known to students. The time spent in such pursuits should be proportioned to the gains, and we are free to confess that by this rule the time allotted to novel reading must be short. Few, like Porson, could endure an unmixed diet of fiction for months at a time, without feeling the evil effects of their greediness.

The novel is said to have been originated among the people of Asia Minor, and the confirmed novel reader seems to approach the characteristics of the inventors of his favorite occupation. The perversion of a rational mode of entertainment is self-destructive, and satiety is fatal to enjoyment.

R. W. D.

NOTABILIA.

WE have at last experienced the pleasures of the new Sunday arrangement, and all will, we think, unite in pronouncing them good. The reform was decided upon and announced so quietly at the close of last term that we hardly realized that there was to be any change. But once back, we found that in the afternoon the old bell did not sound forth its imperative summons to the oaken

cushions of the chapel. We suddenly felt that we were free, and quietly continued our nap, our chat, or our book, if we so pleased. If the spirit prompted we wandered forth to church, feeling that in so doing we did God service, and not the Faculty and the chapel preacher. The results of the reform have thus far been quite satisfactory. The attendance upon afternoon service has not, of course, been as regular as formerly. But all have gone whom it would benefit to go, and we feel that it is better for a half to attend of their own free will than all at the dictation of others. It is the spirit, and not the act that blesses.

We imagine that we now see the worst fruits of the innovation. A natural reaction from a regular and compulsory attendance will keep many for the present away from afternoon service, who, under other circumstances would attend. As time passes and students who have never suffered from this compulsion enter, we fancy that afternoon church going will be much more regular than at present, and that the most sceptical will be more than convinced of the wisdom of the "new departure." The change thus consummated was perhaps more to be desired than any other relating to the college. The evils of the old system were almost universally acknowledged by the Christian men of the college, and the reform claims the most hearty approval from every quarter. It is a most auspicious beginning for the new presidency, and speaks volumes for the motives and dispositions of "the powers that be."

Since the change referred to above has been consummated, a question has naturally arisen regarding the form which the voluntary service should take to make it the most interesting and instructive. Numerous plans have been suggested by the different members of the Faculty, but it seems to us that a plan similar to one proposed by Prof. Thacher, at one of the Friday evening prayer meetings, would command the heartiest support from the students. He advised that the ordinary service be abolished,

and that an informal meeting for religious instruction take its place. Of course such a meeting might be conducted on widely different principles, and perhaps an occasional variety might be advisable. But if an arrangement could be made by which instruction could be furnished regarding the more prominent features of Bible doctrines and church history, we are sure a large body of students would give their thoughtful attendance. Expressions of such a wish are frequent on every hand, and an attempt of this kind would meet with a hearty support. A subject might be treated by lecture or discussion, and much benefit be derived therefrom. We are all of us more or less ignorant of the internal and external history of the churches, and a more intimate acquaintance with it would increase both our knowledge and our faith. It is a matter with which every one, whatever may be his belief, should be familiar, and peculiar means exist here for giving reliable instruction.

A further reform in the chapel service the students appear to have taken into their own hands. Whether it was due to the length of the President's prayers, or the very uncertain wording of the close, on two occasions he has been interrupted by a general rising before he had concluded his last sentence. The appearance of his face at that time was not over bland; but his customary smile returned as he passed down the pulpit steps, and he bowed as graciously as ever to the lines of blushing and over-hasty Seniors. The incident was doubtless rather disconcerting to the President at the time, but seems to prove beyond dispute that the students pay attention to the prayers, enough at least to know when they are drawing to a close.

It is pleasing to notice the interest which the country appears to be taking in the approaching election of alumni members to the Corporation. All the leading papers, East and West, are discussing the matter, and tickets are being presented and urged in all quarters. Nearly all who are

prominently proposed are able and suitable men, and it would seem that there is a tolerable surety, that the new additions will reflect credit upon the college, and be an earnest of a correct and thoughtful progress in the future. One feature of the canvass, however, can hardly commend itself. Sectional preferences and animosities have shown themselves quite openly. Chicago proposes six men all from the extreme West. New York in a circular claims for herself four. Such action is unworthy of honorable and devoted alumni. The interests of the college should be placed above sectional pride, and the only qualification for a candidate should be an eminent fitness.

All will, we are sure, feel disappointed at the results of the Worcester Boating Convention. We had hoped that, after the troubles experienced last year, and after we had bowed to the inevitable decrees of fate by entering the association, everything would progress happily. But it has proved otherwise, and the very plan, to which Yale and Harvard looked as the means of raising our college racing to the character and rank of English University boating, has been rejected by the combined vote of the smaller colleges. That the method of choosing a crew from all the departments of the University is the most just and proper one must be acknowledged by everyone who does not look to self motives. According as the numbers, from which the sixes are to be selected, are enlarged, so will increase the attractions and prestige of the races, and only in this way is the University represented in its strength. That the plan affords Yale and Harvard an advantage is acknowledged. But this advantage is a legitimate one, and one which they may justly claim. The Academical departments do not comprise Yale and Harvard. In fact they include but little more than half the students, and to make the laurels of a great University, and the glory of its name depend upon the exertions of half its students assuredly is not just. That the smaller colleges have the power to do as they please in this matter, is certain, but it seems to us

that they have acted in an ungentlemanly manner in despotically overruling the wishes of Yale and Harvard into whose privileges they have just been admitted. That they have decided interests at stake, is equally certain, and perhaps it is not unnatural that they acted as they did. The more we examine the affair, the more are we convinced that the "American Rowing Association" is an ill-sorted body. Every new development proves more and more conclusively that the association is no place for Yale and Harvard. There is no equality of numbers to insure a steady and equal competition. The difference between their character and that of the smaller colleges is marked, and conflicts of interest must ever exist. Under the auspices of the association, there cannot be that harmony there was under the old *régime*, and somebody must always be dissatisfied. We do not say this to injure the feelings of our neighbors. We simply state a fact which their own catalogues set forth, and draw what seem to us necessary conclusions.

What action will be taken by our boating men upon the matter, we do not now know. But we do know that there is throughout college an aversion to the association, and a desire to return to the old regulations. Then, and not till then, can we hope for harmony and satisfaction, and an approach to the Cambridge and Oxford standard. If departments only can be represented, in the coming race, we sincerely hope that the Scientific School will send a crew. They have splendid material, and by entering, will probably double the chance of Yale's winning. In the victory of either crew we could all equally rejoice. For above all, it is Yale that conquers. Besides, they would gain the privilege of a vote in the next convention.

It is to be hoped that the abolishment of the open societies will not result in the death of the prize debates. They occupy a position in college, which without them must be vacant. We have a great deal of literary work, but it is almost entirely confined to compositions and disputes.

Never, except in debates, is an opportunity offered to the mass of the students to practice themselves in speaking in public. Such drill is especially demanded, and we know of no way in which it can be gained so readily and effectually as in these debates. "Thought, style, and delivery," are the prime requisites, and there is every incentive to faithful work. The informality of the occasion gives a freedom and naturalness to the speaker, which the De Forest and Junior Exhibitions can not hope to furnish. They are not confined to a few, but are open to all. "Whosoever will, may come." In "days gone by," the debates were the great events of college life. Superior to the De Forest in the interest they excited, the honor of a triumph in Brothers or Linonia was second to none. Why should it not be so to-day? We do not regret the suspension of the long since dead societies, but, if they must drag down in their ruin the prize debates, we shall pray for their resurrection.

The late debate is unfortunate in the effect it will have in "putting a damper" upon all attempts to revive or remodel these old annual contests. The causes of this failure we do not find in a lack of interest in the debates themselves, nor do we feel that any charge can be laid at the door of the Junior class. The conditions alone under which the debate was placed are accountable for the result. Succeeding, as it did, almost immediately the Junior Exhibition, the ten speakers upon that occasion were virtually excluded. Taking place on the first Saturday of the term, with only the vacation given to prepare in, only those who were willing to surrender their needed rest for hard work could hope to compete, and it is no wonder that but seven were at last found ready. The Faculty with commendable zeal determined to revive the debates, but they imposed such restrictions as proved fatal. We hope that they will not be scared out of their good intentions by this trial. The number who at first entered, notwithstanding the circumstances, shows the feeling of the students. The result should not be discouraging. If the

provision that the debate must take place on the first days of the term be continued, it is idle to hope much for future attempts, but if more favorable regulations be made, we believe that they will be a success.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from April 4 to May 14, a period which yearly witnesses a vast amount of misery and happiness. Examinations, on the whole, passed off with their usual *eclat*. There was the customary amount of hard work to devise means by which cramming could be avoided and as much astonishing luck, both good and bad, as usual; but tears as well as smiles are of short duration and

Vacation

Found all alike in that state of quiet content for which Yale students are noted. An uncommonly large number spent the vacation in New Haven. Some, in order to work upon Townsends and commencement pieces, others because they had no place to which to go, and not a few whom the smiles of tailors and of Hoadley have seduced into large expenditure, because it is cheap living in New Haven. Two or three Juniors went hunting on Long Island, and brought down ducks of more kinds than one. Walking, rowing and riding received their usual share of attention, and it is noticeable that those who stayed at New Haven present a more healthy and revived appearance than those who went home and elsewhere. All, however, have "tender memories of too swift hours" and realize, as never before, that—

"There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that never die,"

rendering them totally unfit to contemplate with anything but disgust the

Studies of the Term.

The Seniors recite to the President in Schwegler's History of Philosophy, to Prof. Hadley in International Law, to Prof. Dana in Geology, and in De Tocqueville to Prof. Wheeler, who is also officer of both divisions. The Juniors recite to Prof. Loomis in Astronomy (the first and second divisions from the Treatise and the third from the Elements), to Prof. Coe in German, to Tutor Thacher in Logic, and those who wish to take Greek instead of German or to take both Greek and German, passing the Annual in Logic at average, recite to Mr. Perrin in Thucydides, until Prof. Packard's return. Prof. Loomis is officer of the first division according to stand, Prof. Coe of the second, and Mr. Thacher of the third. The Sophomores recite to Prof. Northrop in Rhetoric, to Prof. Wright in Pliny, to Tutor Beckwith in Theocritus, and to Tutor Heaton in Navigation and Spherics. The Freshmen recite to Tutor Beers in Rhetoric, to Prof. Richards in Geometry, to Tutor Day in Horace, and to Tutor Hooker in Herodotus. The Sophomores and Freshmen are divided alphabetically for excuses with division officers in the above order. There have been numerous changes in divisions and many who regarded their positions secure have come to believe "that the horse is a vain thing for safety." Second only in stupidity to the studies of the term was the

Junior Prize Debate,

Which took place in Brothers Hall, Saturday evening, April 27. Notwithstanding the kind efforts of Prof. Northrop the debate cannot be considered a success. The question was: "Is there danger of too much centralization of power in our Government." Prof. Northrop presided. The judges were Prof. George E. Day, Prof. Daniel C. Eaton and Simeon E. Baldwin, Esq. The speakers were John C. Goddard (aff.), of Yonkers, N. Y.; Elbridge D. Rand (aff.), of Burlington, Iowa; Norman H. Burnham (aff.), of New Haven; John F. Chase (aff.), of Newport, R. I.; Samuel J. Elder (neg.), of Lawrence, Mass.; Clarence W. Bowen (neg.), of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Isaac Hiller (aff.), of Cohoes, N. Y. Bowen received the first prize, of twenty dollars, Elder, the second, of fifteen dollars, and Burnham, the third, of ten dollars. Scarcely were the successful contestants through receiving the congratulations of their friends when the chapel bell rung in the

First Sunday of the Term,

To which all have been looking forward with the keenest interest. Prayers were held at the usual hour, and no change in this respect is in contemplation. The morning service was the same as the afternoon service has heretofore been, commencing with an opening lead from the choir, and concluding with one of the great chorals and Old Hundred. During the service the President made a formal announcement of the change to be that day inaugurated and of the nature of the optional afternoon service. In the afternoon the galleries were closed and every one sat down stairs choosing whatever seat pleased him. As might have been expected, upon the first day of a newly acquired freedom but very few students attended the afternoon service, but it is to be hoped that when the novelty has worn off, those who desire to attend church in the afternoon will go to chapel; for the presence of ladies in the body of the house and the removal of all distinctions as to classes renders the service like that of any other church, and every effort will be made to have good preaching. It is to be hoped, however, that whatever pursuits his own conscience may recommend to each, no one will be so hardened as to ignore its promptings and to devote his Sunday afternoons to practicing for future

Athletic Sports.

The first meeting of the Yale Athletic Association was held at Hamilton Park, Saturday, May 11. The weather was favorable and the larger part of the student community was present. It was feared that the Exhibition would be a failure owing to the much talked of lack of enthusiasm on the part of the athletes, but it is a great pleasure to be able to say that it was a brilliant success, and the thanks of all college are due to those who had the enterprise to plan and the energy to compete. The committee of arrangements consisted of the officers of the ball and boat clubs, and the judges were P. H. Ade, '73, F. Dubois, '72, and Mr. Weeks of Columbia College. The programme was as follows:—1. **THROWING THE BASE BALL** (two throws allowed each person). *Entries*—Avery, '75, Barnes, '74, F. T. Brown, '72, Hotchkiss, '75, Maxwell, '74, Rodgers, S. S. S., Seymour, '75. Hotchkiss won by a throw of 353 feet 9 in. 2. **HALF-MILE RACE.** *Entries*—F. T. Brown, '72, J. K. Brown, '72, Clapp, '72, Gunn, '74, Hoyt, S. S. S., Maxwell, '74, Waterman, '74, S. P. Williams, '73. Waterman won in 2 min. 37 sec. 3. **RUNNING HIGH JUMP.** *Entries*—Bentley, '73, Bliss, '73, Day, '73, C. L. Hubbard, '73. Bentley won by a jump of 4 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 4 **RUNNING LONG JUMP.** *Entries*—Bentley, '73, C. L. Hubbard, '73, Johnes,

'73, Maxwell, '74, S. P. Williams, '73. Maxwell won by a jump of 18 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 5. HURDLE RACE, 9 flights, 150 yards. *Entries*—Bentley, '73, Bliss, '73, Bristol, '74, Maxwell, '74, Rogers, S. S. S., Stearns, '74. Maxwell won, clearing all the hurdles in 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 6. THREE LEGGED RACE. *Entries*—Boomer and Curtis, '72, Bennett and Tilney, '72, C. L. Hubbard and Schaff, '73, Parrott and Weber, S. S. S. Parrott and Weber won in 21 sec. 7. 200-YARDS DASH. *Entries*—Clapp, '72, Elder, '73, Green, S. S. S., Hall, S. S. S., Head, S. S. S., Hillhouse, '75, Holbrook, '74, Irwin, '75, Maxwell, '74, Schaff, '73, Weber, S. S. S., Wilson, '74. Wilson won in 23 sec. 8. STANDING HIGH JUMP. *Entries*—Bentley, '73, Maxwell, '74. Maxwell won by a jump of 4 ft. 9. STANDING LONG JUMP. *Entries*—Bentley, '73, Johnes, '73, Maxwell, '74. Maxwell won by a jump of 10 ft. 10. WALKING RACE. *Entries*—Grover, '74, and 14 others. Grover won by simply refraining from running. 11. HURDLE RACE, 12 flights, 200 yards. *Entries*—Bentley, '73, Bristol, '74, Schaff, '73, Stearns, '74, Wilson, '74. Bentley won in 37 sec. 12. CONSOLATION RACE, 200 yards. *Entries*—Bliss, '73, Bristol, '74, Elder, '73, Hillhouse, '75, Holbrook, '74, C. L. Hubbard, '73, Johnes, '73, Stearns, '74. Hubbard won in 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Base Ball

Has revived under the genial influences of clear weather and a dry ground. The Harvards have accepted our challenge to play a series of games. The first will be played Saturday, May 25, on Jarvis Field, Cambridge; the second, Saturday, June 1, at Hamilton Park; and the third, if necessary, Saturday, June 8, on the Boston grounds. All college has been playing "catch" for a fortnight. The Freshmen are practicing daily, preparatory to the selection of a class nine. The University Nine is as follows: Bentley, '73, c., Maxwell, '74, p., Barnes, '74, 1 b., Richards, '72, 2 b., H. C. Deming, '72, 3 b., Day, '72, s. s., Nevin, '74, 1. f., C. Deming, '72 (Capt.), c. f., Thomas, '73, r. f. The nine practices every day at the park. The first match game of the season was played Wednesday, May 8, at Middletown, with the Mansfields of that place. This nine has been reorganized on a professional basis with several new players. The first part of the game was advantageous to Yale, and at the end of the sixth innings appeared to be entirely in our hands; but at this point Maxwell's pitching became wild and ineffective and the next three innings quadrupled the score of the Mansfields. In view of the result there is no cause for discouragement, inasmuch as the playing was good until the seventh innings when want of practice, rather than of material, showed itself. We append the score:—

YALE.		MANSFIELD.			
O.	R.	O.	R.		
Nevin, l. f.,	3	1	Clapp, c.,	3	3
Richards, 2 b.,	4	0	Buttery, 3 b.,	3	1
Deming, C., r. f.,	4	0	Bently, p.,	4	2
Deming, H. C., 3 b.,	1	3	Murnan, 1 b.,	4	3
Day, s. s.,	3	2	Booth, 2 b.,	3	3
Barnes, 1 b.,	3	1	Tipper, l. f.,	3	4
Maxwell, p.,	1	2	Rourke, s. s.,	2	3
Bentley, c.,	5	0	McCarton, c. f.,	4	2
Wheeler, c. f.,	3	1	Arnold, r. f.,	1	3
Total, -	27	10	Total, -	27	24

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Mansfield,	4	1	0	0	0	1	5	2	11	— 24
Yale,	0	5	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	— 10

Umpire—Mr. Brown. *Scorers*—Mr. Douglass for the Mansfields, Mr. Averell for Yale. *Time of game*—3 hours.

Boating.

The action of the Rowing Association which met in convention at Worcester, April 12, has thrown an uncertainty over boating matters. A. L. Tucker, of Harvard, was chosen President of the Association, P. C. Chandler, of Williams, Vice President, and W. F. McCook, of Yale, Secretary. It was voted that the crews must be confined to departments, and that the regatta should come off July 23. The place and character of the race was referred to a committee of captains, of which Mr. McCook was chairman. At a meeting of the captains of the various crews at Springfield, Wednesday, May 8, eight colleges were represented—Amherst, Agricultural, Brown, Harvard, Yale and Williams in person, and Bowdoin and Cornell by proxy. The committee was handsomely entertained by the Springfield Club, and taken in a steam-tug over the lower Springfield course. This course begins where the upper course ends, namely, a mile and a half below the Springfield bridge and is such that ten crews can row abreast a four mile straight-away race. The banks are high and well suited to the convenience of spectators, both as regards the river and the railroad which passes at the distance of a few rods. On returning to the committee room the captains voted unanimously in favor of the lower Springfield course, and five to three in favor of a straight-away race. The single shell race for the White Cup came off Saturday, May 4. The course was from the bridge a mile up the river and back. The entries were G. H. Bennett, '74, S. L. Boyce,

'70, C. Dewing, '73, H. S. Potter, '72, J. W. Smith, '73, and H. D. Weeks, '74. The weather was very unfavorable, owing to a little rain and considerable wind. A stone's throw from the float, Weeks ran into an oyster pole and withdrew. The other contestants rowed with spirit and showed some really good pulling. Potter's superior training showed itself on the return, and he came in ahead in 16 min. 20 sec., followed by Dewing, Boyce, Smith and Bennett. L. G. Parsons, '72, President of the club, acted as starter and Mr. Lewis, '70, as timekeeper. The spectators were few and unenthusiastic, owing, largely, to the dispiriting influence of the weather.

Items.

The college pulpit was occupied on Sunday, April 7, by Dr. Budsongton, of Brooklyn; April 28, by Dr. Bacon and ex-President Woolsey; May 5, in the forenoon by President Gulliver, of Knox College; in the afternoon the communion took the place of the optional service; May 12, by Rev. E. Y. Hincks, '66.—E. S. Lines, through accumulation of work, has been obliged to resign his position on the *Courant*. He has been succeeded by H. W. B. Howard.—The Seniors have been favored with Harvard and Columbia Law School catalogues.—About twenty students board at the Tontine and several at the New Haven House.—The North Coal Yard has been removed.—A bulletin placed in the reading room will, during the term, announce ball matches as soon as arranged.—Wednesday, May 1, Governor Jewell was inaugurated. The usual exercises took place, and each was in turn pronounced superior to that of two years ago. The Parade is generally conceded to have been uncommonly imposing. We are informed that a successful contestant in the recent Junior Prize Debate improved the opportunity to give several of his friends a ride in the procession.—About eighty board at commons, a rather smaller number than last term.—Sigma Eps. had a prize debate, Saturday evening, April 27, on the question: "Is the Political Influence of Germany greater than that of England?" The judges were Tutor Beers, R. F. Tilney, '72, and S. O. Prentice, '73. C. T. Chester received the first prize, F. Dudley and H. S. Gulliver divided the second.—The Yale Alumni of Cincinnati held a reunion during the vacation.—E. P. Wilder, '69, was a delegate from New York to the Cincinnati Convention.—Circuses of all degrees of merit have exhibited in the city during the last month.—J. H. Van Buren, '73, has been chosen President, W. Parkin, '74, Secretary, and G. P. Torrence, '75, Treasurer of the Berkeley Association for the present term.—The Yale Law School will be

amply accommodated in the addition now being made to the City Hall.—The Theatre Comique has gone the way of the world.—The Seniors examined Mill Rock with Prof. Dana, Saturday, April 27. The usual geological excursions will take place during the term.—Prof. Harris sailed for Europe, April 20. The divinity students presented him with a field glass on the eve of his departure.—Rev. Mr. Smith, of the New Baptist church, corner of York and Chapel streets, received the highest number of votes for the Prize Bible.—We are informed that the Woolsey Fund already amounts to \$150, 000.—*Le Figaro* and *Charivari* have recently been placed in the reading room.—Trinity church has been adorned with colored windows.—The San Francisco Minstrels gave an excellent entertainment at Music Hall, Thursday evening, May 2.—Prof. Packard has a daughter.—Several Yacht Clubs have been formed in the different classes.—Near the close of last term a valuable cane was found in the basement of Durfee, and can be seen by inquiring at No. 237 in the same building.—The ivies on the library look as if the frequent thaws of the past winter had been too much for them.—The inhabitants of Durfee were aroused from slumber early Saturday morning, May 4, by cries for help, mingled with forcible if not elegant exclamations. Many sprang to their windows to await further developments, but something being said about shooting, all thought it was too cold to stay up any longer. The outcry proved to be from a drunken Irishman who objected to the authority of officer Dougherty, but was at last subdued by that worthy's club.—The third term catalogue has made its appearance and shows a falling off in the students from 527 to 496. The Freshmen have lost twenty, the Sophomores four, the Juniors six, while the Seniors remain undiminished.—Mr. Moses W. Lyon, '46, has just given the college \$1000 for the benefit of indigent students. This is the fourth year in which Mr. Lyon has given the same amount for the same purpose.—Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps, '60, has presented the library with \$600 for the purchase of books in the English department.—Mr. Tanaka, Japanese Commissioner of Education, attended prayers in the college chapel, Sunday morning, April 28.—The *Courant* judges "Sir Walter Raleigh" to be the most popular of the Townsend subjects, and "The World's Obligations to Plato" the least so. It is to be regretted that there is so little competition for the Townsend prizes. It would be indeed a pity if the "De Forest" were to go the way of the Prize Debates.—The hour for prayers was changed Tuesday, May 7, from 7.45 to 7.30 for the rest of the term.—Greene Kendrick, '72, took

the Berkeley Scholarship. He was the only competitor.—The present senior class at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., numbers 29, of whom a large majority are coming to Yale.—Prof. Weir is delivering a course of lectures at the Art School.—The steam coils in Farnam are to be exchanged for radiators similar to those in Durfee. Next year all the colleges but South will be heated by steam, and “coal will not be furnished to those students who apply to the Treasurer for it, at such price as shall indemnify the college for all expenses which may accrue in consequence,” or at any other price.—Dr. Bacon commenced Friday, May 10, his course of lectures before the Law School on “Medical Jurisprudence,” and Prof. Bailey Saturday, May 11, a course on Elocution.—There are at present in the boat house 7 six-oared shells, 5 barges, 4 double sculls, 24 single sculls, 2 working boats and 3 boats which it is impossible to classify.—The examination of competitors for the Berkeley Latin Composition Prize was held in Alumni Hall, Monday, May 13.—The Sophomores claim every Saturday noon before Prof. Bailey.—Gamma Nu had a prize debate Saturday evening, May 11, on the question: “Should there be an Educational Qualification for Suffrage?” The judges were Tutor Heaton, Mr. Wood, '68, and F. S. Smith, '72. W. J. Brewster and C. F. Cutter divided the first prize and J. A. Garver secured the second.

S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

Boating.

The present crew is composed of R. W. Davenport, H. H. Buck, F. Cogswell, C. T. Smith, T. P. Nevins and C. D. Hill; the first three belonging to the University Crew before its division. The crew is the same as it was last fall, with the exception of Hill, who was stroke of the Freshmen Scientifics in the barge race at that time. They will soon commence to train regularly. Their prospects for future success are favorable.

Base Ball

In the past has suffered greatly for want of interest. As is known, Scientifics do not pride themselves on account of proficiency in this athletic sport. The chief cause of this has been due to the want of a ball ground; but the north half of Hamilton Park having been recently procured, there is no reason why enthusiasm in this direction should not exist and a nine be formed which would have at least a good show as compared with an academic class nine.

A Botanical and Zoological Excursion

Took place on Wednesday, May 8, the first one of a series, which are to occur once a week during the spring term. Stony Creek was the place visited. The first part of the day was occupied in collecting botanical specimens in the woods under the supervision of Prof. Eaton. While eating lunch a snake was observed in a neighboring brook, and by a general onslaught was captured, bottled and chloroformed, though not until one of the party had been bitten, yet without serious injury. Then they proceeded to the sea-shore, but the tide being too high to successfully collect zoological specimens, a sail was taken among the islands. Stopping at Money Island and one or two others, very satisfactory collections were made. In the meantime, Prof. Verrill and others were examining the shore, and succeeded in finding representatives of thirteen out of the eighteen classes of animals.

The Expedition to Martha's Vineyard

Has been very generally commented on, and perhaps nothing more can be added. It was undertaken by some Seniors for the purpose both of pleasure and science. Leaving the Wednesday after the term closed, in the Yacht Washington, they sailed through the Sound stopping at New London and Newport. Arriving at Edgartown, in Martha's Vineyard, on Saturday, they remained there over Sunday. While three of the party were attending a Methodist meeting in the evening, the only door in the building was mysteriously locked. When the meeting was closed the door was found to be closed also. According to the general law of piety, the females present exceeded the males, their relative proportion being as thirty to three; but these three being somewhat advanced in years, it devolved upon the Seniors present to solve the problem of egress, which was accomplished in no other way than by assisting the inmates one by one out of a window. Returning to their boat, the surprise of the remainder of the party, on hearing an account of the adventure, was less than was consistent with innocence. The next day the Yacht directed its sail homeward. Dredging was pursued more or less each day with success. All reached New Haven safely, after a week's absence, well pleased with the excursion.

Studies,

This term, as the season demands, are less difficult. The Juniors finished German last term, and the whole class except the Chemists have

Mechanics every morning; the latter having no morning recitation and only three during the week. Lectures and Laboratory practice occupy their time a part of the day. The Engineers had their annuals in Mathematics at the close of last term. Such as passed at average and over have little to fear from examinations during the warm weather. The Selects and Chemists employ their spare time in botanizing and zoologizing. The latter is accompanied by a great loss of life. Everything that has life, upon which hands can be laid, is bottled up in alcohol. One zealous Senior, a short time since, obtaining a rare specimen of fish, for the want of a better place, put it in a pocket very seldom used. This was the last he thought of it, and the general fishy odor diffused from his person was more apparent than agreeable. After ten days had passed, accidentally putting his hand into the pocket, it came in contact with an indiscriminate mass of bones and scales, decomposition being nearly complete.

Items.

Examinations begin June 8, continuing each Saturday.—The new building is progressing rapidly, and will be ready for occupation next year.—A Junior, a few days since, was seen riding to recitation on a velocipede.—We understand that a member of the Junior class is willing to try a shooting match with any one either in Yale or Harvard.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Masque of the Gods. By Bayard Taylor. Pp. 48. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The *dramatis personæ* of Mr. Taylor's masques are a Voice from Space, a Chorus of Spirits, Man, and the chief divinities of all times and peoples. Briefly, the argument of the poem is this: that the gods many and lords many of the world have been servants of the One God, unseen and dimly comprehended, and that the worship which man has given them has been preparatory to a fuller revelation. The revelation of the heart of God came through Immanuel, who "was sent to teach the Truth to souls anhungered."

Mr. Taylor writes many things that are hard to be understood, and the difficulty is due not so much to obscurity in the thought as to an obscure way of putting it. We notice, too, that he is repeatedly guilty of the inaccuracy of using the nominative *ye* as an oblique case. That, however, is a small matter, and a thoughtful reading of the poem will be well repaid. The following verses, in which man testifies to the inexhaustible fulness of Immanuel, will give an idea of the majesty of Mr. Taylor's verse and of his reverent faith:

“One’s face is fairer than the star of morning;
 One’s voice is sweeter than the dew of Hermon
 To flowers that wither: who is there beside them?
 And is there need of any one above him
 Who brings his gifts of good and love and mercy?
 We climb to nobler knowledge, finer senses,
 And every triumph brings diviner promise,
 But Life is more: our souls for other waters
 Were sore athirst, till He unlocked the fountain.
 Now let us drink; for as a hart that panteth,
 Escaped from spears across the burning desert,
 We think to drain the brook, yet still it floweth.”

Kate Beaumont. By J. W. DeForest. Pp. 165. Boston: Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

It may be of interest to the readers of the LIT. to know that Mr. DeForest is a native and resident of New Haven. This, his last novel, is interesting chiefly through its delineations of Southern character and social life, as they were before the war,—a field to which he has directed most of his efforts, and in which he has been highly successful. The plot is not especially fresh or exciting. There are found the usual weary lover, timid maiden, and stern parents. But the author has redeemed his work by the ability with which he has woven upon such a ground-work a pleasing pattern made up of many threads from the politics, society, and family life of North Carolina. The field is fresher than the somewhat wayworn one of Virginia, and is peopled by a different class. Its aristocracy is represented as no less blue-blooded, but decidedly less refined than the “F. F. V.’s.” The story draws no capital from slavery, but sets forth in strong, sometimes, perhaps, glaring colors, the semi-feudal, semi-barbarous life which rose and fell with the “peculiar institution.” It is an offense that a work of so good typography should be marred by a half dozen of such excruciatingly bad wood cuts.

Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By Clarence King. Pp. 292. Boston: Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

Mr. King is a graduate of our Scientific School. He has been lately engaged upon the survey of the fortieth parallel, and this volume is an account of the scenes and adventures of his wild mountain life. His subject is an interesting one, and he has brought to his task rare powers of description. He is thoroughly appreciative of all that is grand and beautiful in that unknown land, and inspires his reader with no small share of his enthusiasm. All who have read Starr King’s famous “White Hills,” will remember with pleasure the impression left upon them. This namesake of his describes similar scenes, and in a manner of which the poetic preacher would not need to be ashamed. As a mere work of information this book has great value, for it tells of a part of our country about which little is known.

Yesterdays with Authors. By James T. Fields. Pp. 352. Boston: Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The *Saturday Review*, from its (to itself) immeasurable height above us, pours contempt and sarcasm on Mr. Fields’ labor. But until we reach the altitude of the *Review*, we shall continue to enjoy these gossipy anecdotes of

Pope, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth and Miss Mitford. To be sure, the view which we here get of them is rather staggering to hero-worship. The colossal shapes which our imaginations, assisted by formal biographies, have fashioned, dwindle to ordinary human size at the touch of Mr. Fields. It will not exalt our idea of Thackeray, for instance, to be told that in riding from his hotel in Boston to the hall where he was to lecture, he had "both his long legs out of the carriage window." However, we shall not be losers by exchanging reverence for intimacy.

Saunterings. By Charles Dudley Warner. Pp. 289. Boston: Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

Amid the flood of repetitious books of European travel, it is refreshing to find one like this. The author expressly disclaims the intention of imparting any information. In his own words, this volume is "illy adapted for a text book in schools, or for the use of competitive candidates in the civil-service examinations." But those who appreciate the sparkling humor of "My Summer in a Garden," will find great funds of enjoyment in this account of the gardener's saunterings abroad.

Otrig Grange. Edited by Hermann Künst, Philol. Professor. Pp. 208. Boston: Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

Evidently this anonymous aspirant for poetic honors does not intend to be charged with resembling any one else. His vocabulary embraces odd and outlandish words, his mode of conducting his slight plot is unusual, his versification is unique. He is, withal, rather careless of grammatical rules, and his metres limp now and then. His figures are not always constructed on strict principles. Here is one :

" 'Twas the first honor I did win
In science, and my youthful gauge
Of earnest battle to assuage
The thirst for knowledge."

One would hardly go into a battle to assuage his thirst!

The story is developed by monologues from the interested persons, introduced by editorials from the Herr Professor. The speeches are intended to be adapted in thought and expression to the persons uttering them; but not infrequently, and especially in the monologues of *Mater Domina* and *Pater*, there is a strange commingling of the most prosaic colloquialisms with abbreviations, turns of thought, and phrases, which are suitable only to formal poetry.

The hero is a descendant of the old Norsemen, a young man with a large and nicely balanced nature, whose faith has been disturbed by science, but who clings amid doubts to the Great Father. He goes to London to fight his life's battles; he falls in love with a beautiful woman of the world, who is too noble to bind the man she reveres to her follies and fripperies; he returns to his home to die, not for love, but from overwork.

The plot, however, is the least important part of the book. The author's strength lies in the portrayal of character. His *dramatis personæ* are all sharply drawn, and, to our thinking, Rose, the self-abhorring woman of fashion, is a wonderful creation. His description of the surroundings of Rose's fussy and fanatic mother is funny, but suggests *The Rape of the Lock*:

"Beside her on a table round, inlaid
With precious stones by Roman art designed,
Lay phials, scents, a novel, and a Bible,
A pill-box, and a wine-glass, and a book
On the Apocalypse."

The reader will find passages of genuine poetry not few nor far between. The book pleases us greatly in spite of its defects.

Paul of Tarsus; An Inquiry into the Times and the Gospel of the Apostle to the Gentiles. By a Graduate. Pp. 401. Boston: Roberts Brothers. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

A book of the *Ecce Homo* stamp, but not as good as *Ecce Homo*. The author brings to his task a wide learning, and his thoughts will be valuable and stimulating even to those who dissent from some of his positions.

Our Poor Relations. A Philozoic Essay by Colonel E. B. Hamley. Pp. 79. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Colonel Hamley is simply what he calls himself, a lover of animals. He is not the server-up of sugar-coated arguments in support of the hypothesis of evolution, nor a popularizer of Natural History, but a man in enthusiastic sympathy with the unarticulating—or, as he calls them, inarticulate—creatures. He writes in a fascinating style, that is sometimes amusing and sometimes highly poetic, of the claims which the non-human animals have upon our kindness, and vents a righteous indignation upon the men who in the name either of sport or science, inflict needless torture on their poor relations. One could hardly read the essay without catching something of the author's tenderness for the lesser animals. The book is adorned by illustrations, of which the caricature of the infatuated naturalist is the best.

Spectrum Analysis Explained. By Prof. Schellen. Pp. 40. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

An admirable exposition of the principles and uses to science of the most brilliant modern discovery. This is one of a series of essays on interesting topics, popularly handled by eminent scientific men.

Selections from Phaedrus, Justin, Nepos. With Notes and a Vocabulary. By Francis Gardner, Head Master, A. M. Gay and A. H. Buck, Masters in the Boston Latin School. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: Judd & White.

A valuable book, doubtless, but we don't think that it will be introduced into Yale College.

The Science of Wealth. By Amasa Walker, LL.D. Pp. 455. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

The fact that this is a condensation of the sixth edition of a larger work on Political Economy, which has been before the public only eight years, speaks for itself.

Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry. Pp. 208. *General Geometry and Calculus.* Pp. 152. By Edward Olney, Prof. of Mathematics in the University of Michigan. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The full benefits and fascinations of mathematical study can be realized only when the student obtains a comprehensive grasp of his subject. It too often happens that the mind becomes befogged at the outset, and so gropes and stumbles along, getting a good many hard knocks, and never finding its way out into daylight. While this result is due in part to the natural inaptitude of some minds for mathematics, a part of the blame may be charged

upon the defective arrangements and obscure attempts at explanations of many text books. If one can master knotty points that are left unexplained and can fill up lacunae in demonstrations, he will doubtless gain mental strength thereby; but the text book which would be widely useful must take nothing for granted on the part of the students. Prof. Olney has attempted to set forth in a clear and logical manner the principles of Geometry, Trigonometry, and the Calculus; and his success is attested by such mathematicians as Prof. Pierce and Prof. Norton. At the same time the danger that the learner will become a mere reciting machine, is guarded against by the insertion of unsolved problems illustrative of each step.

Der Kindergarten in Amerika. Pp. 31. New York: E. Steiger.

As we stand at the threshold of life, the question comes to us with irresistible force, How shall we educate our children? This entrancing German pamphlet furnishes a satisfactory answer. Let every member of the college procure a copy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EXCHANGES, ETC.

An era of peace and good feeling seems to be dawning upon the college world,—at least upon that part included in Harvard and Yale. The *College Courant*, with unequalled valor defends Lowell against his ruthless *Scribner* critic. The *Yale Courant* follows with sugared compliments to the *Harvard Advocate*. Thereupon the latter waxes jubilant, returns its heartfelt thanks to both of the *Courants*, and fills up nearly a column with Yale items. May this sweet season last till the next boat race. We dare not pray for more.

A reflecting man would be interested in observing into what different channels the various influences of climate, city or country location, etc., direct the undergraduate mind. In the South and West, for instance, college (?) men are engaged in solving the great questions pertaining to time and eternity.

Says *The University Missourian*: "Where now is ancient Egypt, the land of science and art, the 'cradle of civilization'? Where are her thousands of cities, her Thebes, her Cairo and her Alexandria? The revengeful power of the Goth and Vandal has leveled them with the dust, and wild beasts inhabit the ruins where once stood in silent *grandeur* the proudest works of man." It then goes on in a still more melancholy strain to discuss the whereabouts of Greece and Rome. *The Southern Collegian* is more personal, and asks: "Where are the Cæsars, the Hannibals and the Scipios, whose deeds of martial fame have come down the long vistas of ages, re-echoing along the corridors of time until the vast fabric of the centuries resounded with the repeated echoes?" We give it up. What a contrast to this is the worldly common sense of the *Advocate*:

"For being shot at in the dead of night
Doesn't partake much of a recreation."

And yet these are representative extracts.

The (Union) *College Spectator*, vol. i, No. 1, comes with many apologies for its existence; but after a careful perusal we are compelled to say "excuse not sufficient."

"Memorabilia Griswoldensia," is the sesquipedalian heading of a department in the *Griswold Collegian*. Under this head are three items, of which two are lists of officers for the literary societies, and the third is, "Griswold has had a lecture on the catacombs."

The first number of *The Vassar Miscellany*, to be published quarterly, is thick and heavily tinted and has about it that air of lavish expenditure which clings to the name of "Vassar." For a long time, it seems, the young ladies have been coaxing their dear instructors to let them have a magazine of their own, and having of course prevailed, are good enough to say that their "columns will always be open to the Faculty." President Raymond's article is very good, and in another piece some one has proved beyond a doubt the novel proposition that the advance of civilization will in time kill poetry. Under "Home Matters," which by the way, are truly entertaining, we notice: "The Steward, ever ready to confer a favor on the students, has made arrangements whereby they are allowed to go in small parties to the kitchen and have candy pulls." How sweet!

The Virginia University Magazine thinks it doubtful whether Temperance Societies accomplish anything. On turning to its "Fountain of Fun," we are not surprised at the questionable morality of its jokes. Literary societies, however, are in full blast there.

One of the best of college papers is the *Argus* (Middletown), and of college magazines, the *Dartmouth*.

This, according to the *Newspaper Reporter*, is the way a profane landlord in Arkansas advertises: "And Joseph said unto his brethren, 'Behold, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?' And they answered and said, 'You bet. The old man is doing bully, for he boards at the *Cosmopolitan*.'"

The American Homes favors us with a piece of music entitled "Kiss me, darling, fold me closer;" words by Lilly Lovette,—all of which is very touching. Here is one of the *Homes'* "Small Sayings:" Three little children fishing—two boys and a girl. Elder boy—"Oh! Johnny's got a bite!" Girl—"O, my sakes! and he's such a little boy—only reads in the primer!"

The *School Festival*, "devoted to new Dialogues and other exercises for Sunday School and Day School Exhibitions and Public Days," is a worthy publication. But notwithstanding its advantageous proposal, we cannot offer it in club with the LIT., as the only use our subscribers could have for it would be for Commencement, and that, like Christmas, "comes but once a year."

The Lakeside for May has an enthusiastic article on "Sir Charles Dilke at home."

The Week, now published by the enterprising firm of Holt & Williams, has lately taken a long stride toward excellence. Besides being a valuable summary of current newspaper opinion, it contains much original matter that is very readable.

All of the outside exchanges are more or less interesting. Candor, however, compels us to admit that *The Aurora Borealis*, *The Druggist's Journal* and possibly the *American Educational Monthly*, do not belong to the more interesting class.

B. Gratz Brown, '47, was a LIT. editor, which fact will probably give the Greeley ticket at least five extra votes.

It will be seen that considerable space is given to "Book Notices." It has been thought best to make this a regular department; but with this exception, the new board has made no important changes. The piece entitled "English and Athenian Idea of Liberty," which has received high commendation, is published because many have expressed a desire to see it in print.

As for ourselves, new labors and responsibilities find us impecunious—as becometh editors—but still undaunted. The friends whom we have treated, bear witness to our appreciation of the confidence reposed in us. With a generous support both in articles and money,—and such support we feel sure of—we hope to keep the LIT. up to its old standard. W. A. H.

VOL. XXXVII.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.”

JUNE, 1872.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII.

JUNE, 1872.

NO. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '73.

WILLIAM BEEBE,

HART W. LYMAN,

WILLIAM A. HOUGHTON,

S. OSCAR PRENTICE,

FRANK B. TARBELL.

STUDIES NOT IN THE CURRICULUM.

Far be it from the organ to say that there is for us any study of equal importance with the study of text books. If the motive which brings us here is any other than the Epicurean one, it is the desire for discipline and culture. That this discipline and culture can be more successfully obtained by other means than a faithful application to the prescribed course of study, is a fallacy which men are all the time proving. There are always college students whose theory of education does not coincide with that of the college authorities: who, instead of swallowing and assimilating allopathic doses of unpalatable knowledge, choose rather to take homeopathic sugar-coated pills of their own prescription; who, in short, seek by a self appointed course (?) of reading, or by physical or social development to attain the ends of a student life; but, after all, the wisdom of the Faculty remains unimpeachable. And yet that view of such a course of training as ours which contemplates only a poring over text-books, or even that which includes also a general exterior furbishing, is a narrow and inadequate

one. This is a many-sided life that we are living, a life with possibilities in many directions; and the pursuit of collateral studies need not interfere with the leading idea of improvement by long-continued routine and drill.

I am not going to advocate reading. Scarcely any one neglects that. The crowds that gather daily in the reading room, bear witness to our interest in politics. Each of us has something that he calls a library,—of about the same size, usually, as James Russell Lowell's was when he made out his first catalogue and had under B only "Bible, large" and "Bible, small." Our small collections and the well-thumbed books of the libraries, indicate our appreciation of the pleasure and benefit to be derived from authors whose labors lie outside our daily round. We read history, philosophy, essays, novels. To urge the subscribers of the LIT. to read more thoroughly, might be well enough, though the subject is not strikingly fresh; but to urge them to *read* is quite unnecessary.

Yet has it not often occurred to you that with all this literary activity there is a lack of poetic feeling and sentiment? Not that our soil is unusually sterile in the production of poetry. If there are among us a half-dozen who can write unobjectionable verse, and one or two who seem gifted with true poetic inspiration, the average is as large as in any other community. Even if it were less, there would be no use in lamenting it. To dilute a proverb too common to be quoted, a life-long attempt on the part of most of us to poetize would result in ridiculous failure. But sympathy with poetry in its widest sense as including not only articulate poetry, the product of the human brain, but also the unwritten, unspoken poetry of Nature, is as capable of cultivation as a love of music or of art.

Of a truth we live in a prosaic atmosphere. It is inevitable that the Chapel should point my moral. Is it presumptuous to say that the college pulpit, through which the Faculty exert one of their directest influences on us, does little toward the cultivation of æsthetics? Is it presumptuous to say that our average sermons might be less

severely logical and less barren of ornament without being less mentally and spiritually stimulating? And may it not be confidently said that even the hymns of worship, in whose singing the choir, let us charitably suppose, make melody in their hearts, if not with their voices, are often, not the grand, sweet outbursts of the lyric masters, but dull, dreary rhymes? However, I am not going to find fault. Prose, as James Freeman Clarke has said, is as good as poetry. Indeed, one may go farther than that and say that any sensible man would prefer fact to fancy, if he had to choose between the two. If the eyes of our Faculty do not roll in fine frenzy, they have sought out truths which are better than imaginations; if we are not introduced into the society of the Muses, we are taught a reverence for accurate thinking. And we need not complain that the study of poetry is not distinctly encouraged, when there is such a wealth of poetry all about us. To walk away from dusty streets and brick walls, away from the unmeaning volubility of companions, into the fresh fields or along the shore, to drink in the beauty of earth and sea and sky,—that is a culture at once needful and easily obtained. We may have apocalyptic visions, before which, like John, we are dumb; revelations, which we may not interpret, but which are none the less revelations to us. Nobody need be ashamed of a little sentimentality like that. It will not interfere with nice and logical reasoning or with the hard practicalities of life. Rather, we may weave it as a “golden woof-thread”

“Through all the poor details,
And homespun warp of circumstance,”

which repress the poetic sensitiveness of so many.

But you think that this is verging on balderdash, and you are doubtless right. It is dangerous for one who is not a poet to write about poetry. The struggle to express the inexpressible is hopeless, sometimes ludicrous. I have in mind another study and one for which our community is eminently adapted.

I have heard of a fond mother of an unstudious college boy, who, alarmed at first by frequent letters home on her

son's behalf and by occasional notifications of his failures to pass examinations, at last settled comfortably down into the belief that he was getting the most benefit possible out of his college course by studying human nature. There was some truth in her notion. One may trifle away his time as he will, but he must, even though involuntarily, be learning something. He may carry off a sheepskin which represents no patient translation of classic authors, no toilsome digging upon mathematical problems, no fluent recitations in memory studies; but if he fails to gain some new views of men, it will be because he is very dull and unimpressible.

If, then, one deliberately proposes to himself to study the characters of his associates, he has the best of advantages for so doing. In an able novel we are let into the secret hearts of the persons about whom the plot is woven. We see peculiarities of character and motives of action which would escape the notice of most observers of this world of pretense. Here we have almost as good opportunities for scrutinizing men as the novelist can give us. To be sure, there are here no great emergencies, no tremendous catastrophes, nothing to call forth extraordinary displays of heroism; but we have specimens in the embryo of every variety of the genus homo. So we may classify and label our various specimens, like animals in a menagerie. Here is a man who moves in a very narrow groove, but who shoves himself along through obstacles and contempt till he comes to be recognized as a power among his fellows; and here is his counterpart, a man of large, diffusive nature, whom everybody likes, but who accomplishes nothing. Here is a man always bubbling over with good nature, the friend of all he meets; and here is one who has his ups and downs, and must be approached cautiously. Here is a man weak and pliable; and here is one strong and self-asserting. So we may keep on classifying, going into details a great deal more than this, watching with eager interest the acts which reveal new features of character, unraveling the threads of conduct, and in it all not playing the part of the cyni-

cal, indifferent looker-on, but paying cordial homage to all that is good and noble wherever it be. This is no piece of dilettanteism, no elegant diversion, but a schooling of oneself to live comfortably with men, which is a great deal, and rightly to influence and be influenced by men, which is more.

A good chance for a sermon! But the readers of the LIT. will none of it.

F. B. T.



NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

MY first impressions of Dickens were derived from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Attracted by the peculiar title of the book, and by the praise that had been bestowed upon it in all quarters, I chose it to initiate myself into the beauties and attractions of Dickens' works. That I anticipated great pleasure from its perusal was natural. Dickens was then the idol of the English speaking public. His readers vied with each other in praising him and it was almost impossible for any one not to share in the general enthusiasm. That I was *wholly* disappointed in the volume, I cannot say. The easy flow of the style, the thrilling descriptions, and the humorous turns of plot and incident, afforded a constant source of enjoyment. The characters excited in me no little interest, and I eagerly followed their fortunes. The touch of a master hand was apparent everywhere. I wondered and admired, but I looked in vain for Dickens as I had fancied him, or Dickens the prince of novelists. My expectations were not realized, and as I closed the book I was forced to ask what there was in it to place its author beside a Scott or a Thackeray. Portions of it were utterly distasteful to me, and others seemed of a quite indifferent character. I have since reviewed the book, but I cannot rid myself of the feeling that it is not what Dickens' reputation and ability would warrant us in expecting.

In the first place it is too diffuse. It seems as if Dickens felt that he had so many pages of foolscap to cover, and determined, by hook or crook, to cover them. He introduces side-play after side-play, incident after incident, and conversation after conversation which have no real connection with the story, and only serve to mar its harmony and divert the attention of the reader. Little in itself is positively *bad*, but when introduced into the story it is out of place. Take, for example, the diversion in which Lord Verisopht and his friends are introduced. We read page after page of their foppish stupidity with a sort of pleasure, because it is so thoroughly "Dickensy," but all the time we are wishing that he would shut up their mouths, and tell us something of Nicholas' and Kate's fortunes. It is astonishing how many wholly disconnected incidents have been woven into the plot, and elaborated with the utmost detail. Prolixity is a common fault with Dickens, but in *Nicholas Nickleby* it seems to have run riot with his pen.

Again, the characters in *Nicholas Nickleby* are one-sided and exaggerated. A wonderful power on the part of the author in dissecting character and detecting peculiarities is displayed, but in reuniting these qualities into the persons of the story, nature is not reproduced. The characters are not men and women, but personifications of special traits. The good, the bad, the odd, and the common-place are embodied in human shape, and allotted their work to do. Moreover, the qualities thus embodied do not appear under their ordinary conditions. It is only the extremes of character that are brought forward. It is not nature, but freaks of nature which are portrayed. The bad men are the very worst, the good the very best, and the odd the very oddest imaginable. There are not, I venture to say, in the whole story a dozen characters which have their counterparts in every-day life. All represent common peculiarities, but not in the degree in which they are ordinarily seen. Perhaps individual persons might be found, who could well be the originals of the characters of the story, but no such community of

monstrosities ever existed as Dickens has here created. The little world in which Nicholas and Kate move is not a natural one, and cannot inspire the reader with any sense of reality. An occasional over-wrought character may rather please than otherwise. Its very exaggerations may bring into bolder relief its prominent traits, and thus further the purposes of the author and enhance the pleasure of the reader. But when a novel contains only such characters, it is not a faithful mirror of life. Naturalness is the prime requisite of fiction. This requisite Dickens has wholly disregarded in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and it is only his surpassing style and overflowing humor that sustain the interest of the book.

The characters which were most distasteful to me were those which aimed to be of the better sort. It is difficult to imagine men any worse than we find them, and consequently Dickens has gone no farther in depicting vice than we can readily follow him. Ralph, Bray, Gride, and Squeers, as bad as they are, are within our comprehension. We detest their meanness, and as *men* we hate them, but we understand them, and look upon them as plausible *characters*. But while it is conceded that they are possible, it is more difficult to see what need there is for their excessive criminality, or for the existence of some of them at all.

The license which Dickens employed in depicting such persons as these, was entirely out of place, when turned to the portrayal of virtue. The challenge to exaggeration which vice offers, morality cannot repeat. The millennium has not yet come, and men are not apt to rush madly into excessive goodness. Human nature still lives, and man will not be perfect. This Dickens seems to have forgotten when he conceived the Cheeryble brothers. Imagine two brothers who had been associated together in the same firm for many years addressing each other upon every occasion as "Brother So and So, my dear fellow," and their clerk as "Dear Tim, my good fellow." It may be the fault of our education or of our cold formalism, but it strikes me that their conduct smacks decidedly of "softness."

Mrs. Nickleby is another character that I never could like. Her weakness is one very common to women of questionable ages, but has, I imagine, been seldom carried to such ridiculous excess. A want of common sense seems to be the only excuse for Mrs. Nickleby's self-complacency. We might forget her depreciation of her husband, and her constant attempts to exalt herself. We could endure her love of flattery, and her satisfaction at being admired and courted. These are common traits. But her silly freaks like that with "the gentleman in small clothes" are the last straws which break the camel's back. Her faults are disagreeable enough at the best, but she represents them in their most hateful features. What is worst of all, she is made the mother of Nicholas and Kate, and thus indirectly connects them with her folly. In fact, if disagreeable relations could alienate our regard for the hero, he would have little left of which to boast. Between his uncle, his mother, and his prospective father-in-law, weakness and vice seem to be the ruling passions of his family.

But this analysis of separate characters can go but a little way in establishing my position. It is only when the book is viewed as a whole, and it is seen how exaggerated is the whole range of characters, that we appreciate it. We may pick out a few persons, and show their inconsistencies, but they cannot impress us as a continual succession of such persons would. Did they stand alone, we might overlook or excuse them, but when, as a rule, the major and minor *personae* of the story share their faults, we cannot forget them. Should we continue our examination through the whole list of characters from Mantallini, Verisopht & Co., down to the Kenwigses, we should see the same extravagance. The whole book is a picture of life whose high coloring destroys the effect and wearies the sight.

It has often been urged as an excuse for this extravagance that Dickens had a moral object in view, and that by this high coloring his lesson was more strongly enforced. I doubt the assertion and deny the application. It is natural to ascribe to authors motives of which they

never dreamed. Genius and habit have more to do in shaping plot and character with such men as Dickens than any direct moral intention. They flow spontaneously from the author's self, and are not the product of any mechanical evolution. If *Nicholas Nickleby* was designed to teach a great moral lesson, its exaggerations of character become worse faults than ever. The greater the distance between the real and the fictitious the less forcible is the lesson, and the less likely are men to appreciate and apply it. Conviction must precede repentance, and men will not be convinced until they are touched by the truth. High sounding tirades have no effect. Moralizings, whether embodied in words or characters, must be pointed and exact. They must be based upon reality to attain their object.

But while there are such glaring faults in the characters of the story, it is not without its redeeming features. *Nicholas* is, in general, a thoroughly sensible and natural hero. He acts as would most men inexperienced in the world as he was. He is neither faultless nor omnipotent. He cannot conquer the world unaided, but makes the best of opportunities and assistance. He rises equal to the occasion, but never above it. In good and ill fortune he keeps a noble purpose in view, and finally achieves a deserved success.

Kate shares her brother's qualities. She inspires in us a respect for her modest, unassuming nature, and firmness under insult and temptation.

In *Miss La Creevy* we have a model of a kind-hearted old maid. She is a queer bundle of oddities and the pink of propriety. She is nice and exact to a fault. But she is an old maid after the common sort, and shares their usual amiability and sympathy. Her kindness does not seem forced, but is as free and spontaneous as her life.

Newman Noggs is thoroughly natural. The story of a wrecked life, and of its despairing struggles back to manhood has seldom been better told. We find him at first in a hopeless degradation without even a ray of joy or hope to cheer him. *Nicholas'* ill treatment by his

uncle awakens his pity for the inexperienced youth. His kind heart which had been half slumbering so long, reasserts its power. He has something to love and care for. He begins to think of days gone by, of what he was, and what he might have been. He longs for a better future. He makes good resolves only to break them, and thus stumblingly struggles back to life. It is an old story which poets and novelists have been fond of repeating, but in which few have succeeded as well as Dickens.

The Squeerses appear to have been very successful characters, but it takes an Englishman to fully appreciate them. The boarding schools of our day and nation, as bad as many of them are, bear small resemblance to Dotheboys Hall. Squeers is not a representative American pedagogue. We understand the story more by faith than by sight. We are told that his was a representative Yorkshire school, and with this in mind we appreciate Dickens' sketch of it.

But the finest touch in all this life picture is the sketch of John Browdie and wife. Dickens has often represented kindness and generosity, but rarely has he produced such hearty, whole-souled characters as these. They are not cultured or polished, but there is about them that which commands our admiration. The coquettish conduct of the latter toward Nicholas when first introduced, and the consequent rage and jealousy of John are happily conceived. What more natural could be expected from a thoughtless, sprightly girl and a doting lover? John's first impressions of Nicholas certainly could not have been very pleasing, and his threats of vengeance did not argue well for the future. But how soon does he forget his threats when he meets his enemy and Smike on the flight! With a kindly greeting he dissipates the fears of Nicholas. He shakes with laughter at the story of his "beatten the schoolmeasther," presses upon Nicholas his staff and his purse and bids him God speed on his way. This little incident is worth more than all the professions and the bank notes of the Cheerybles. It is the outpouring of a true and manly heart.

When Nicholas returns to revisit these scenes of his youth, what a picture of fireside happiness we have at the humble home of the Browdies! Their welcome, although rough and uncourtly, was a welcome indeed. We could any one of us enjoy that hearty shake of the hand, and their humble Yorkshire fare. The curtain suddenly falls upon them in the midst of their kind assistance to the boys of Dotheboys Hall. We sorrowfully part with them, but we know that theirs will be a happy lot in life.

Before closing this article I would wish to correct a false impression which may have arisen from my review of this story. My opinions of Nicholas Nickleby are not my opinions of Dickens in general. I only say that this book should not be ranked among Dickens' master-pieces, nor among the master-pieces of fiction. S. O. P.

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“ TOO LATE.”

The artist's years of toil for wealth and fame
Are finished, all his anxious watch is o'er ;
But, e'er he gained him honor and a name,
Stern Death, unbidden, entered at the door.

None but himself knew how his spirit craved
The honors which he felt were due to him ;
None knew how penury and want he braved,
To fill the cup of Fortune to the brim.

His noble soul was straitened by such bounds,
He longed to rise above the present need ;
Yet in his heart the world made deeper wounds,
Refusing all those yearning cries to heed.

And still the purpose of that life was strong,
Despite a world indifferent to its worth,
Which kept from him the honors that belong
To one whose soul to noble thoughts gives birth.

But what could those strong yearnings and desires
Accomplish, if Success deferred the prize,
Until his heart, bereft of all its fires,
Became to Fame a useless sacrifice?

O, Wealth and Fame, why did ye wait so long?
Could ye not come a few short hours ago,
While hope was bright, and life was fresh and strong,
And bring these gifts which ye would now bestow?

Ye are too late,—he cannot welcome now
The draught from Fortune's cups his soul did crave.
O, Fame, lay thou thy wreath upon his brow,
And thy rich offerings, Wealth, upon his grave.

G. D. R.

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BASE BALL.

DURING one of the championship games on the Boston grounds last summer, it was my fortune to sit in the grand balcony near a nervous, bright-eyed little man, whose incessant and utterly contradictory comments on the game were fully as entertaining as the contest itself. Now up, now down, with the fluctuations in the success and play of his favorites, the "reds," he kept the whole balcony on the verge of outright laughter at his vacillations between extreme confidence and abject hopelessness. "There, that Harry Wright's as good a muffer as there is on this nine," when Harry had touched a high one without holding it. "There, the 'Haymakers' can't touch our pitching," when a blank had just been scored against Troy. "Good gracious! I've seen country captains run a nine better than this," and so on. Toward the close Boston by fine play gained the lead. Our enthusiastic spectator was wild. "Just as I said. Harry kept them in till the home stretch, and now see them play."

The fluctuations of college opinion this present season respecting the merits of our nine have often reminded me of the black-eyed critic of the "Bostons." With what a knowing, satisfied air were we told by one and another after the first two Bull Run defeats that they never took any stock in the nine; that they had seen all along that the men were poorly selected, wrongly trained, were devoid of pluck, of stamina, of endurance; that this one

couldn't strike, nor that one throw, etc. But the "Eckfords" were beaten, and what a change! Our college world said that all the men wanted was a little practice; our college world always knew that there was splendid material in the nine. Again, at the time of writing—just after the first game with Harvard at Hamilton Park—our college world cannot find words to express its contempt of Yale ball playing and players. This seems a trivial matter, due to passing excitement, and is so; but it has a damaging effect on our prospects and is unjust to the nine. The college seems to claim the right to join in all victories as its own, but to shift the odium of defeat upon the nine.

Now, while deplored this childish fickleness, which is almost universal—and for proof that it is, I need only refer to our perfect confidence last Saturday morning and to our utter despondency since—still, I am convinced that the college has just grounds for bitter complaints against its representatives in ball.

The college is, every year, at considerable expense to support its nine; it confers marked honor and attention upon each member of it, so that "member of the University nine" is a title of as great distinction as "valedictorian;" and, above all, it in a certain sense places the honor of the college in its hands. What does it receive in return? Daily work at a distant ground and frequent games with the best clubs. Now this is well and deserving of applause, but it is not enough. The college has a right to expect and should demand of every member of the nine a life as rigorous in its simplicity, as regular in its arrangements, as it does expect of its University crew when in actual training. Good base-ball playing cannot be done by men who are not in perfect condition. How long would the "Bostons" or "Athletics" retain a player who has, not to say habitually, but ever, been intoxicated in the course of a ball season, or who made a practice of gorging himself with indigestibles at unseasonable hours? I do not wish to speak of the nine as a whole in this matter. Several of them are conscientious in the discharge

of their duty to the college, not only in the field, but in their every-day life. Nor do I claim to have seen more than others of the conduct of the rest of the nine. But the facts are that the men on whom depend our chief hopes have, not only during the winter, but in the midst of the ball season and even in this week after a disgraceful defeat and on the eve of another contest, been guilty of the misdemeanors mentioned above; guilty of misdemeanors that would lose them their positions on any professional club in the country. Now, gentlemen, it is not you that I blame so much as it is the prevailing ideas respecting the needful preparation for ball playing. In boating, the precedent of many years, sanctified by association with the time-honored customs of Oxford and Cambridge and our own colleges, lays its iron hand on every aspirant for honors of the oar, saying: "Thus and thus shalt thou do." No sooner does a man think of going into boating than he is filled with a spirit of self-denial which leads him willingly to abstain from all luxuries and excesses, to restrain his every appetite and passion. But in ball it is far otherwise. No one thinks of *training* to play ball. Somehow it is supposed that a ball-player is born, not made, and somehow ball-players seem to regard themselves as gifted individuals, like great singers, to be coaxed and wheedled into favoring mankind with their efforts. Now this is all wrong. To play ball well requires as much and as careful training as to pull a race well. Nothing but hard work, careful diet, and regular hours, can put our men at their best, can make them deserve to win.

Our college societies have many things in their favor, and are, perhaps, on the whole, desirable institutions, but I firmly believe them the curse of our athletes. Late suppers, late hours, and all the attendant circumstances of elections and initiations, which come at the worst time of the year, have ruined many a good man and lost Yale many a contest. But it is not against societies that this article is written, but in the hope of doing a little to educate college sentiment to require of its representatives in

ball what it gets from its boating men; what every other organization in the country exacts from its representatives; what Harvard expects and receives. It is to remind the ball nine that the college has placed them in their positions, not to afford diversion for their afternoons, but to represent its best pluck and skill and muscle. It has a right to expect that in return for the honor conferred upon them they will spare no pains nor sacrifice to make the most of themselves.

S. J. E.



A PAIR OF OLD BOOTS.

HERE they are, stowed away in my closet, amongst old slippers, hats and umbrellas. Over them hang coats diversified by rents of all imaginable shapes and sizes, mementoes of the rushes and hat-fights of the past; around them lies rubbish of all descriptions, from torn prize debate programmes, through all the grades of college trophies, up to the sign which one memorable night vanished from its accustomed place, never again to gladden the eyes of the peripatetic "peeler" with its simple inscription, "Imported Ales and Wines, Lager Beer on draught." But, amidst all this litter and confusion, the boots stand out with especial prominence. Shining with all the dusky radiance which "Day & Martin" can impart, they seem unworthy to be relegated to the darkness of the closet, and appear to be questioning why they are flung aside and condemned thus to perpetual banishment. Surely they are here by mistake. Let us take them out and restore them to their wonted uses. Not so fast, my good friend. See! the sole of this one is torn completely off, the leg of the other is split down all its length, and a closer view discloses ugly seams and mis-shapen gashes, which passed unnoticed at the first casual glance. Empty shams! Close the closet door as soon as may be, and leave the poor impostors to their gloom.

What a quantity of old boots there are in the world, to be sure. Not literal boots, but men such as we meet with every day, who would grow highly indignant if they thought themselves compared to anything so humble as a boot. Perhaps, my readers, some one of you may come under this heading, but I have no fear of rousing your indignation. You will read this article and say, "That means Jones," or "I'm glad that fellow, Smith, has been found out at last," but no suspicion that you are the man I mean will ever enter your heads. How well I remember when young Dives came to the school where I was studying. What a figure he cut and what a swell he made! It was rumored that he had actually been introduced to the Grand Turk, and had outshone the Czar in his own capital. His yachts and his horses, his country seat and his pleasure grounds, "the fame of them went abroad" through all the town. Why, if in those days he had said, "Well, fellows, good-bye! I have just bought Paris, and must go over and look at my property," we shouldn't have doubted, we should scarcely have been surprised, but should have bidden him farewell, with the utmost confidence in the truth of his story. Poor Dives! I saw him the other day in New York, in a little store where some friends had secured him a place after his father's failure; and as I thought how, a few years before, his private allowance for a month was greater than his year's salary now, I wondered that no one had suspected that all his father's elegance and show was nothing but the gloss which covered a very hollow and mildewed boot. There was Bombastes, too, the sapient politician of Freshman year. With what admiration not unmixed with awe, did we listen to his arguments and respect his opinions; and when the momentous question arose as to whether A.S.N. should have a new window-shade or two cane-bottomed chairs, with what anxiety did we seek for his advice, and with what readiness did we concur in his opinion! So, too, when the society was distracted by two opposing parties, each of which desired to have the bestowal of the janitorship, his voice was all-powerful to allay the threat-

ening storm, and when, as a compromise, he proposed that the office should be filled by a man of his own selection, we all recognized the intrinsic propriety of the proposition, and agreed to it without a dissenting vote. In all such matters, trifling, it is true, and yet at that time of vast importance in our eyes, he was the one to whom all looked for guidance. And now how strange it is to look back at these things and think that that man was once influential. He has passed almost completely out of sight, and is named only in ridicule or in contempt. Sooner than in most cases his hollowness was discovered, and his past importance, and the pretentiousness and assumption which it engendered, only hastened his descent; for when we find out the sham, we consign it to the limbo of things despised, with all the greater scorn and contumely if for a time we have thought it real and sterling.

But our friends, the boots, are not confined to college halls alone; on the contrary they flourish most outside those sacred precincts. The close acquaintance into which we are necessarily thrown; the length of time which we spend together; the minute knowledge of each other's tastes and habits which we cannot avoid acquiring; and, more than all, the sham-hating tone of college sentiment, are adverse to their long-continued success and prominence, or at least check the most obnoxious developments. It is in the great world without, whose echoes come faintly to our ears while we remain in this quiet and scholarly atmosphere, but in which we soon must play our part, whatever fate or choice may have assigned that part to be,—it is in that outer world that they are met with most often. The broker, buying stocks for millions of dollars, while his real capital may be counted by thousands; the legislator, talking of honor and integrity as he takes the bribe which destroys both; the judge, who strives to hide beneath the judicial ermine the spotted reputation which even that cannot conceal,—these and scores of others rise up at once before our minds.

We live in an age of shams, and whether in college or out we must come in contact with some whose whole lives

are perpetual lies. We may not know them now in their true character; perhaps we never shall, but the sham will be seen some day, and the poor, empty shell which once was wondered over and admired, will be cast aside, disdained and dishonored. In the two cases which I have named, detection was comparatively rapid, and the cheat was disclosed in all its shabbiness, but how many cases must there be unknown to us now, which relentless Time will bring to the life. Even our college life, hostile to cant and sham as it is, cannot be free from all such pretenders; and I sometimes wonder whether there is in reality anything sure and unquestionable in any of us, or whether we too must be ranked amongst the humbugs which, though yet undiscovered, will surely be discovered in the end; whether we too must be placed in the rank of empty shows, marching, poor captives, in that triumphal train which follows the conquering chariot of King Sham. How unblushingly do we receive praise which we know we never deserved; how prone we are to give as our own ideas and thoughts which are really another's; how apt to attribute our actions to motives a little higher and more unselfish than those by which, in truth, we are actuated; and yet with what zeal do we unite in condemning those who differ from us only in the degree of their simulation. And then, too, to what favoring conditions may we not owe our position, whatever it may be, conditions which will not exist in the outside world. Many is the man, who, coming from college flushed with the honors he has won, finds that his powers have been overrated, his importance too highly estimated, and learns at last that what he thought was real and solid was only a seeming, which had never failed because it had never been thoroughly and severely tested. Time, alone, can pronounce on us a final sentence, and by it alone can we determine what in us is real and what fictitious. May it register against our names no word of scorn or of sorrow, but "weighed in its balance, may we not be found wanting."

E. W. S.

BEREFT.

She loves me ! all the world grows bright ;
 The forest thrills with melody.
 Fled are the shadows of the night,
 And glory covers all the sky.
 There is no darkness ; all is Light :
 No death ; for Love can never die.

She loves me ! and on beds of flowers
 My happy feet fall all the way.
 Love's sun has scattered all the showers
 That saddened once the glorious day ;
 Fast fly the golden summer hours,
 And life is one long holiday.

* * * * *

She loved me. Ah ! the bitterness
 The memory of her love doth bring.
 Sweet source of all my happiness !
 Dear cause of all my suffering !
 For I have given my last caress,
 And life is now a joyless thing.

She loved me. This shall be my praise
 When life is drear and men upbraid,
 In all the coming weary days
 Which lie between me and the dead ;
 This, when my feet know Death's dark ways,
 And o'er my head the turf is laid.

F. D. R.



ABOUT LITERARY IDOLS.

DOUBTLESS every church-goer has heard at some time or other, in the course of his attendance upon the sanctuary, a vigorous denunciation of what many call the worshiping of idols. Parents, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, children, houses, lands and all sorts of things are said to assume the dangerous shape of idols, unless great care is taken to keep them always at arm's length. But this, to say the least, is inconvenient and in fact im-

practicable, so that in any collection of men and women, the vast majority, if they are honest, must own up to being idolaters. A shrewd minister is fully aware of this, and proceeds to apply the second commandment in all its length and breadth; the extent to which he hammers it out so as to make it include sins, the most opposite in character and like to the stars in number, being only equalled by the extreme thinness which it finally attains. But I do not remember in the many sermons which I have heard on idols, ever to have noticed a warning against doing homage to those writers who especially commend themselves to the admiration of men. This point is generally passed over as if it were of no account, perhaps because the mass of people are not in much danger of falling into this transgression; or, it may be that the denouncers of idolatry in general are afraid of coming too near home in this. And yet it would seem that a man of any culture would be as likely to make an idol of an interesting author as of a fish pond, and that he would incur more danger in worshiping some authors who might be mentioned than in bowing down before an orchard. Nor is this literary idolatry, if I may so call it, like many other kinds, a mere chimera. Every young man, some one has said, is a hero-worshiper, and he chooses his heroes, for the most part, from the authors that he reads. Looked at in the light of a transgression, the prevalence of hero-worship would call for more sermons than could be crowded into the thirty-nine or forty Sundays of the college year, especially when we consider that the glorious half-day system is now in vogue.

Fortunately, however, it does not appear to most in a sinful light. If a young man is infatuated with an author, they are contented with saying, "It is his misfortune, not his fault." But some, forsooth, there are who must gratify their evil propensities by indulging in fine irony. "So, then, you are in love with Emerson, are you? Nobody's equal to him, I suppose. Transcends perfection, does he?" etc., etc. With this class I make haste to state that I have no fellowship or sympathy. Ridicule is a danger-

ous weapon for an ordinary man to handle. It has such an inconvenient trick of hitting both ways, that it is altogether best to let it alone. And so when a friend of mine is constantly quoting Carlyle, reading Carlyle more than all other authors put together, and advising me to read him; when I go into his room and find a choice set of volumes entitled "The Works of Thomas Carlyle," which he actually compels me to take home and read, do you think I banter my friend for being an enthusiast? Not a bit of it. For I think of a certain other room, not far off, where he has seen the works (not so elegantly gotten up as I could wish, to be sure) of a certain other writer, and he knows I read, quote and worship that certain other writer as much as he does Carlyle. Neither do I consider it his misfortune that he is absorbed in Carlyle, any more than I consider myself an object of pity for my devotion to my hero.

Some say that hero-worship gives rise to slavish imitation. "You can always tell," says one of the English papers, "a young admirer of Macaulay, by his style in writing." It may seem presumptuous to differ from so exalted an authority, but I have no doubt that Macaulay has thousands of young admirers to-day, whose style does not in the least resemble his. Still it is true that the heroes whom one worships are such as he most desires to be like. Imitation is a matter of course, but it is not necessarily slavish. Rather it is intelligent and so beneficial. "Study the best models," has been the stock direction to young writers from time immemorial, but no one ever meant by this to urge the copying of every detail. And it is worth while to notice that none but those who deserve imitation in their general characteristics are likely to become objects of great admiration to any one. For as regards writers of other times, and these must always be the *diu majores*, the fact that their works have lived till now is a sufficient proof of excellence, while general popularity, without which a writer could hardly become a hero, is, in the main, a true test for contemporaries.

But what if the favorite author is morally bad? Then it argues ill of a man's morality that he has taken such a

one into his confidence. There is a great difference between reading an author and making a hero of him. It is a common saying that no book is so poor but one can learn something from it, and hence it is often desirable to read a book of doubtful moral character for the sake of the good things it has. But shall I make a rake my bosom friend, because now and then I catch a gleam of sound sense amid the filthiness of his talk? Since every one is supposed to have his choice of authors, "A man is known by the company he keeps," in his reading more than in his social life. And if you dote on Congreve, there must have been some grave defect in your character to begin with.

But when we come to the positive side of the question, who will not admit the advantages which accrue to the man of idols? Enthusiasm, without which it is impossible to accomplish anything great or lasting, is on his side. His love leads him into the remotest corners and reveals treasures to him which escape the cold, careless glance of the mere plodder. Every detail concerning the life and character of the hero is eagerly sought out and stored up in the mind of the devotee, and the learning and desire to learn which belong to the writer become to a certain extent his.

Take the case of an admirer of Macaulay. I knew a man who adored him. He had read the essays, the history and the speeches several times, and had got most of his poetry by heart. In every conversation on literary or historical subjects, he would have some quotation from Macaulay to apply. Everything which bore even remotely on the character and career of the great historian was precious. He never took up an index which had reference to literature, without looking to see if Macaulay was not mentioned. And his chief delight in the new "Webster's Unabridged," was to verify the many references to Macaulay which it contains. Sometimes, just to draw him out, I used to "cram up" the *London Quarterly* and *Blackwood*, and, though no lukewarm admirer of Macaulay myself, would bring out an array of arguments to

prove that he was "a mere rhetorician," "a romancer in history," whose prejudices glare at you from every page, and whose gorgeous style alone made him what he was. This was like lifting a floodgate. Down upon me rushed a torrent of refutation, in which Macaulay as a man, a writer and a politician, from his early years till his death was portrayed in living colors. His precocity, his eloquence, his devotion to liberty, his vast learning, his wonderful memory, his conversational powers, his generosity and purity of character and his grand successes, were set forth with such earnestness and effect that I could not but surrender.

He evidently had Macaulay "on the brain," but it has done him a great deal of good. His knowledge of English history has that thoroughness and solidity about it which ordinary readers can lay no claim to. He has followed his great hero to France, Spain, Italy, Prussia and India. His enthusiasm for learning and study has been quickened; the great writers of all ages and nations, whom Macaulay loved and praised, it is his ambition, so he says, to be familiar with. He even was for bringing out and reading the musty tomes of Chrysostom, because he had read that when Macaulay went to India, he took these along with him to read for pleasure. Macaulay is, perhaps, a favorable example on account of his own multifarious learning. But every writer has his own peculiar field, and he will lead into it only those who acknowledge themselves to be taken captive by his charms. To love a certain woman, so wrote Dick Steele, was a liberal education, and surely to love some authors is no less. Love of all kinds is supposed to have a remarkable effect in developing the faculties; but there is something about this intellectual love which makes the boy a man almost before he knows it. Macaulay himself owed more to his love of Milton, of Bunyan, of Addison, of Johnson, and of the Greek poets, than to all the hard digging which he went through at Cambridge.

It is only natural that this hero-worship should be especially prevalent among young men. At an age when

they are just beginning to think and read, an author falls in their way who all at once throws open a new world to them. Broad principles set forth by ingenious argument and interesting anecdote, enthusiastic devotion to some great cause, brilliancy of expression, striking thoughts and wide information, are powerful to captivate the mind, which is more open to impressions now than it ever will again. A young man *must* be a hero-worshiper. He cannot help bowing down before the man who has shed upon him this marvelous light. As he grows older, larger experience and deeper study teach him much that his hero did not mention. He sees that other men have thought and written, perhaps more wisely. And the old hero is seen in a drier light. But I do not believe that he can ever be quite like other writers to his old admirer. The hold which he has obtained upon the man may be loosened but cannot be shaken off by time. It is a relation between two minds which nature has made kindred. They are, as Holmes says, concentric. They rarely have the same circumference, it is true, but must have the same, or nearly the same, center.

W. A. H.

♦♦♦

EVENING.

Gently from the twilight sky
Dusky shadows flutter down,
As the lingering sunbeams fly
From the spires above the town.

Rosy tints that lit the East
Rise and softly glide away
To the portals of the West
Where has passed the king of day.

And the meadows, dim and gray
Like an even pavement seem,
Stretching from the peaceful bay
Up along the winding stream.

To the silent hills that stand
 By the calm, unripled flood,
 Ever with majestic hand
 Pointing up to Heaven and God.

Clouds in foamy masses tossed
 Floated in the noonday light;
 All are now dissolved and lost,
 Fainting at the approach of night.

And the wind that through the day
 Sported long with leaf and flower,
 Wearied with its restless play,
 Falls asleep at evening's hour.

Starry watches light their fires
 In the distant dome of blue,
 And the wondering gazer tires
 With the never-ending view,

Or in quiet reveries
 Dreams of by-gone days of love,
 And of spirits linked with his,
 Who have joined the host above.

J. H. R.



SCOTT'S "VISION OF DON RODERICK."*

ALTHOUGH the ripest fruits of Scott's poetical labors may not be found in the "Vision of Don Roderick," yet none of his poems has a juster claim on the attention than this comparatively neglected one. Modelled on an old Spanish legend, it is, nevertheless, unique, and in its entire plan, unlike any previous production. For the accomplishment of a present political purpose, the author seizes on an ancient fable whose story dates back eleven hundred years, follows its connection down to the present time, and, prompted by national pride, ventures to predict the future of this same story, as directed by British hands. The legend is briefly this:—

* This review was found among the papers of Frank W. Howard.

At the time when the Moors were threatening the overthrow of Spain, Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, had sent the faithful Count Julian to defend Ceutra. During his lieutenant's absence, the king assumed the protection of Julian's daughter, Florinda. He betrayed this trust, and violated the girl; which so enraged her father that for revenge he deserted the cause of Christianity; and joined the Moors in the invasion of his native country. In the original ballad he thus briefly announces this to the king; "I was thy truest soldier; I am thy deadliest foe." Every one knows how by the aid of this injured father the infidels defeated Roderick, and made all Spain to bemoan under subjection the rashness of this last of the Goths, when

"Rose the grated Harem to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line."

Previous to his defeat, Don Roderick, prompted by curiosity, had descended into a fated chamber or vault, of which it had been foretold that he who entered it should be the last of the Gothic kings. Here he beheld a vision of his impending ruin and death at the hands of the Moors, and the subjection of his country to them.

It is with Roderick's determination to enter the vault, that Sir Walter begins his poem. Of course, however, after his usual style, he treats us to an introduction, in which he appeals to his native wilds for inspiration, taking occasion to remark that this is the first time he has ever asked the favor:—

"For not till now * * *
From muse or sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair."

Sent by the "mountain spirit" to Spain in search of a theme for his minstrelsy, he obeys, and, as the result of his efforts, he presents us with "The Vision." The opening stanzas are an example of the author's wonderful facility for compression of detail. In a few lines he has described with vividness a city in the dead of night, and

taking us through Roderick's camp has brought us to "the chosen soldiers of the Royal Guard," whose degeneracy from "their Gothic sires of old," he sets forth with no waste of words. They are complaining of the king's delay within,

"In the light language of an idle court."

"But far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the king."

Roderick had other matters than soldiers in his mind. He was relieving his overburdened conscience in confession to his priest. But his crimes are such as call for vengeance, and even his confessor cannot give him assurance.

"What of thy crimes, Don Roderick shall I say?
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away?
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray?"

At last, impatient of his remorse, and resolved to learn the worst, he calls upon the priest for the key

"to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates, a Spanish king shall see."

Within this curious chamber Don Roderick beholds the vision; and here the poet begins to build for himself. The original vision was merely the destruction of Roderick and his army, completing the Moorish Conquest. Sir Walter, however, for the benefit of this curious king, gets up a panorama, which is intended to be nothing more nor less than a serial representation of three epochs in Spanish history. First appears the Vision proper, and Sir Walter revels in the opportunity therein afforded to his descriptive powers. He is at his best from the confessional to the end of this first vision.

The scene shifts, and Roderick beholds Spain in the glory and ignorance of the 15th century. Christianity has regained its former footing:—

"The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,
The Genii these of Spain for many an age,
This clad in sackcloth, that in armor bright,
And that was Valor named, this Bigotry was hight."

Valor has redeemed the Spanish name, and planted her flag in new found lands; but Bigotry controls the actions even of Valor, and uses his strength for the terrible purposes of the Inquisition. While transferring the reader from the first to the second vision, Scott ingeniously gives a passing notice to the invention of fire-arms:—

"So passed that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapped in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were crossed by sheets of flame.
With every flash a bolt explosive broke.
Till Roderick deemed the fiends had burst their yoke ;
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal goufalone !
For war a new and dreadful language spoke
Never by ancient warrior heard or known ;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone."

Dwelling but a short time on this second vision, Sir Walter hurries on to the third, to which the others are mere preliminaries. This vision consists of an ever-changing scene, resembling exactly our moving panorama. It comprises the events of the years immediately preceding the time at which the poem was written. Valor has grown lazy, and bigotry good-natured. The court is corrupt, but the country is enjoying that calm which is the forerunner of a mighty storm:—

"Beneath the chestnut tree love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening star."

But a cloud is in the horizon. It approaches in bright colors, but soon it spreads its blackness, and pours its fury on the head of Spain. Napoleon Bonaparte is the dreadful element. With the cunning of his family, he disguises, at first, his true intent beneath the garb of friendship:—

"Veiling the perfidious treachery he planned
By friendship's zeal, and honor's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land ;
Then burst were honor's oath, and friendship's ties !
He clutched his vulture grasp, and called fair Spain his prize."

Just here the poet runs over with indignation, a good portion of which finds its way to his pen, and spatters the lineage of Bonaparte, which has generally been considered fair. There is, however, a fine simile here, admirably sustaining a comparison to the low origin of the conqueror of the noble Bourbons:—

"From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
The spark that, from a suburb hovel's heart
Ascending wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth."

After a little more dirt-throwing, the vision progresses. Joseph Bonaparte, "a wan fraternal shade," received from his brother's hands the crown of Spain. This weakling was unable to take a firm hold on the reins of government. A revolution followed his coronation. The people roused from their lethargy—

"And Valor woke, that Genius of the land,
Pleasure and ease and sloth aside he flung."

The bugle peal resounds throughout all Spain, and every district contributes to the cause. But the invaders are not overcome by enthusiasm, so the poet finds comfort in the failure of the Imperial eagles

"By one hot field to crown a brief campaign."

The revolutionists, however, are evidently getting the worst of it, when Don Roderick hears three cheers and a tiger, and turning, beholds a British fleet bearing to the rescue. Some pardonable pride is now exhibited in a detailed description of this host, in which the Scottish plaid receives especial mention. A graceful compliment to Wellington completes the painting of this scene, and the veil is drawn before Don Roderick's gaze; for much as the

poet would like to have the king behold the victories which crowned the British arms, he dares not mingle fact with fable, and closes the Vision with a desire to

"Give adventurous Fancy scope
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope."

Just as Sir Walter is making his bow, he begs the indulgence of a few more words:—

"Yet grant for faith, for valor and for Spain
One note of pride and fire, a patriot's parting strain."

Thus we are led to what is styled "The Conclusion," which opens with a haughty challenge from Napoleon to all the world. In reply to this the poet answers with a confidence not unbecoming the occasion. Wellington and the British Lion have taken matters in hand, and the boastful chief is about to pay the reckoning. With the expression of bright hopes, and with a few individual praises the author—

"Gladly furls his weary sail,
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
He strikes his red-cross flag, and binds his skiff to land."

Despite the ancient framework of this peculiar poem, it resulted from the inspiration of a present crisis. The world had been startled by the conquests of Napoleon. England was especially jealous, as she was fearful of this man, and gladly undertook the cause of Spain against her nearer neighbor. While her arms were maintaining the conflict abroad, her courage needed fostering at home. Sir Walter Scott, then enjoying great popularity, was eminently the fittest man to excite the people's enthusiasm over this important struggle. His work was necessarily hasty, and was frequently interrupted, but although the author associates with the poem an apology for its quality, it has proved worthy of a lasting place in literature. In the treatment of Napoleon, Sir Walter seems to be

actuated only by the feelings of an enemy, although his abuse seeks to cover itself under the guise of humanity indignant at oppression and cruelty. Sir Walter always enjoyed an opportunity for courtesy to his patrons, and with this poem he connects the rising name of Wellington, as if in prophecy of that leader's crowning glory—the victory at Waterloo. But while the "Vision of Don Rod-erick" has its chiefest interest as a political effort, its quaint conception is its greatest merit, and its greatest charm is the story of the old mysterious legend.

NOTABILIA.

THERE seems to be a vague impression in the minds of many students that Yale is slow and conservative. That she is so, is, in a certain degree, true, and this in our minds is her great glory. Nothing is so fatal to true culture as the eager scramble after reform which so many colleges have adopted. Education in itself is conservative, and its institutions should not be in the van of excessive radicalism. Yale has taken the true course in choosing a gradual and sure development. Such growth is lasting, and does not have to be undone. In a material point of view Yale has lately taken a long stride forward. When the present Junior class first came here to be examined, the grounds were with one exception, as they had been for twenty-five years. When we returned in September we found work begun upon Farnam and Divinity. Their completion was followed by the demolition of the old Divinity building, and the erection of Durfee and Marquand Chapel. The Scientific School has a new building in progress, and the "embryo lawyers" are soon to move into more spacious quarters. We have also a promise in the immediate future of an academy chapel, which it is reported will be begun in the fall, another divinity

building and a museum. The finances of the college also, have favorable prospects. The Woolsey fund will nearly double its capital, and this, it is asserted, will be raised in full by the appointed time. In every way it seems that the University is becoming capable of a far greater work in the future. Its resources and capacities are continually on the increase. With the opportunities for special and advanced study which are presented, we see no reason why Yale should not continue its development into a rightly named University. From the new alumni representation we anticipate little immediate benefit. They will, we imagine, advance few improved theories of education and government. They will, however, awaken an enthusiasm among the alumni, and inspire confidence in the course of the college. As a simple connecting link between the alumni and the faculty, they will be of great value.

The faculty have of late been exercising a very commendable care for the appearance of the college grounds. We had feared that, with the erection of the new buildings, we should lose much of the natural beauty of the yard. The buildings themselves, of course, added to its appearance, but to make room for them, many elms had to be felled, and the grass in the northern end of the grounds thoroughly destroyed. The elms, of course, we cannot have again, but the turf can be restored. We are glad to see that means have been taken to start a new growth. The removal of the "north coal yard" is another improvement which we gladly hail. It has long been an eye-sore to all students, and we do not wonder that it has often taken to itself wings and flown away. Its condition has for years been a precarious one, and we are glad that it has now gone by legitimate means, never more to return. Peace to its long accumulating ashes! We wish we could bid a like farewell to certain other structures in the opposite extremity of the yard. We should greet their departure just as heartily. But we must not expect too much at once. The work of improve-

ment has begun, and from its thoroughness we argue well for the future. Everything cannot be done in an instant, and "great bodies move slowly."

Yale College appears to be making quite a stir in the political world just at present. The action of ex-Pres. Woolsey and Dr. Bacon in signing a manifesto against the caucus system during the late senatorial contest in this State, has excited the ire of sundry politicians, and the papers are teeming with curses against the Yale Professors. The latest phase of the excitement we find in the telegraph reports of the daily papers, as follows: "In the Senate to-day a bill came up changing the law in regard to the election of the Fellows of Yale College by the alumni, and a motion was made to suspend the rules and put it on its passage, but Mr. Perkins objected, saying that 'these college people had undertaken to instruct the Legislature on its duty as to caucusing, and *having delayed matters here, they could afford to have their business delayed a day or two.*'" We dislike to call in question the conduct of the gentleman, but this seems well worthy of his maiden effort. With this noble beginning he promises well for the model politician of our day. We have long been praying for "the gentleman in politics." Now it seems that our prayers are to be answered, and should the gentleman be spared to maturer manhood, we may hope to be cheered by the blessed sight for which our eyes have longed. We have nothing to say in defense of the two "professors" in question. They doubtless had good reasons for what they did. If they were made the dupes of politicians, it was not wholly their fault. They acted honestly and believed in the principles they advanced. If their protest against caucuses was used to weaken the organization of the Republican ranks, and secure an unnatural alliance, whose success depended entirely upon the severest use of the party whip, it was the fault of the demagogues who thus appropriated it as a shield for their action. The high standing of Drs. Woolsey and Bacon, both for character and learning,

should have caused the gentleman to hesitate to judge their action by his own motives and those of his co-workers in politics. But allowing that their conduct was prompted by narrow political reasons, there was no occasion for the spite which the gentleman so pettily displayed. The political arena is no forbidden one, and "professors" as well as legislators are privileged to enter it. Every man is the arbiter of his own conduct, and no *gentleman* will injure the interests of another because he happens to differ from him in his views. But in the case in question not even this pretext existed. Of the two "professors," one is not now connected with the college at all, and the other is only a lecturer in the Divinity School. Even if they were officers of the college, what they did as individuals in politics had nothing to do with their official relations as teachers. At best the signatures of two professors does not commit the remaining fifty, nor bind Yale College. What connection then between the action of Drs. Woolsey and Bacon and the Yale College Bill? What was there to call for the objection of the honorable gentleman? He doubtless thought that he was doing a very smart thing, and as he sat down, congratulated himself upon his privileges and his fine manner. We would not wish to dispel the illusion, but we would respectfully suggest that he may be mistaken. In answer to a letter from Dr. Bacon, he has since risen to explain, but with poor success. We only hope that when he next feels called upon to object he may use a little more forethought, and if he blunders, be more fortunate in excusing himself.

Another fine feature of the Rowing Association of American Colleges has just come to light. It seems that in the convention it required a two-thirds vote to pass the motion to restrict the selection of crews to departments. The vote of Trinity just made the requisite number, and the proposition was carried. Since that time Trinity has withdrawn from the contest. But her vote still stands, and the wishes of the two thousand students at Yale, Harvard and Bowdoin are overruled by the small hand-

ful at Trinity who do not intend to send in a crew. We do not charge any one with intriguing or underhand measures. We suppose that Trinity then expected to row, and that the rest of the convention expected she would. But means should have been taken to put the association upon a more definite basis. Certain qualifications should have been demanded for membership. As it was, there was nothing to prevent the convention's being controlled, and the regulations made by those who did not intend to be represented in the race. This in effect has been the result. We have no desire to keep Trinity and colleges like her from rowing, if they feel able to undertake it. But it is evident that their students must be peculiar, physically and financially, if they can support a crew regularly. In our opinion the association should be composed only of the colleges which can be expected to send a crew every year. In this way all opportunity for intrigue and unfair results will be taken away. But, it will be answered, the new provision in the constitution will not allow any college to be represented next year which did not row this. Very good as far as it goes. But rowing one year is no surety of rowing the next, and still the convention is open to the control of those who have no immediate interests. This plan would not, of course, rule out of the race colleges which presented themselves. It only denies the privileges of the association to those who have not earned it by constant support. Such a rule might seem severe upon the smaller colleges. But it only establishes a reasonable standard. It can be no worse for them to be unrepresented, when they occasionally wish to row, than for the rest to be guided by their votes when they do not row.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from May 14 to June 11 and contains no small amount of matter for tearful contemplation. It was fondly hoped that in the Ball series "victory would perch on our banners," but instead Harvard "sat on" them; we had reason to believe that balmy breezes would play among the elms and blow through the spacious apartments of Durfee, but it has been otherwise, and finally, we were foolish enough to suppose that our last issue would meet the approval of the *Southern Collegian* and the *Yale Courant*, but it did not. Perhaps the most noticeable features of the past month are the society elections, unless it be the absence of election spreads which, owing to the unkind ruling of the faculty, have fallen from their past estate. The Sophomore societies gave out elections on Saturday evening, June 1, as follows:—

Phi Theta Psi,

To A. G. P. Atterbury, E. S. Atwater, A. G. Beardsley, S. R. Betts, J. H. Brooks, C. F. Cutter, B. H. Davis, F. L. Grinnell, M. Grinnell, G. H. Holden, G. Howard, S. J. Huntington, S. Isham, A. F. Jenks, D. H. Jones, H. J. McBirney, N. Martin, H. R. Mead, M. Phister, L. F. Reid, D. Roosa, C. F. Russ, T. R. Selmes, H. Strong, G. Underwood, G. Williams, E. H. Woodbridge, J. Yard.

Delta Beta Xi,

To H. S. Barnes, H. P. Bell, T. P. Carrington, C. T. Chester, J. S. Clarke, G. Collin, R. T. Cook, R. W. Day, F. Dudley, H. S. Gulliver, H. M. Harding, Z. S. Holbrook, W. H. Hotchkiss, A. S. Irwin, F. H. Jones, W. H. Jordan, E. H. Landon, F. T. McClintock, A. F. Metcalf, F. B. Mitchell, W. D. Page, T. Patton, T. A. Post, W. W. Seymour, A. Y. Smith, C. R. Smith, C. Tillinghast, E. H. Weatherbee. The Junior Societies gave out elections Tuesday evening, June 4, as follows:—

Psi Upsilon,

To T. M. Adams, P. Barnes, S. C. Bushnell, H. H. Chittenden, T. D. Cuyler, E. R. Dunham, J. A. R. Dunning, T. G. Evans, G. L. Fox, T. W. Grover, W. S. Halsted, H. P. Hatch, C. E. Humphrey, F. Jenkins, R. W. Kelley, W. Kelly, D. A. Kennedy, L. Melick, E. Mendall, C. W. Minor, G. E. Munroe, F. H. Olmsted, A. W. Patten, R. H. Platt, A. B. Thatcher, J. M. Townsend, B. Van Horn, R. Walden, C. R. Walker, T. P. Wickes, J. Wilson.

Delta Kappa Epsilon,

To O. F. Aldis, J. L. Beaver, H. D. Bristol, R. S. Bussing, H. H. Cabot, G. L. Dickerman, A. M. Dodge, G. F. Doughty, H. W. Far-nam, F. W. Foster, H. G. Fowler, G. M. Gunn, C. J. Harris, D. C. Holbrook, D. R. Howe, F. G. Ingersoll, H. A. James, C. F. Joy, C. Maxwell, A. B. Nevin, W. Parkin, R. A. Porter, H. H. Ragan, E. D. Robbins, J. C. Sellers, E. W. Southworth, H. B. B. Stapler, C. D. Waterman, J. B. Whiting, F. S. Witherbee, J. S. Wood. The Senior Societies gave out elections Thursday evening, June 6, as follows:—

Skull and Bones,

To E. Alexander, A. H. Allen, W. Beebe, R. W. Daniels, H. M. Denslow, S. J. Elder, W. W. Flagg, C. R. Grubb, E. R. Johnes, I. N. Judson, H. W. Lathe, J. P. Ord, S. O. Prentice, F. B. Tarbell, C. H. Thomas. There were two refusals.

Scroll and Key,

To F. W. Ade, P. H. Ade, F. D. Allen, S. L. Boyce, E. A. Bradford, A. Collins, D. Davenport, J. Day, J. O. Heald, W. A. Houghton, H. W. Lyman, W. F. McCook, S. Merritt, J. P. Platt, F. S. Wicks.

Theological.

The Commencement exercises of the Theological department and the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment were celebrated Wednesday and Thursday, May 15 and 16. The exercises of the graduating class were held in the College street church Wednesday afternoon according to the following programme:—1. Anthem by the Choir. 2. Prayer. 3. God present in Nature; A. H. Adams, B.A., Cleveland, Ohio. 4. Conviction of Sin, its relation to Christ; A. H. Norris, Centerbrook. 5. The Pastor a Leader of Men; J. A. Tomlinson, B.A., Bedford, Penn. 6. The Great Awakening in 1740; A. Shirley, B.A., New York City. 7. Hymn. 8. The Growth of Words in Meaning; E. W. Miller, B.A., Williston, Vt. 9. Christianity and Culture; E. B. Burrows, Troy, N. Y. 10. The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; R. B. Richardson, B.A., Groton, Mass. 11. Practical Preaching; C. Wells, M.A., Wethersfield. 12. Hymn. 13. Benediction. The pieces are spoken of as excellent, especially that of Richardson. In the evening Prof. Fisher delivered an historical discourse in Centre church. Thursday alumni meetings were held at which congratulatory speeches were made. The city was full of clergymen and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

Base Ball.

The return game between the University nine and the Mansfields of Middletown was played Saturday, May 18, at Hamilton Park, and afforded our nine a well improved opportunity of showing their weakness. Except some fine batting in the eighth innings Yale played miserably. The game was called at the end of the eighth innings to allow the Mansfields to catch the six o'clock train. The following is a summary of innings:—

<i>Innings</i> —	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Yale,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	6—9
Mansfields,	3	5	2	2	1	3	0	0—16

Umpire, Mr. Elliot, '71.

On Wednesday, May 22, the nine regained the confidence of the college by defeating the Eckfords of Brooklyn. Yale played remarkably well, making but three or four errors in the field and batting as never before. Barnes played almost faultlessly at first base and made the best score.

<i>Innings</i> —	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	3	0	1	3	0	2	1	1	2—13
Eckfords,	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2—5

Umpire, Mr. Root, '72.

The first game of the series between Yale and Harvard was appointed for Saturday, May 25, at Jarvis Field, Cambridge, and in never so good condition and under never so favorable auspices, the nine, accompanied by several alumni, students and members of the Press took the three o'clock express for Boston over the Shore Line Road on the afternoon of Friday, the 24th. Not to prolong the agony it will be sufficient to say that it rained in the morning, rendering good play unlikely, and that Richards and Payson were absent in the afternoon, rendering the game impossible. An exhibition game was called about three o'clock, and the result was supposed to indicate the decided superiority of Yale. The Harvards entertained the nine and its backers very handsomely, and it is to be earnestly hoped that a long era of peace and good will then and there dawned. That the nine might not get out of practice, a game with the Atlantics was arranged for Wednesday, May 29. The Atlantics arrived as expected, and at the appointed hour appeared in the field with several redoubtable players among their number. A game followed which caused a great deal of harmless amusement by its resemblance to those ordinarily played by eating clubs and similar organiza-

tions for the purpose of getting up an appetite for supper. Richards, however, played very finely, and Bentley caught with his usual grace and efficiency. The innings were as follows:—

<i>Innings</i> —	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	4	0	2	0	3	2	5	0	4—20
Atlantics,	6	3	2	0	0	0	4	1	0—16

Umpire, Mr. Root, '71.

The Harvard nine with three or four students arrived at New Haven, Friday evening, May 31, at 8.30 to play the first game of the series appointed for the following day. They were received at the depot by about half the college and every attention was shown them. Saturday morning, the sky was somewhat overcast and it was feared that rain would again interfere with the series. Fortunately the rain held off, but at no time during the afternoon was the sky favorable for the fielders. Annan, the Harvard shortstop, was detained by sickness at Cambridge and Captain Deming, of Yale, was again prevented from playing by a sprained knee. Mr. Bunce, of the old Charter Oak B. B. C., came down from Hartford to act as umpire. The nines arrived upon the ground at about 2.30 P. M., and the game opened shortly after with Yale as usual at the bat. A detailed description of the game is impossible and not to be desired, but a remark or two will not be out of place. The Harvards outplayed us at every point. Their fielding was good enough and their batting splendid; they seemed to have no weak point, and they made few mistakes. On the Yale side, Bentley did not catch as well as usual, Maxwell pitched miserably and showed contemptible laziness, Barnes made several bad muffs and did not bat well, Day would never have been on his class nine if he had played as poorly Freshman year, and to the utter astonishment of everybody Nevin misjudged two fly-balls, Richards played up to the standard of the nine and he alone. Such being the case it is no wonder that Harvard beat us by the following score:—

YALE.		HARVARD.	
	O. R.		O. R.
Deming, H. C., c. f.,-----	1 3	Eustis, r. f.,-----	5 2
Barnes, 1 b.,-----	5 0	Hodges, s. s.,-----	2 6
Richards, s. s.,-----	3 2	Tyler, l. f.,-----	3 5
Payson, r. f.,-----	5 0	White, c.,-----	1 6
Maxwell, p.,-----	4 1	Goodwin, p.,-----	3 3
Bentley, c.,-----	2 3	Reed, 2 b.,-----	3 3
Nevin, l. f.,-----	1 2	Estabrook, 3 b.,-----	4 3
Day, 2 b.,-----	3 2	Chisholm, c. f.,-----	5 0
Foster, 3 b.,-----	3 0	Kent, 1 b.,-----	1 4
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total, -----	27 13	Total, -----	27 32

<i>Innings</i> —1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	4	0	2	1	2	0
Harvard,	5	3	1	3	1	6	3	7

Umpire, Mr. Bunce of Hartford.

Saturday, June 8, found the nine again in Boston, where the second game of the series was played. The hard rain of Friday night and Saturday morning rendered the ground wet and soft, but it was decided that the game should be played. A member of the Boston club was chosen umpire and at about three o'clock the game was called with Harvard at the bat. A very close and exciting contest followed which, though the disgraceful partiality of the umpire, was at length awarded to Harvard. Our nine played well, almost without exception. Maxwell's pitching was swift and effective, and Bentley by getting White out at second base in the first inning, entirely prevented the subsequent running of bases. The umpire rendered for the most part impartial decisions, until the last innings when fear of losing his bets ran away either with his judgment or his honesty. The score was as follows:—

YALE.	HARVARD.							
	O.	R.		O.	R.			
Deming, H. C., c. f.,-----	3	2	Eustis, r. f.,-----	1	5			
Barnes, 1 b.,-----	3	3	Hodges, 2 b.,-----	3	3			
Richards, s. s.,-----	4	1	Tyler, l. f.,-----	3	2			
Hotchkiss, r. f.,-----	3	3	White, c.,-----	2	3			
Maxwell, p.,-----	1	3	Goodwin, p.,-----	4	1			
Bentley, c.,-----	4	1	Annan, s. s.,-----	4	0			
Nevin, l. f.,-----	3	2	Estabrooks, 3 b.,-----	3	1			
Day, 2 b.,-----	2	1	Chisholm, c. f.,-----	6	0			
Foster, 3 b.,-----	4	1	Kent, 1 b.,-----	1	3			
Total, -----	27	17	Total, -----	27	18			

<i>Innings</i> —1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	5	2	0	1	1	0	0	8
Harvard,	2	4	0	0	0	0	6	2

Umpire, Mr. Cone, of the Boston club.

Boating.

The various crews trained regularly during the fortnight previous to the barge race for the Phelps prizes, which was rowed on the harbor Wednesday evening, May 29. There were four entries, viz:—Seniors: Davenport (str.), Neivins, Coggeswell, Buck, Hill, C. Smith, H. S. Hoyt (cox.). Juniors: Oaks (str.), Meyer, F. Allen, Russell, Merritt, Boyce, F. Wright (cox.). Sophomores: Waterman (str.), Fowler,

Henderson, Munroe, Bristol, Dunning, Boomer (cox.). Freshmen: McClintock (str.), Cutter, Selmes, Richards, Irwin, Post, Ward (cox.). The course was from the steamboat dock a mile and a half down the harbor and back. The referee was Mr. Owen, of Hartford, '60, and the judges, W. L. Cushing, '72, D. Davenport, '73, C. T. Marsh, S. S. S., C. H. Thomas, '73, and D. J. H. Wilcox, '72. The Freshmen fell behind at the very outset, and the Juniors after the first mile. The Scientifics and Sophomores reached the turning stakes almost abreast, but the Sophomores made a much better turn, giving them a start on the way back which they barely lost just at the finish, the Scientifics coming in four seconds ahead in 21 minutes. The Juniors followed the Sophomores in 21 min. 47 sec. and the Freshmen came in last in 22 min. 10 sec. The Sophomores, however, were allowed a handicap of 25 seconds and thus won the race and the first prize of seventy-five dollars. Much regret was felt that the University boat was unable to enter, for all desired to compare the Academic crew with the Scientifics. The spectators were very numerous; every available outlook was occupied and two tugs accompanied the barges. Excellent accommodations have been secured for the University crew in West Springfield for the coming Regatta. The Freshmen have decided to send a crew to Springfield, and their nine will meet the Harvard Freshmen nine at sometime before Annual, probably on Hamilton Park.

Psi Upsilon Convention.

The annual convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity was held at Amherst, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, June 5 and 6. The delegates from Yale were Messrs. Benton, Boyce, Bradford and Oaks. Daniel G. Thompson, Esq., Amherst, '69, was chosen chairman of the convention. Business sessions were held Wednesday afternoon and evening and Thursday morning. Several applications for chapters were made but none granted. Wednesday evening after the business had been transacted, there was a reception and entertainment in the Hall, and Thursday afternoon the delegates, at the invitation of the Amherst Chapter, went in carriages to Mt. Holyoke where an elegant collation had been prepared. After spending a couple of hours at the Mountain House, the delegates proceeded to Northampton where the dinner was eaten. The entire second floor of the new and beautiful Fitch House was yielded to their convenience, and at 10 o'clock P. M., about eighty sat down to the banquet. M. F. Dickinson, Jr., President of the Boston Common Council presided as toast-master. A number of speeches

were made by gentlemen from Boston, Amherst, Springfield and Worcester, and the festivities were prolonged until about four o'clock Thursday morning.

Items.

The college pulpit was occupied Sunday, May 19, by ex-President Woolsey; May 26, by Prof. Packard; June 2, by the President, who also conducted the communion service in the afternoon, and June 9, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Waterbury.—The indefatigable collector is around again for additional subscriptions to the Boating Fund.—The Glee Club are daily practicing their X Y Zs in Calliope Hall, preparatory to a concert during Commencement week.—The examinations for Freshman scholarships commenced May 27; those for the De Forest and the Winthrop prizes open for competition to Juniors, were held June 3 and 4.—The *Yale Index*, with several new features, will appear at the usual time.—A catalogue of surviving graduates of Yale will be published in July.—The Juniors are having an unusually hard time with the Observatory key.—Harvard has already received applications for admission from upward of two hundred sub-Freshmen.—The Agricultural College crew is regarded "in those parts" fully equal to that of last year. Josh Ward will train them during the last three weeks.—There will be no play at Delta Kappa Hall this term. The cast-iron oath not to take part in any theatrical entertainments until third term might be advantageously supplanted by one which required the performance of at least one play.—It is rumored that all distinctions of class have disappeared among the Milford exiles, and that even the bar-keeper at the hotel is treated politely and occasionally becomes "one of them."—On the evening of Saturday, May 25, after a somewhat stormy session, Delta Kappa elected the following campaign committee: H. P. Bell (Pres.), E. W. Andrews, R. J. Cook, R. W. Day, A. F. Jenks, D. A. Jones, H. J. McBirney, H. R. Mead, J. A. Post.—The Kappa Sigma Epsilon committee consists of W. H. Jordan (Pres.), J. W. Brooks, J. W. Carrington, T. S. Clarke, E. Dickerman, F. Dudley, W. D. Page, C. T. Russ, H. M. Harding.—The ditch-digger who was wont to converse with first division men in the classic tongues has, of course, been dismissed from college.—Prof. Dana continues his kind offers to conduct the Seniors about the suburbs of New Haven.—The Seniors are very generally satisfied with their class pictures, although some are disposed to find fault in the matter of mounting.—The least ardent supporters of congregational singing could hardly have failed to be pleased with the closing hymn last Sunday.—

The ditch which runs across the campus from Alumni Hall to North College has occasioned some bad falls. We are informed that one victim falling in late at night did not think it worth while to get out till morning.—The New Haven papers call for music on the Green.—Seventeen Seniors confidently await the announcement of the six Townsend prizes. One of the contestants had the temerity to hand in fifty-six pages.—An agent for Scovil's short-hand system has been going the round of the colleges.—Farnam has been treated to an excellent quality of turf.—Let no one question the value of the *Litt.* as an advertising medium; the cane advertised in last term's *Memorabilia* was claimed on the day of publication.—The question of a change in the hours of Sunday prayer meetings has been before the different classes. The Juniors voted to change the hour to six o'clock in the afternoon.—It has been decided to hold the Summer Regatta after the De Forest speaking, Friday, June 28.—Work on the new Sheffield building is going rapidly forward.—A new interest in the Law School has been awakened, and it is proposed to hold commencement exercises July 17.—The Alpha Delta Phi fraternity met in convention at Ann Arbor, Mich., Wednesday and Thursday, May 22 and 23. The delegates from Yale were C. Sherwood, '72 and E. R. Johnes, '73. Besides the transaction of business, the usual literary exercises took place, and an elegant banquet was partaken of by the assembled delegates and members of the fraternity.

S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

On June 8th, the Seniors were examined in Zoölogy, and presented their zoölogical collections at that time; the Juniors had their examination in Anglo-Saxon and Early English, and the Freshmen in Chemistry. The latter experienced their first annual, and if we consider the text-book, Eliot and Storer's *Manual*, on which they were examined, we are not surprised that they do not regard annuals favorably.—Prof. Brewer is giving to the Seniors a course of lectures on Meteorology, and Prof. Gilman to the Freshman class a course on the Outlines of the Structure of the Earth.—Seniors are busy at the present time on their theses, which are to be handed in before the 18th of June.—This term the Freshmen have instruction twice a week from Prof. Niemeyer in Landscape Drawing. They usually go to West Rock and there sketch the harbor, city and surrounding country. The great variety of sketches produced show how the same thing may appear in the eyes of different persons.—There has been, hitherto, a great tendency to be absent from the composition exercise. The faculty have, therefore, voted that

such as do not appear at the appointed time shall be obliged to write an extra composition on some subject assigned by them.—Several excursions for zoölogical and botanical specimens have taken place during the past month. The first was to Mt. Carmel. Going as far as Hamden Center in the cars, the company walked the remainder of the distance. The summit of the highest peak and other places of interest were visited. They returned in the evening on a freight train. The following weeks, trips were made to Savin Rock, the woods west of Westville, and Tyler City. The latter place is about five miles from New Haven on the Derby road. It consists of an unfinished depot, in the rear of which is New Haven avenue, a newly laid out street running through a marsh. The regular train having the misfortune to blow off the horn in the steam chest, as the party was afterward informed, did not make its appearance, and thus there was ample time to visit all centers of interest before the next train arrived.

Boating.

The crew is just now in a partially disorganized condition. C. T. Smith has left the crew, having retired altogether from boating. His place has been filled by A. Rogers. Other changes are contemplated. The barge race did not prove quite as successful for the Scientific crew as was anticipated by some. But the disadvantage of a lighter boat in the rough condition of the harbor, in addition to the handicap given could not easily be overcome. The crew will not go to the Springfield Regatta, but will disband after the races at Saltonstall. Davenport is going to Europe immediately after the close of the term.—There is not yet an organized Base Ball nine. The Scientific nine as it has played recently has been composed of such as convenience and chance led to the Park. A meeting was held on the 10th inst., at which H. S. Hoyt resigned his position as captain, and H. L. Sellers was appointed to fill the vacancy.—A little dog with “24 High st.” marked on his collar walked into the Physics’ recitation-room a short time since, and attempted to make himself at home in the Professor’s lap.—Tutor Wells’ marking book on Calculus was recently found by some Juniors. As far as the hieroglyphics could be deciphered, the majority appeared to be vibrating about “2.” Of the ten who were conditioned on Integral Calculus last term, none could pass the second examination. They are allowed until the beginning of the Fall term to make it up, \$5 each being charged for the extra examination.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Minor Poems of Homer. Translated by Parnell, Chapman, Shelley, Congreve and Hole. With introductions by Henry Nelson Coleridge and a Translation of the Life of Homer attributed to Herodotus. New York: A. Denham & Co.

The Battle of the Frogs and Mice and the so-called Homeric Hymns, are the work of various authors who lived between the time of Homer and the Persian War. They are all worthy of study, not only for their poetic beauties but for the light they throw upon Greek religion and morals.

It is hard to say on what principle the compiler of the volume on our table proceeded, unless it was the principle of bringing together between two covers specimens illustrating every theory of translation. The Hymn to Apollo and all the shorter Hymns are from George Chapman, who Englished everything whose authorship was ever attributed to the bard of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Living in the Elizabethan age, when the English language was flexible, and gifted with a boldly poetic genius, he was eminently qualified for the task of reproducing in English verse the Homeric compositions. "Of all who have attempted Homer," says Mr. Lowell, "Chapman has the topping merit of being inspired by him." We cannot give in small compass an idea of the character of his work better than by quoting some of the compound epithets which he coined with such wonderful facility. "All-out-shining worth, sea-circled isle, Peneus' whirl-pit-making streams, thy song's all-songs-transcending skill, sigh-begetting arrows, wind-swift-footed Iris;" these and others such as these are a study in themselves. But did he not go too far in such expressions as "thy late-to-me-intended benefit" and "all-of-gold-made chariot?" The following is a fair specimen of his style of rendering:—

"And thou, O Phœbus! bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow, walk'st our every land;
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill
Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will
To visit islands, and the plumps (*i. e.*, groups) of men,
And many a temple, all ways men ordain
To thy bright godhead; groves made dark with trees,
And never shorn, to hide the Deities,
All high-loved prospects, all the steepest brows
Of far seen hills, and every flood that flows
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee."

Quite different must be the verdict pronounced upon Parnell, Congreve and Hole. As translators they belong to the school whose best known representative is Pope. These efforts of theirs, judged as independent productions, have certain merits. They are polished and elegant; but their polish is often at the expense of force, and their elegance cloys. As translations, they are failures. Something like what Patin has said of the French classic tragedies may be said of them: "They have tricked out the antique models in modern finery." The originals are simple, forcible, majestic; the translations are conventional, neat, precise. Compare, for instance, this:—

οὐδὲ εἰ κεν ἐκηβόλος αἴπαδες Ἀπόλλων
τέξον ἀπ' ἀργυρέον προὶ γ βέλεα στονόεντα,

And this:—

“ Though Phœbus, armed with his unerring dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting heart.”

There is a world-wide difference between the straightforwardness of the Greek and the artificiality of Congreve's paraphrase.

The Hymn to Mercury is unique in Greek literature. Far from being a hymn in our sense of the word, it details with infinite humor the exploits of the day-old child of Maia. Shelley lavished upon it his wonderful command of language and of rhythm. His version is generally faithful to the original, though the verse he employs is quite unlike the Greek hexameter. The anachronistic expansion of the words “Thou shalt be called the captain of thieves all thy days” to—

“ And this among the gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal and shop-lift,”

Is the only flagrant violation of the principles of translation that we have observed. Here is a stanza which shows Shelley at his best:—

“ So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast ;
O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell
And flower-paven plains great Hermes passed ;
Till the black night divine, which favoring fell
Around his steps, grew gray, and morning fast
Wakened the world to work, and from her cell
Sea-strewn, the Pallantean morn sublime
Into her watch-tower just began to climb.”

This book is the first venture of Messrs. Denham & Co. in the capacity of publishers. Its general appearance is highly satisfactory, but its value for any but cursory readers is marred by not infrequent typographical errors.

The Sun and the Phenomena of its Atmosphere. By Prof. C. A. Young, Ph.D. Pp. 55. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

This is in substance the lecture that was delivered in Music Hall last winter before the Yale Scientific School. The reputation of its author is sufficient warrant for its trustworthiness.

Hints toward Latin Prose Composition. By Alex. W. Potts, M.A., Head Master of the Fettes College, Edinburgh. Pp. 104. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

In general, the object of the study of Latin Prose Composition at the present day, is to acquire an ability to discern the nice shades of thought and to enter fully into the spirit of Latin authors. This treatise, which has reached its third edition, was compiled to meet a felt want. Heretofore “verbal accuracy has received more attention than form, and activity has been shown principally in the compilation of books of exercises.” An attempt is here made to go deeper and to show the fundamental characteristics of the Latin language, the spirit which animated all the best Latin literature. Presupposing an acquaintance with Latin syntax, it aims only to show the form into which Latin thought was cast. Part I. consists of short, discursive essays upon The Essentials of Latin Prose, The Characteristics of the Roman People, The Characteristics of Roman Language and Literature, Comparison of the Greek and Latin Languages, Translation from English into Latin,

Phrases and Style. Parts II., III. and IV. discuss in greater detail the structure of Latin sentences. We believe that the introduction of such a mode of studying the classics as is sketched out in this book would furnish a discipline for which the ordinary methods of teaching afford no equivalent.

Pope's Satires and Epistles. Edited by Mark Pattison, B.D. Pp. 161. Clarendon Press Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

The character of Pope, as drawn in the Introduction and Notes to this edition of his *Satires* and *Epistles*, was mean and despicable. "His more elaborate portraits are so many virulent and abusive lampoons. His whole satire is not merely caustic, it is venomous." And he descended to the smallness of lashing the struggling crowd of indigent dabblers in literature, whose names would have been forgotten but for him. On the other hand, his satires are made master-pieces by his artistic skill in arrangement, by the pungency of his wit, and by the sincerity of his hatred for those whom he castigated. After all, it is impossible not to feel more pity than contempt for the small man, whose life, as he said in the Prologue, was one "long disease," and whose nature it was to brood over petty slights and insults.

The notes to this edition are devoted mainly to explanations of personal and political allusions, and to references to parallel passages in other authors, Latin, French and English. Occasionally a difficult sentence is elucidated. There are also two or three etymological notes which might as well have been omitted. Thus, Prologue, l. 16, "*maudlin*. Wedgewood, Dict., 'given to crying, as the Magdalene is commonly represented. Hence, crying or sentimentally drunk, half-drunk.' More probably it is related to the Engl. *moider*, *moidering*; perhaps, also, connected with *muddle*.' It is impossible to see how the editor could have perpetrated such nonsense when Pope himself in Sat. VI, l. 56, speaks of hunting "for truth in Maudlin's learned grove," and when this is correctly explained as referring to Magdalen College, Oxford.

We are requested by T. B. Peterson & Bros. to copy the following notice:—

A new Society Novel. *The Reigning Belle.* Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new Society Novel, is in press, and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. It is said to be the best book that this popular authoress has ever written. "The Reigning Belle" will be issued in a duodecimo volume, uniform with Mrs. Stephens' seventeen other works, and will be for sale at all the bookstores at the low price of \$1.75 in cloth, or \$1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them. We understand that T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., the publishers of the popular poem of "Beautiful Snow," have secured the services of the distinguished American artist, Mr. Edward L. Henry, of New York, to illustrate this fine poem for them; and they have in press, to be shortly published, a new illustrated edition of it. We are sure that the well-known reputation of Mr. Henry will insure to the public something above in merit what is usually seen in so-called illustrated books. The new novels just published by this well-known house, "Who shall be Victor," the sequel to "The Cancelled Will," by Miss E. A. Dupuy, "My Hero," a charming love story by a new English writer, "The Fatal Marriages," by Henry Cockton, &c., are especially good and are having large sales, and should be read by all.

If anyone in college is weak enough to read the trash of third-rate female novelists, he is welcome to our prospective copy of the "Reigning Belle."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *Southern Collegian* is violently enraged with our last Editor's Table. After a few stinging remarks about our attitude toward the *Harvard Advocate* it slashes into us thus:—

"The self-complacency with which it says "we" is amusing, and we don't think it has much to brag of in either the style or the views adopted in its criticisms. It takes extracts from articles so different that they cannot be compared, and calls them "representative extracts." That does not speak well for either its heart or its head. It endeavors to attach to itself all the lustre surrounding Yale, and looks out upon the world very much as the Pharisee did who said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," and it appears to us that it is thankful for a very small favor indeed. It gets up on a throne in New Haven, the center of intelligence and refinement, and surveys with a contemptuous smile the West and the "semi-feudal, semi-barbarous" South, and wonders how they, forsooth, can set themselves up against Yale, and the editors of the *Literary Magazine* in particular. Let the editors borrow an atlas and see how much would be left of the U. S. after the West and South are cut off. For the honor of the West and South, we will tell them that Yale and its *Literary Magazine* would be left, and neither would be missed."

The same issue which contains this crushing rebuke to us is enriched with a three-column article by "Cora," on "The Ocean." The concluding paragraph is interesting for its gorgeous style and for the answer it gives to the Cæsar, Scipio and Hannibal conundrum. Here it is:—

"The ocean alone remains changeless and undisturbed. It has gazed at the Greeks in all their pride and power. It has marked the haughty Carthaginians sweep in insolent triumph across its bosom. It has noted the growing power of Rome's indefatigable legions. Armadas, large and mighty, have swept its bosom. The sounding of trumpet and the booming of cannon have awakened its echoes, as the great navies of Europe met in deadly conflict. Where are they all? Ask of the winds that ceaselessly blow, and they will answer, "Flown from earth." A fit emblem of Eternity, it rolls on, and will roll on until time ceases to be, and the vast fabric of the universe, stopped in its monotonous revolving, will resume its chaotic nature, and earth, and ocean, and sky and air, in undistinguished confusion, will mix and commingle into one tumultuous mass."

The Virginia *University Magazine* administers this dose to the *Harvard Advocate* :—

"Dear *Advocate*, you remind us of Æsop's ridiculous character,—

'Great big mouth, great long tongue,
Hell of a fuss and nothing done.'

While we always gladly exchange with any who are disposed to extend the courtesy, still, we do not think we will go down to our graves sorrowing because of their declining to exchange."

The sarcasm would be more effective if it were couched in correct English.

The *Lakeside*, in an article on "California Savages" has the following startling sentence:—

"The *Coha* might also be called the Coward's Dance; for it seems to be intended as a kind of take-off on the greatest coward in the tribe, much on the same principle that a wooden spoon is presented to the ugliest man in Yale."

Most of our exchanges contain tender effusions on the novel topic of Spring. A Brunonian sings thus:—

"We hear
The insect's hum, the song of bird, the frog's
Sweet croaking at the edge of dusk."

Queer taste !

The poet of the *Argus* writes in a different vein :—

"In the Spring much egotism comes within the Senior's breast ;
In the Spring the trifling Junior is by ladies fair caressed ;
In the Spring the rowdy Sophomore lingers long at pipe and jug ;
In the Spring the Freshman's fancy turns to thoughts of cane and plug."

The *Madisonensis* is quite beyond our comprehension. It has four columns of such abstruse reasoning as this :—

"The true poet lives in three worlds, the visible, the imaginative and the spiritual. These constitute a climax, not a climax of realities, for the central one is purely fanciful ; but a gradation of intellectual and spiritual development. The first presents to the individual soul, through the sense of vision, a simple or compound essence ; the second, by means of its own creative fancy, an ideal semblance ; the third, in consequence of renewed birth, a spiritual reality. In the first, the soul learns to read, and this constitutes its primal disciplinary unfolding ; in the second, to idealize which is a higher degree of mental activity ; in the third, to worship, and this unites it to Deity.

Matter varied in form, consequently, diversified in appearance, tempts an individual who enjoys the beautiful, to an energetic ideality, and this linked to a supernatural impetus, leads him to grasp the true and immortal, which regarded as one in essence, constitute spirituality. As we ascend the climax the intensity of the action increases. Therefore, in the visible world power is positive ; in the imaginative, comparative ; in the spiritual, superlative."

You know Miss F. lost her hat the evening Mr. R. waited on her at the Mite Society. He says it kinder bored him to take it home next morning.

—*Indiana Student*. Deliver us from mixed colleges !

The juxtaposition of these two items in the *Lawrence Collegian* has a rather ludicrous effect :—

"Our publisher and assistant editor, J. T. Chynoweth, has gone to Oshkosh to take charge of the jobbing department in the *Northwestern* office. We lose a good workman, a ready writer, and a true friend ; Hicks gains a trusty man, a swift compositor and an artistic jobber. Success to you, John ! and while your fingers are busy with types and forms, turning out those exquisite jobs, may your brain be busy constructing those graceful sentences, clothing happy thoughts, to find a place in our columns."

"Everything is green on the campus."

Yes, we should think so.

Major Nicodemus, late Chief of the United States Signal Corps, Instructor at Madison, Wisconsin, in the gymnasium and military drill, and also Professor of Applied Mathematics, recommends Welch's "Physical Culture."

Student—(Little faulty in pronunciation). "Did you ever read the story of Psyche, Miss ?

Miss. Oh, yes ! You mean Bill, that horrid character in *Oliver Twist*. Wasn't it a pity about his dear little dog?"—*Harvard Advocate*.

Here is a bit of rhetoric from the Denison *Collegian*.

"Weary, weeping, struggling humanity ! We cannot enumerate its woes. Legion is their name. Humanity has ever been conscious of their presence, and has always felt that they were the fruit of sin. Hence the tears and groans, the restless longings and unceasing struggles which make up man's life to-day, and which we meet when the door of history swings on its rusty hinges and opens the chambers of the past."

Some of our exchanges bring us choice things in the way of "poetry." This from the *University Missourian* :—

"Columbia friends, listen to my song,
For of thee alone I long and love to write ;
For my stay with you will not be long,
Yet thy memory will wrap me in delight.
The thought that I'll remember, in years to come,
The many blessings that I've received from thee,
That thought will carry me to my own dear home,
And cherish my love for thy hospitality."

These from the *Tripod* :—

"For 'twas * * gave these flowers ;
As she pinned them on my coat,
I was crazed by her close presence—
E'en her breath fanned 'gainst my throat.

And her eyes devoured my reason,—
Oh, such eyes ! Why were they given ?
This is why I keep my flowers,
They're a *souvenir of Heaven* !"

"We sail and sail,
Till, in the vale,
Where waiting tars shall cry, All hail !
With glad surprise,
In sailor guise,
We walk the streets of Paradise."

Could comment add anything ?

The story that Yale boys pray in Latin is having an extensive circulation. So is the address said to have been made by President Porter to the Yale Seniors.

The *Nation* comments at some length on "West Point Undergraduate Literature" and on undergraduate literature in general. It discovers "a tendency to record the most sentimental friendship ; an acute sense, sometimes veiled by a dark cynicism, of the immense importance of the female sex ; a frequent keen appreciation of the delights of sumptuous banquets of un-'Attic taste,' but 'with wine,' in the shape of grocery store liquors ; a full belief in the tyrannical character of the teachers set over them ; a sacred joy in going as far as possible in the direction of rebellion ; and, finally, some lively fun and chaff, some of which is vulgar and tasteless, but some of it redolent of the season of youth and high spirits."

We have received a copy of *Our Church Work* directed to the *Yale Library Magazine*. The tone of its articles appears to be unexceptionable.

Every one knows that the perversions of the Queen's English which are current in this country, have had their origin, in nine cases out of ten, in England. We of Yale indulge in a favorite bit of slang which we believed was all our own. A Junior shatters this belief by referring to this sentence of *Vanity Fair* : "Take away the soup ; it's beastly." The last *Galaxy*, in an article on "The English at Home," has this supplementary evidence : "Get up, you nasty brute, out of that beastly walk, or I'll knock your bloody head off," is a common form of speech."

The editor's life is not a life of roses. Cares multiply and contributors are fickle. But we still live.

F. B. T.

VOL. XXXVII.

NO. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



*“Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENTES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.”*

JULY, 1872.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII.

JULY, 1872.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '73.

WILLIAM BEEBE, HART W. LYMAN,

WILLIAM A. HOUGHTON, S. OSCAR PRENTICE,

FRANK B. TARBELL.

MOTIVES.

NOT motives in general, but motives for skepticism. The college public was lately appealed to, through the columns of this magazine, for an explanation of the prevalence here of skeptical sentiments. As the public has not, after sufficient time granted, seen fit to respond to the appeal, the "Oldest College Publication," feeling its reputation in a manner at stake, that no seeker after knowledge be sent empty away, imposes on one of its own servants the task of making some suggestions in answer to the question.

It is natural and proper that such a question should be answered by an exposition of motives. Yet there is a half-way method which looks for an explanation only in causes. For example, it is as common as it is easy to say that A or B is skeptical from the pride of intellect, a disbelieving turn of mind, the association with certain persons or the reading of certain books. So far, very well. We only complain of this explanation because it stops short, taking no account of motives and the power of choice. Every one whom we know in college, from

the Senior, full of years and honors, to the Sophomore on his fence, has his reputation, good or bad, has his habits, right or wrong, not because fate made him in certain proportions, but because he chooses, from one motive or another to apply his powers in a given direction; and we consider no action explained when the man's ability to perform it is shown, but only when the motives for it are clearly set forth. Remember, then, that a proud intellect, a doubtful mind, bad books and worse companions, are simply helps which are used or not according to the motives which actuate a man. Such helps, indeed, make the path so easy that travelers upon it, when once started, would move on by their own inertia down to the toll-gate at the other end; but there is still the necessity for an original impulse. Impelled by what motives do they begin to take the first steps? We will suggest one or two.

The motive which skepticism itself commonly offers for its own existence, is the desire for independent investigation of the truth. To quote the recent words of one of its exponents, "there are two directly antagonistic theories abroad in the world in regard to the universe and the origin and nature of man. These may be called the Christian theory and its opposite. Each is upheld by men of the highest character and ability. * * Those of whom we speak are committed to neither. They judge it to be an open question—one which it will require a life-time of study to form an opinion about, and deem it stupid presumption for a youth in his teens to affirm a fixed belief in either." We admit the magnanimity and self-sacrifice which this motive, thus stated, implies. We feel at first personally condemned for ever having been selfish enough to hold opinions of our own in opposition to the minds of other men. But, regarding it in another view, we meet with at least two serious objections. Substitute for independent investigation of the truth that on which it depends—the ability to think free from prejudice—and it becomes quickly evident that the end to be attained is impracticable and the effort to attain it injurious. This, indeed, seems an out and out defense of that

evil thing, prejudice. Yet if we admit that human nature is at all short of perfection, we must admit that prejudice is an essential of human nature, and that the aim to escape from it is, therefore, impracticable. From our earliest perceptions we all have been receiving impressions imperfectly. The life of every day has inevitably warped us from a symmetrical growth, and by the time that we arrive at the dignity of youths in our teens, the obliquity becomes considerable. We do not quarrel with a due appreciation of this mental bias. The consciousness of our own onesidedness makes us more liberal toward the different views of other men. But it is as foolish to complain of it as an imperfection which prevents us from receiving alike all the rays of truth, as it would be to grumble at the color of the rose, which is simply the inability to absorb all the rays of light. Its value is its imperfection. Our efforts against this principle of our nature carry their own retribution. For the renouncing of one set of what may be called prejudices involves the taking up of the opposite. Nature provides no check which shall cause the effect of our effort against her law to cease at the desired point, and, pendulum like, instead of stopping at a plumb line, we fly to the opposite extreme. When you, skeptical friend, first resolved to rectify your nature, you possessed a belief which had been strengthening for years. The first thing was to get rid of this belief, which you could only do by persuading yourself that it was wrong. That very conclusion gave you a momentum sufficient to carry you far beyond your objective point. The act of rejecting your prejudices in favor of early opinions, involves the taking up of a prejudice against them which renders you as incapable of impartiality as before.

But we may aim at an ideal perfection as we set ourselves to learn Greek paradigms,—not because we expect to be marked four for our pains, but because we suppose the discipline to be beneficial. In the present case, however, no such advantages accrue. On the other hand, since the effort is against nature, there arises on this very

point the second objection that the attempt is positively injurious. Its tendency is to weaken individuality and force of character. Some bias in our opinions is, as before said, inevitable ; but, according to the independent investigation theory, the less their bias, the more valuable the opinion. In other words, we must avoid as much as possible digesting and assimilating our opinions ; for by this process they become part of ourselves, and are colored by our weakness and distorted by our imperfections. The truth is, that we cannot afford to give up our prejudices ; for on them depend our individuality and force of character, and, hence, in a large measure, our usefulness. Bad in itself we admit prejudice to be. And so are cold and storm and frost, *per se*, bad for the fruit which an apple tree is to bear. Yet kindly nature makes all the influence of rocking wind and heaving frost, parching drouth and storms and heat and cold, conspire to aid, each in its own way, the development of the tree ; that while struggling to maintain its place and sending its roots deep and wide, it may gain strength in all its branches and sap to nourish a crop of fruit. And our appreciation of the fruit is not at all lessened by a decided flavor, sweet or sour. The moral of the simile is that our prejudices are the strength and flavor of our opinions. The strength of our opinions measures their value to ourselves, and unless they endure buffeting and some warping by opposing influences, they will be brittle as dry sticks, and the sooner burned, the better. The flavor of our opinions is their value to others, and to avoid all influences which may bring in prejudice, will compel us to raise only California fruit—as large as you please, but very insipid.

Let no one complain that this is simply a defense of the plan of swallowing a dose of orthodoxy like a dose of salts, because the D.D.'s say it is healthy. We, as much as any, believe that no doctrine should be accepted with a wry face. But, because a man cannot believe everything, he need not, therefore, feel called upon to believe nothing. There is a practical middle course which does violence to no man's conscience. It is simply an applica-

tion to a spiritual problem of the method used in the analogous problems of every day life. We are continually perplexed by a thousand questions, personal, social, and political. But we do not, for conscience sake, declare them void of truth until we can speak authoritatively upon them. We carry them about with us ever, a burden of unsettled problems, and even add to them on occasion. Some of them will trouble us for a long time, others, experience and thought will remove from our shoulders. We see great men at variance upon them, but we do not therefore consider it "presumptuous," &c., &c. We simply infer that there is a possibility of two sides to every question, and feel encouraged to hope that the one which we prefer may be the right one. We form our opinions according to what light we have,—biased, no doubt, by our own inclination, but without feeling for that reason, either hypocritical or rashly credulous—trusting to a maturer judgment and larger experience to set us nearer right at last.

We can hardly close without asking our skeptical friends whether there is not, back of the motive which they profess, a selfish motive by which they are unconsciously influenced. The one which we have in mind is the desire to escape the responsibilities of belief. Such a motive seems a pitifully mean one in comparison with the preceding, and suggests the question, why should one who is not really driven by an impulse of loyalty to his inner convictions wish, even unconsciously, to sacrifice the pleasures and profits of belief? The reply involves a bit of theology, which is, however, of so practical a nature that we may venture to produce it. We see the majority of men free to choose—free, even from a fancied inner call to search the truth—yet choosing to forego everything but those indirect advantages of belief which impose no individual obligation. They are held back by the voice of passion and pride, whose remonstrance against yielding up the first place in the man overrules every other consideration. The skeptic is under these influences as well as others—even more than others. For in him they do

their work with most completeness. In another, passion and pride carry their point by open violence, in him, by stratagem. In another, the better nature by constraint rejects its known obligation; but if all this belief be wrong, the better nature is enlisted against it, and conscience, before a prisoner of war, may now go scot free. Can it be accused as an unfair questioning of a man's motives, to infer that impulses which, hampered, can lead the majority of mankind, have, under more favorable circumstances, some at least unconscious influence! We know of no way to avoid this inference, unless there can be found the partial circumstantial proof afforded by skeptical lives which, in point of morality, show no inclination to escape at least the external restraints of belief. Such evidence is by no means wanting and wherever it can be found we are glad to call it even conclusive in the right direction. But wherever we find one professing skepticism and at the same time pursuing a life whose tendency is to lower the tone of college morality, we feel justified in concluding that his skepticism has been taken up as an excuse for avoiding the responsibilities of belief. It may be possible for a man with a leaning toward such ways of living, to follow his former creeds until he feels the irresistible call to lay them aside, and not to listen to the voice of inclination until free from the bonds of obligation. But when duty so chimes with inclination, it is a reasonable inference that inclination appoints the path for duty. We are accustomed to judge motives by the fruit which they bear; and as long as skepticism bears the fruit of self-indulgence, none may gainsay us in assigning to it the motive of selfish desire to escape the obligations of belief.

W. B.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

Gibbon's Secondary Causes for the Rapid Growth of the Christian Church.

BY JOHN HOWARD HINCKS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

OF the five causes, which Gibbon terms indifferently secondary and human, for the progress of Christianity through the Roman Empire, two embrace the direct agency of Christians in spreading their faith and three the attractions presented by their practice and belief. The former need but a brief consideration. For a faith which makes its way from a humble origin by the voice of persuasion, and not by the arm of power, must rely ultimately for success upon its own attractions.

First of these two causes was the zeal of the Christians, derived from the Jewish religion, but purified from its narrow and unsocial spirit. The Christians, it is true, hated idolatry as fervently as did their Jewish persecutors, for both worshiped the same God. But as only a small fraction of their number were of Jewish origin, whatever zeal for the unity of God they derived from the study of Moses and the prophets must be referred primarily not to the Jewish religion, but to the authority which told them to look to the sacred writings of their bitterest enemies for instruction. Still less could the most characteristic feature of the Christian zeal, its proselyting spirit, be derived from the exclusive jealousy of the Jews for their birthright of the covenant—a sentiment diametrically opposed. Shall we be told also that the zeal of Christians to-day is derived from the Jewish religion?

Second of these causes was the union and discipline of the Christian Church. Provincial councils by uniting the independent republics of that body and raising the clergy into a distinct class, fired the ambition of the ecclesiastics to extend their sway by offering bounties in the shape of alms, and to secure their power by imposing

severe penances upon the faithless. But before the date of these councils Christianity had won some of its most splendid triumphs. Tertullian enumerates twenty-four nations and tribes where the name of Christ reigned. "So great are our numbers," says he to the Roman pro-consuls, "that we might contend with you in arms; but were we only to withdraw ourselves * * * to some remote corner of the globe * * you would be left without subjects to govern, and would tremble at the solitude and silence around you, at the awful stillness of a dead world." But after the organization of the Church was completed, why did the ecclesiastics, if ambition was their ruling motive, strive for positions which marked them as the first victims of martyrdom? Why did their mercenary recruits when the tribunal rang with shouts of *Christianos ad leonem* refuse to purchase life by sacrificing to the Emperor? Why did the apostate wish to beg in sackcloth and ashes for re-admission to a body in which he would meet fresh persecution? If, too, the ecclesiastics desired nominal converts, why did they exact such solemn oaths at each successive step of the catechumen till he came into the full communion? Why require vouchers for the respectability of persons who applied for baptism? Why excommunicate those who married heathen and who frequented the circus and the theatre? If at a later period the Church did much to retain the possessions won by the Cross, the problem in its earlier history was not so much to preserve former acquisitions as to make new conquests. For this purpose ecclesiastical ambition, employing the weapons of bribes and threats, was entirely inadequate. In point of fact the Church was not so much a cause for the rapid growth of Christianity, as the growth of Christianity was the cause of the Church. Whatever effectiveness it possessed was due to the spirit which prompted its organization rather than to the accidents which attended its form.

Turning now to the more important class of causes we need to remind ourselves that Gibbon's argument proceeds upon the assumption, half hidden by a veil of decorous

irony, that Christianity was of human origin. We must consider, therefore, not simply whether the attractions which he finds in it are sufficient to account for its marvelous power, but how far, also, they were independent of a previous divine revelation for their existence.

First consider the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church. If the miracles to which the early church laid claim were genuine, they certainly were not a human cause for the progress of Christianity. If they were not genuine they must have been either deliberate impostures, or striking natural circumstances which the credulity of believers magnified into miracles. But striking natural effects could not be displayed when the occasion demanded, nor would they be of a more extraordinary nature than events which the Pagans could find in their own experience. So far, therefore, from convincing unbelievers of the truths of the gospel, they would lead them to judge that the earlier miracles had no better claims to authenticity. We are driven then to miracles of imposture to account for the influence which Gibbon assigns to this cause. But if the people of that time were skeptical and critical the impostures must have been discovered, and any one discovery would have injured far more than many successful deceptions would have benefited the cause. If on the other hand, the people were credulous and unaccustomed to weigh evidence, supposed miracles would not carry the same conviction to them as the manifest interposition of the hand of God to a skeptical people. When it is added that those impostures to have had any effect must have been performed before rancorously hostile spectators, that they would be no more extraordinary than the Pagans could produce in attestation of their faith, and not half so marvelous as the tricks of professed jugglers, what candid person will believe that they materially assisted a cause whose greatest miracle is itself? The art of the historian in arguing from the phenomena of a later period than the first propagation of the faith, whose divine origin he ironically admits but in reality

denies, enables him to suggest to our minds a connection between the results which follow the miracles of Christ and the apostles, and the more dubious character of the later miracles of the church. But if the later miracles were false, the reasons already given would prevent their exercising any power. And the just reasoner will see in the results which followed the earlier miracles an evidence of their truth rather than a proof that false miracles would work the same mighty results.

The claim that the doctrine of an immortal life, improved by attractive additions, contributed to the victories of the Cross, wears a more plausible appearance. The additions, however, which Gibbon magnifies beyond their just proportions, far from exercising an attractive influence, would not have obtained the small credence they received unless they had sprung from a purer doctrine which in itself carried conviction of its truth and was confirmed by evidence of the most convincing character. Like parasites they serve only to show the original vigor of the trunk from which they drew their vitality. We need not now discuss how far the common source, the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul with its accompanying features of rewards and punishments, would prove attractive to a Pagan society, irrespective of the evidence by which it was enforced. The vital question is, was that doctrine of human origin? To establish this point Gibbon's simple assumption is not enough. Where does he find any evidence that the human mind was capable of such an august creation? Where else does he find any conception of a future state of blessedness as depending not upon the due performance of certain ceremonies nor upon conformity to some external moral code, but upon a change of the heart, which lifts the subject of it into a higher atmosphere, so that what he once hated that he loves, what he once loved that he hates, which renders him deaf to the siren call of pleasure, indifferent to the fire and axe and lions of the persecutor, which makes him look with confidence into the grim portals of death, knowing that he is advancing only one step farther in that life

of immortal happiness, which has already begun upon earth, in the union of his spirit with that of God? Where does Gibbon find in the creations of human fancy anything approximating the pure and spiritual pleasures of the heavenly hosts? Will he compare the sensuous delights of the balmy breezes, the purple air, the fragrant garlands, the waveless streams, the music, the games, the races of the Elysian fields, to the happiness of the redeemed in their purification? Will he compare the voluptuous pleasures of Mohammed's paradise, the bejeweled couches, the black-eyed Houris, the blooming youths, and delicious wines, to the pure joy of the cherubic choir as they chant their Hallelujahs to the Lamb? Will he compare the drunken pleasures of the paradise of the German tribes to the ecstatic bliss of the pure spirit in the presence of its Maker? Does it not appear that all other conceptions of the future state have been material, gross and sensual; that the same order of beings who formed them could never have given birth to the conception of the pure, spiritual joys of the Christian heaven; that they can no more be compared to the super-natural glory and brightness of that revelation than the carousing deities of Olympus can be compared to the ineffable majesty and glory of Jehovah?

The final attraction which Gibbon finds in Christianity, the pure morals of the primitive Christians, is one whose influence its advocates will not be disposed to question; though the historian, in his anxiety to disparage the early believers, weakens his argument when he represents their virtues as having been carried to the utmost limit of a repulsive asceticism. But, as Gibbon very clearly perceives, pure morality to be a human cause must be shown to be explainable from human reasons. And what are the reasons which he finds? "Repentance for their past sins and the laudable desire of supporting the reputation of the society in which they were engaged." To meet the natural enquiry why they more than others needed to repent of their sins, he repeats the slanders of Celsus and Julian that the Christians lured into their party the most

atrocious criminals, for whose stricken consciences the temples of the gods could furnish no balm. As he mentions no cause for the virtues of the other elements of which the church was composed, are we to conclude that he can find no explanation for the purity of their morals in human causes or that he considers atrocious criminals to have made up the main body of the church? Taking the latter supposition as most favorable to his argument, are we to suppose that a church which examined into the previous life of the convert, which imposed upon him a long period of probation before it received him into its full membership, which exacted of him an oath to abstain from all manner of gross wickedness, was a Botany Bay for the outcasts of a religion in which Caligula and Domitian were titular deities while living, and in which the Emperors were by custom apotheosized when dead? But supposing it were even so; supposing that the church offered a ready expiation for crimes which banished their perpetrators from the pure temples of the Isis and Serapis who had been adopted into the Roman pantheon; how shall we account for the wish of these atrocious criminals to go through a form of expiation? Certainly they could not hope to regain that position in society from which their crimes had banished them, for the Christians were more despised than the most abandoned criminals. Nor could they hope for honor or worldly advantage. For instead of gaining for them these, their action would expose them only to obloquy and persecution. No other supposition remains than that they had undergone a serious and thorough change. For this change Gibbon can offer no better reason than the deeper depths of guilt into which they had fallen than other members of society. But is it at all in accordance with our experience of human nature that the more men become steeped in crime the softer become their hearts and the more tender their consciences? Look at the atrocious criminals of our day. Do thieves and murderers, as a rule, become struck with remorse at the greater depravity into which they have fallen than their fellow creatures and suddenly jump from

the character of abandoned sinners into that of eminent saints? It is indeed to the glory of Christianity that its disciples, after the example of their Master, have not despised the convicted malefactors and the Magdalenes of this world. The power which its teachings have often exercised over these outcasts, who are insensible to the influences whether of public sentiment or of personal shame, might with the greatest propriety be urged as an evidence of its divine origin. But to argue that wretched, shameless criminals from no higher motives than a remorse, whose very possibility their hardened character almost precludes, would hasten to put themselves under the most rigid moral obligations, is to contradict alike the teachings of our reason and our experience.

If remorse were an insufficient motive to drive such a class of persons into the church, far less would a desire to support their individual and common reputation be sufficient to prevent their relapsing into their former habits. Does it not exhibit the poverty of the human reasons that can be assigned for the revolution effected in character by Christianity that such an argument should be seriously urged? Where did these abandoned sinners get such a sensitiveness to public opinion? Did they learn it while they were pursuing vocations so infamous that even from the corrupt society of Paganism they were outcasts and could find no expiation for their guilt even in the temples of the adopted Egyptian gods? Where did they acquire such a thoughtfulness for the reputation of the body to which they had been admitted? Did the thief and the assassin learn such delicate lessons at the stews and in the jails?

While the Christian cannot refrain from a just indignation that the noble spirits whose virtues have lighted up the early history of the Church with a celestial radiance should be represented as notorious for their previous vices, yet the particular argument which is founded upon this assumption does not require a proof of the inaccuracy of the statement. Let it be granted that all who thronged the Christian churches till Pliny complained to the Emperor that the temples were almost deserted, were crim-

inals of the most abandoned type. What of it? Such a fact, if true, would only make more evident the wonderful transforming power of the Gospel. In spite of every excuse that can be alleged the advance of Christianity has been found to be attended with a reformation in morals. It has entirely annihilated some of the worst vices of the ancient world and has inspired some of the noblest virtues of modern times. It has stopped the practice of exposing infants. It has stricken off the fetters from the slave. It has elevated woman to her just rank. It has given purity to society. It has inspired philanthropy. It has substituted the security of mutual confidence in place of suspicion and fear. It has imposed self-restraint in place of license and devotion to others in place of gratification of self. It has lent a softness and charm to all the relations of the family and community. It has created a public sentiment so strong that those who do not acknowledge its authority are forced by public opinion to conform largely to its precepts. Wherever its influence goes, whether to the benighted nations of the Orient or among the depraved inhabitants of western isles, it carries civilization and virtue in its train. How shall we account for this mighty influence? Who will find human causes to explain it? Does it not point unerringly and instinctively back to its divine source?

Eliminating, then, from the attractions which the belief and practice of the Christians presented, whatever cannot be shown to be independent of a divine revelation, we have left false miracles, some extravagant additions to the pure doctrine of a future life, and an asceticism displayed by some imperfect professors. These feeble arms were wielded by a zeal derived from a faith which most of the Christians had never professed and the holders of which were their bitterest persecutors, and were directed by an ambitious body of generals who came into existence after the battle was half won, and who relied upon the bribe of paltry alms to seduce the enemy from their allegiance, and upon the terror of dismissal from an irksome service to retain the devotion of their

own followers. We are invited to believe that a faith thus armed and thus directed overcame the authority of antiquity, the feeling that a religion must be peculiar to a locality or race, the prejudice against its humble origin amongst a despised people, the customs and habits of a Pagan society, the pride and passion of the undisciplined human soul, and the fiery sword of persecution, and fought its way from the outskirts of the Empire into the palaces and upon the throne of the Cæsars. From such reasoning as this will not the candid enquirer turn aside, and, seeking a cause for the progress of the Christian faith, fasten his reverent gaze upon the star of God, which draws worshiping pilgrims from the most distant parts of the earth to Bethlehem, the place where the young child lay?

A DAY DREAM.

Once in a daylight dream I seemed to be
Placed in a mystic, dimly lighted wood.
In truth, its dark and boundless depths were food
For fancy, or for fruitful reverie.
But, as I thought, my eyes did chance to see,
A little way beyond where rapt I stood,
The glorious likeness of thy womanhood
In all thy sweetness and thy majesty.

Thy face from out a plenitude of light
Shone down upon me like an angel's, when
She bears from God dear messages to men ;
But when I called thee, filled with vain delight,
The vision vanished, and I stood alone,
While all the woods and shadows whispered "gone."

F. D. R.

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE COUNTEenance.

THE face is often quoted as an index of the heart. This, to some extent, it certainly is, though the different degree in which different men restrain their feelings, or, at least, restrain all outward expression of them, will always make its evidence unworthy of implicit trust. But whatever question there may be about this, there is no doubt that the education of a man is written in plain characters upon his countenance,—that in almost every line and mark, to the unskillful eye so meaningless, practice will enable us to detect some peculiar connection with it. Long and patiently pursued have been my investigations of the matter, and what conclusions I have come to, and what ideas I shall herein lay forth, are, I do assure you, founded upon fact, and worthy of all the credence which you may choose to give them.

Of course you pre-suppose that I shall speak first and principally of the little world which centers round our classic chapel; for so has precedent decreed. And even if such decrees were disregarded by me, there could be found, you think, no place more fruitful in the example of my search than this, where education sits enthroned and faces are in great variety.

Shall I then tell you of the pale, slender, spiritual, and withal self-satisfied countenance that looks embodied wisdom from beneath the broad hat of the dig? of the heavy, muscular, and usually good-humored features that ride so easily, under the shade of one protracted freckle, above the mighty shoulders of the boating man? or of the consumptive face and sallow complexion of the bummer? Or, shall I, leaving such extremes, turn to the smooth, pleasant, yet not always decided features that mark the so-called popular man. You know them all as well as I. And even if I would, I could not touch the last. For popularity, though a subject much studied, is seldom or never the result of education, and so my subject excludes it.

If, then, I am denied all these, I might give you an example of a Freshman, wonderfully learned in Latin and Greek, and a mighty mathematician, in the opinion of his village friends, and may be in his own; yet verdant as the grass that grows around the village school where he was valedic. It would not be difficult to describe him. His literary nose, which hesitates whether to ascend to yet higher fields or to keep on in its present plane and gain distinction by reaching after things too far for ordinary mortals, his brilliant eye cast down in mock humility, his toes turned straight in front, that they may not wander from the path of duty, (though that has not much to do with the countenance,) his preoccupied air and conscious blush when he is suddenly addressed, and above all, his supercilious glance at upper class men,—all these things and many more are marks of his superiority. We might follow him a year or two, and watch the changes in his face and character, and see how, little by little, as he becomes aware of his mistaken estimation of himself, his new opinions will write themselves upon his countenance, and the old ones fade away. His very features will seem to alter, and each time for the better, till finally, when he settles into his proper place,—and that a high place, for his talents, though exaggerated, were not fictitious—every one says that the improvement has not been in his mind alone, but also in his looks. I say I might give you such an example as this, not that I do, for my purpose is to speak of something else.

I have often found it pleasant to take some young man of a little more than average ability and presence,—perhaps this same Freshman of our acquaintance, after his four years are done—and placing him by turns in each of the three learned professions, observe the different features of character and countenance which his studies and surroundings would bring out. Sometimes, when I feel particularly sober, I draw most beneficial morals from my observations; but to-day, if you will lend me your attention, we will let the morals go and take the observations by themselves. Let us then look a moment at our hero,

before launching him upon so many troubled streams at once. We shall find him neither very tall nor very short, neither very dark nor very fair, neither very plain nor very handsome. His eyes may be blue, brown, grey or green, —it does not matter. His nose and mouth assume a dozen different shapes to suit the notions of as many people. In short, we see in his features nothing marked,—many possibilities but few realizations as yet; and we judge him well fit to be an actor in our little play and to show off to advantage all its points.

Scarcely has his heroic face begun to shine forth expectancy and welcome from behind his new and gorgeous shingle, metaphorical or otherwise, as the case may be, when we shall find him as a D.D., growing tall and thin, as an M.D., growing broad and rotund, and as a lawyer, slim and sharp. The whole air of the man, his carriage, dress, and self-esteem, will alter greatly and almost give the lie to your faithful measurement. And then his glorious sides, whose curls in his worldly college days ensnared so many female hearts, the priest has shaven close, the man of law has turned into a goatee and perhaps mustache, and the man of physic has—I do not dare to say what, these doctors are so uncertain. He wears glasses so regularly that I must consider them a part of his countenance, and show them up to you. The minister's are spectacles, and the black iron bands around them are symbols, sometimes of their owner's firmness and restraint, but sometimes of harsher qualities. The doctor's, too, are spectacles, but golden rims are round them, and tell a different tale; while our little LL.D. contents himself with instruments more modern, of the stiffest springs and firmest grasp.

Our hero still has eyes, but we shall find them even more varied now than when we first beheld them. Those of the divine are small, usually, and grey or black in color, perhaps a little sad, but ready at the call of circumstances to express any emotion which obtains possession of his heart; while over and above all else reigns the quiet look of duty done, of learning gained but not hoarded, of cul-

tivation and content. Clustering round his eyes and cutting in all directions across his broad forehead, are wrinkles deep and permanent—wrinkles which tell of days of toil and nights of study, of suffering and sorrow endured, but which can yet take into their deep folds and then give forth again so much of joy and laughter as to make our doctor's, even, almost envy them. That the doctor has eyes we must believe, for he can see; though, if it were not for the conclusive evidence, we should be inclined to doubt the fact. To be sure we can discover cavernous places where the eyes should be; but then his brows are thick and bushy, and cast all below them into a deep shade; the bridge of his nose rises to an enormous height between them, shutting them out of view from that direction; and on the other sides the mountains and vallies of flesh and wrinkle are so enormous that the orbs about which all these features group themselves, are completely lost. And then his wrinkles! How they come and go, and seem fairly to dance with merriment. His deep-set little eyes are springs of gladness, and his wrinkles are the stream by which he pours it out unstintingly. All his wisdom is completely hidden behind this light exterior, except for eyes the most acute. The lawyer's eyes are prominent enough, and about them the only question is, to what end are they placed there. They express no emotion. He has wrinkles—not long, deep furrows like those of the divine, nor short, uneven vallies like our doctor's, but genuine crowsfeet—enough to give us a full idea of his learning without their help. So that all we can do for them is to give them the office of displaying half his sharpness, the other half disputing with his wisdom the possession of his wrinkles. He makes many jokes and puns—our lawyer does—but he never laughs; and in the seams that mar his countenance there is nothing that expresses humor. In him, erudition and acuteness hold the most prominent place, and effectually conceal whatever lies behind them.

These are some of the differences plainest to be seen, and easiest to account for. And now that I have done,

and look back for a moment to see what it is that I have written, I can easily conjecture what objections will arise in your mind on reading it. You will, in the first place, wonder why I placed my three characters in the professions that I did,—why I did not make my minister a lawyer, my doctor a minister, and leave my lawyer out altogether. You know the old saying about the exception and the rule; and I think that if you will examine the matter, though you will find jolly lawyers, and severe doctors, and sharp divines, though there are some in each profession whom you could scarcely distinguish by their looks from many of *οἵ πολλοί*,—I think that the features which I have ascribed to them will prove to be the rule and others, the exception. That is all I claim for them. And again, you will accuse me of having forgotten that I was to follow up the changes, and not merely state them, and will deny that such variations of feature could be produced by education and profession merely. To the first charge I may as well at once plead guilty, but the second I contest. Men start in life equal, and like each other. Even after many years are passed, when those who have had any education at all leave college together, there are no very striking points of dissimilarity in their features, as far as features are an indication of character. And if it is not their after life and education that changes them so, I am utterly at a loss to find out what it is.

C. S. W.

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ALONE.

Dear saint with God, whose bright feet ever fall
 In soft melodious measures round the Throne,
 Dost thou remember there the days now gone,
 When Life with Love was one sweet pastoral?
 Canst thou the face of that sad one recall,
 Who wanders through the ways of life alone,
 Who seeks for happiness and findeth none,
 Since thou dost dwell in climes celestial.

Look down in pity, love, on his poor heart,
 Who mourns thy loss these bitter, bitter years.
 Pray to thy God, who each petition hears,
 That to thy lover He some balm impart,
 Assuage his grief, and by some heavenly art
 Lessen the ceaseless flowing of his tears.

F. D. R.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

Sir Walter Raleigh.

BY ROBERT ELMER COE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was a representative man of the age of Queen Elizabeth. Its stamp is on his character. Its bright, and its dark threads are woven into his chequered life. But he was more than this. For behind his representative character, we come upon an obstinate personality, which, like that of Shakespeare, tempts, while it baffles, our analysis. What manner of *man* was he? Let us try to answer this essential question.

He was "framed in the prodigality of nature." His youthful attainments excite the wonder of the gownsmen of Oriel. The veterans of a hundred battles in the Netherlands predict great things for him. And the Irish Kernes and Galloglasses regard him with a superstitious awe. He appears in court, and the maids of honor are bewitched by his address. Envious favorites retire broken-hearted to their castles. And the greatest of the Tudors, in her admiration for a courtier whose gallantry can rival that of Sidney, and whose flattering compliments are daintier than those of Oxford or of Hatton, who dresses in silver armor and wears jewels on his boots, who has written poetry with Spenser and sailed with Drake, conferred with Orange on matters of diplomacy and conquered the Spaniards under Lord Grey, forgets for the moment that he talks in the dialect of Devonshire, and that it is only a rumor which traces his descent from the Plantaganets.

Yet on the threshold of his career, his misfortunes and his faults began. A few short months of sunshine and favor, and then an act of cowardice and baseness from whose results he never recovered. Desperate efforts to win fresh laurels for England and to remove his own disgrace, and then the loss of his royal mistress, the

* The medal was given in "joint possession" to Messrs. Coe and Hincks.

enthronement of a brutal king, a mock trial and the sentence of death. A long reprieve, twelve years of imprisonment, ending in broken health and poverty. And with release at last comes a final venture and then fresh disaster, ruin and the scaffold.

Do you tell me that others had passed over the same perilous and fatal way, that Seymour and Suffolk, Surrey and Northumberland were brought by ingratitude or injustice to the block? I answer yes, but Raleigh's life was a constant punishment. Wherever he went, he found an enemy before him. Whatever he gained, he won by a battle. Devereux and Cecil sailed into port through untroubled waters. Raleigh's ship came in dismantled and battered. For blunders that were as bad as crimes, the Queen loaded Essex with honors and wealth. Raleigh labored with superhuman efforts for her glory—and she took him out riding. He brought into England the richest prize it ever won. He extended her dominions in Ireland and America and taught the Indians on the banks of the Orinoco to revere her name,—and she gave him her hand to kiss.

She made him captain of her guard, it is true, that his handsome person might grace a Royal Progress. She gave him the wardenship of the Stannaries, that his careful management might confirm a royal prerogative. But she refused him a seat in her council, when for his eloquence and his wisdom he stood first in Parliament. And she sent him to sea under a subordinate officer, when his naval genius had made him the terror of the world.

The same mysterious fortune attended him to the end. He was reputed to be a man of unusual sagacity, and yet those whom he trusted most were the first to betray him. He was accused of contriving plots of which apparently he never heard. All the actions of his life showed his undying hatred of Spain; and yet on the charge of conniving with Spain to place on the throne a girl whom he had never seen and for whose interests he never cared, he was tried and condemned. And finally, when he had rescued England and Ireland from its Armadas, routed its troops in the colonies and burned its fleets in the harbor

of Cadiz, it was to gratify the vengeance of Spain that he was led from the Tower to the block.

Was then Raleigh a great criminal, or a martyr? Was he a Strafford or a Russell? He was neither, and yet one or two traits of his character might lead us to class him, now with the one and now with the other.

He was ambitious, and that both for England and for himself. Yet in his own mind the two objects were never separated. He demanded wealth and power, but he employed them in furthering the vastest scheme the age had known—the creation of a colonial empire. Doubtless its success would have brought him fame and praise. But the treasures of mine and forest were to pour into the national exchequer, an overflowing population was to be relieved, industry and enterprise were to receive a new impetus, England was to advance by a single bound to the leadership of nations, and countless tribes of wandering savages were to share the blessings of the Christian faith.

Even within the walls of a prison his efforts did not cease. His estates were sold. His plate and jewelry went to the brokers. His family was reduced to penury. Yet again and again he sent fresh ships to his suffering colonies. And in his closing years, his health broken by hardship, exposure and disease, in spite of increasing restrictions and discomforts, with a nation branding him as a wizard and an atheist, he gathered around him his books in a cell no larger than a closet, and wrote a History of the World. The parsimonious Tudor might call him "a beggar," but every grant she made to Raleigh was a legacy to England.

For everything which he attempted, he seemed to have fitted himself expressly, but *when* and *where*, no one knew. In the words of Cecil, "he could work terribly." He appeared to know everything upon every subject. He instructed the mariners of Devonshire in the art of ship-building. He astonished the admirals and generals by elaborate essays upon artillery, fortification and topography. He anticipated modern discoveries in political

economy. His philosophy was as original and as profound as that of Bacon. His poetry was as musical and as faultless as that of Spenser. His prose had a strength and swing, a purity of expression and a richness of illustration, which almost rival Gibbon and Burke. He set the impress of his genius upon a literature still in its infancy. He stood out boldly for liberty of conscience and gave aid alike to puritans and churchmen. And before the eyes of his persecuted countrymen he spread out a land whose greatest glory was to be its freedom.

Is it any wonder that with powers like these Raleigh was self-reliant even to rashness? He knew, as posterity knows, that he was far in advance of the statesmen who called him a fanatic. He saw his councils neglected at first, only to be accepted after delay and misfortune. He saw the evil spirits taking possession of his "fairyland," the "monstrous rout" of 'Comus' polluting the "sea-girt isle" with their "abhorred rites." He saw the period of anarchy and bloodshed which was soon to come. Who can blame him if he thought his hand could avert it?

But there is a third element in his character, more important than ambition or self-reliance, and that is—enthusiasm. Whatever he did, he did with his whole mind and with his whole heart. And here we strike the root of his gravest faults. They were those of an ardent, impatient, confident nature, intense in the pursuit of the objects it aimed at, not always scrupulous in the means by which it sought to gain them. And yet, even here, it is not easy to separate truth from slander. Do you tell me that he was indifferent to the claims of friendship? I answer that he pleaded with Elizabeth to bestow pardon and favor upon his bitterest enemy. Do you charge him with contempt of justice? I answer that he never refused to share with others his advantages and his honors. He is accused of cruelty; but even Philip of Spain bears witness to his clemency and mercy. He is held up to scorn as the enemy of honor and virtue; and yet it was one of his last requests that the wages of his mutinous sailors might be paid with the proceeds of his own estate.

But when his steps were directed toward some brilliant achievement, it is plain that he troubled himself little about the path he trod. The courtly arts of flattery and deceit he never disdained to use. If the crafty, though short-sighted Essex imperiled the fortune of the State, Raleigh hastened and rejoiced in his downfall. He was willing to magnify the virtues of a King who had none, and to extol the clemency of the man who had most deeply injured him, if he could thereby enrich the British dominions by another colony or another mine.

Thus each object which he sought seemed to fill the whole horizon. Minor distinctions and external duties sank into insignificance. He sacrificed the convenience of others, as he sacrificed his own. Let us not make him a hero, and then cover him with apologies. It was in his very strength that his weakness lay. His character was grand, but not symmetrical. He was not a cool diplomatist ; he was an enthusiast—a poet. Like Milton, his fertile mind was fruitful in political theories. But, while the author of *Paradise Lost* was content to embody his visions, of a purer and better state, in pamphlets which were lyric poems, Raleigh sought to coin his dreams into fleets, and to incorporate them in colonies. And he dashed at his purpose with the reckless valor of a Prince Geraint, or a Lancelot. What wonder if his bright armor received some dints and some stains !

For it was to this "reckless valor" that his failures were mainly due. Though he did not over-estimate his own powers, he underrated, or rather, overlooked the difficulties which surrounded him. The whims of a capricious woman, the taunts of envious statesmen, the hostility of a fickle populace, the timidity of a monarch who could not look at a sword without shuddering—these were obstacles which he never weighed. The desertion of a friend was always a fresh surprise. He forgot the danger of attempting too much. He forgot that *every* motion was liable to be accounted treason, and that nothing was so perilous as eminence. I say, therefore, that Raleigh was neither a criminal nor a martyr. He never

stopped to count the cost, and he fell a victim to his own sanguine nature, and to a strange fatality of events.

In his private and social life, we note the power of the same personal fascinations which magnetized the seamen at Cadiz, and attracted the courtiers on the terrace at Windsor. We see him smoking his silver pipe in his library at Durham House, or strolling, with his boys, over the hills of Surrey. He laughs and jests with the miners of Cornwall. He finds Spenser in Ireland, complaining of the Muses, and brings him to Court. He writes sonnets, and lays wagers with the Queen. He is rarely disconcerted ; he is never discourteous. When, at the crisis of his life, accused without witnesses and condemned without evidence, he stands before an insolent prosecutor and a venal jury, his unanswerable arguments and his manly deportment carry to every breast the conviction of his innocence, his nobility and his patriotism.

If Raleigh was gay, among the gay courtiers of Windsor Palace, there was also in his nature a vein of religious seriousness—we might almost say of religious fervor—which comes to the surface in his poems, and in his letters to his wife. It had been said that ordinary listeners were daunted by his haughtiness, and his “awfulness of aspect ;” but here, in contrition, he humbly acknowledges his sins, and implores the forgiveness of his Maker. He has been called an atheist ; but now, in the sublimest language, he professes his faith in the Creator and Ruler of the universe, and avows that his greatest desire is to do His will and to win His favor.

In these serious thoughts how far away we seem from the frivolous and treacherous Court which Raleigh adorned. Already the clouds are gathering over the evening of his life. Once, for a moment, the light breaks forth before the sun goes down. Raleigh is free. His early enthusiasm still burns in his breast. True to his old ambition, he sails again across the Atlantic. Surely, as he says, God has given him a strong heart. With a

crew of adventurers and criminals, his last shilling invested in his outfit, a nation sneering at his credulity, all his plans betrayed to Spain by the King who sends him out, and the doom of the law hanging over his head, still he will vindicate his honor, and enrich his country. But the shadows close in about him. The enterprise fails; his son is slain; his ships desert; his grave opens. But he has promised to return; he must redeem his word; and he comes back to die.

The age of chivalry is ended, and its brightest ornament is dead.



REVERY.

When night,—that shrouded spirit—
 With her silken wings
 Hath wrapt the noisy day from mortal eyes,
 And, hushed in dreamy silence,
 With no care for things
 That in their waking hours men most do prize,
 The college quiet sleeps.

There steals a gentle whisper,—
 From those gnarled elms,
 That for a century kindly looking down,
 Have sheltered with their branches
 Wisdom's peaceful realms—
 A whisper like guitar-notes deftly drawn,
 And thro' my window creeps;

And speaks to me in accents
 Of some sage-like friend,—
 To me so weary of the toilsome night,
 That seems as if 'twould never,
 Never have an end :—
 “Who turns each day the planted seed to light,
 No golden harvest reaps.”

Then hushed in sleeping silence
 Is the college green;
 And hushed the leafy elms I love so well,
 And I my cares reposing
 On the Great Unseen,
 Take rest, for “ He who keepeth Israel—
 He slumbers not nor sleeps.”

COLLEGE WRITING.

IF one were to assert that the students of this college, as a class, neither exercise nor encourage literary activity, he would very probably be met by an indignant denial. Yet not only is the assertion warranted by facts, but there are indications of a lessening of even the small interest now felt in literary affairs. The marked carelessness in preparation evinced by the character of our ordinary compositions, the ignominious death of prize debate a few weeks since in Brothers Hall, the lessened interest in even the final contest of Senior year, are straws which plainly indicate the direction of the tide of popular sentiment. Some of us regularly countenance by our presence the speaking for the DeForest and at Junior Exhibitions; all of us critically discuss and condemn the decisions of the faculty on such occasions; yet few, if any, have a real enthusiastic literary spirit.

Why is this? Few men can soberly urge the presence of regular studies as an excuse for neglect of literary work. "The average college student" is really a creature of far more abundant leisure than he, with his traditional ideas and stories of overwork, would willingly admit. Nor can the blame of this neglect be thrown upon the secret societies. Though the charge is often made, there are no reasonable arguments in its support.

The composition subjects are the causes of many anathemas and of no little real discouragement to literary aspirants. Though these subjects do not, of course, cover the whole ground of college writing, yet the objections to them suggest the real cause of the general disinclination to literary effort, viz: a false idea of its purpose and influence.

Composition subjects divide naturally into two classes, those, such as historical or biographical subjects, which require more or less research, and those which admit of no such outside assistance, but, on the contrary, demand careful thought and a good deal of it. It will generally

be found that those who find fault, in all sincerity, doubtless, with one class, are equally dissatisfied with the other. Yet two classes more widely different could hardly be imagined. The same man who abuses the first class of subjects because they require so much reading and allow so little originality; is ready to exclaim against the class for allowing so little reading and requiring so much originality. From the ordinary student stand-point, these objections often appear valid. Yet we cannot suppose that those who have the matter in charge would persist in presenting three kinds of subjects, if they were really open to such serious criticism. Our stand-point, then, cannot be the true one, and we must seek another.

Suppose that the student is not expected to present an entirely original production upon a topic which, in its minutest details, has been already exhausted by eminent historians, nor yet to evolve an unobjectionable theory on some question which maturer minds than his have failed to satisfactorily decide. The hypothesis is at least plausible. Suppose, then, that since he is not regarded as a finished writer, he is treated as a learner, and supplied with such work as will give him the best training. Suppose, in a word, that college writing is a means of discipline in the proper command and use of language, and in the analysis of topics, not a medium for the display of real or fancied talent in the art of composition.

The idea is simple, and affords a simple solution of our difficulty. If the object of writing be to accustom the mind to the accurate analysis and clear expression of thought, it matters little what may be the particular subject by which these ends are furthered. The student who recognizes these objects is not reduced to the hard necessity of choosing the least of the six or eight evils offered to him in the shape of composition subjects. Feeling that each is as suitable as any other for his purposes of drill, he lets his individual liking make the choice, and is troubled by no scruples of conscience, because, being unable to invent an explanation, at once new and plausible, of historical facts, he is forced to accept the old one, nor by any fear lest, on some more general topic, he

may advance heterodox theories which later he himself may be disposed to reject.

Moreover, a hearty faith in this theory of college writing is a great consoler in those defeats which await every aspirant for literary honors. It is not always or necessarily those who win the greatest seeming success in college, who gain the most advantage from their literary work. A greater ease of expression, a more extended vocabulary, and a longer experience, may often conspire to defeat genuine earnest work; but, in the long run, work will win. Those who naturally write with the greatest ease and fluency, other things being equal, get the least benefit from their literary efforts. It has been well said in the pages of this estimable monthly, that many who are by no means prominent as writers while in college often display marked ability in after life. Their earnest efforts vigorously sustained have in the end secured a real success.

We are apt to regard our literary efforts here too much as means for the attainment of class and college honors. These are well enough in their way, and no more than due rewards for diligent literary effort. Still it is not just the thing to engage in literary work simply for that which it will bring in the way of immediate honor; and this seems to be the tendency at least, if it be not already an established practice. Few, at most, can gain these temporary distinctions; and the existence of such a spirit as we have named casts discredit on the real benefits which should accrue from literary activity. It is, perhaps, too much to expect of the average student much genuine devotion to literature; yet surely we may pursue our necessary labors in this department of our college work with a higher appreciation of its possibilities than the meager attention now accorded to it would betoken.

The truest culture, the finest discipline, are the rich rewards which literature offers to all, even the humblest worshipers at her shrine. The hard, earnest thought devoted to a single carefully prepared composition, is worth more in the way of discipline, than the mastering

of some of Euclid's most intricate and "elegant" demonstrations. The original views of fancy which an eloquent subject will open to the mind of even the most prosaic, promise a truer culture than can be found in the mechanical, though rigorously elegant rendering of the pages of a Greek or Latin classic. The storing of the mind with elegant learning, the disciplining even of its various powers, are labor wasted, unless there is an outlet for the display of the learning and the use of the culture.

Nor must it be forgotten that literary work is a valuable aid to the formation of a correct and appreciative literary taste. It is the experienced soldier who discerns most clearly the merits of a successful campaign. No one can so well admire the beauties, and so calmly judge the faults of an author, as he who has trodden the same path, though it may be at a distance and with halting steps. In this respect, the advantages of literary work should appeal to every student. All of us have some taste for reading, all of us desire to have an appreciative and critical judgment of the books which we read; and nothing is better adapted to strengthen the taste and improve the judgment than literary work. Nor are those who gain prizes and honors the only, or even the special recipients of this culture. The hardest workers always get the most real good, though not always the immediate prize.

Again, college writing needs more independence. Not more license—of that it has too much already—but more of that spirit which will prompt a man to uphold an unpopular cause, or attack a popular evil, among his own associates. There is now too much anxiety as to how a subject or an article will suit the fellows. The man who writes for his own improvement must be, in a great measure, free from this feeling. He would, of course, prefer that his production be liked and praised; he knows that an article which pleases no one, must be a poor thing. Since, however, he does not regard praise as the *summum bonum* to be attained by his efforts, he is neither provoked nor discouraged by hard censure.

I have mentioned only a few, though perhaps the most important of the benefits to be derived from the diligent prosecution of literary work in the true spirit. They are hints rather than arguments, more calculated to suggest a train of useful thought than to convince by their own weight. Yet "a word to the wise" should be sufficient, and we may at least hope for a renewed and added interest in literary work among the students of this college. If one cannot even yet be quite reconciled to the traditional character of the composition subjects, let us remember that the pages of the LIT. are always open to the "rising author." And whatever customs of questionable or unquestionable value we may aid in abolishing, may it not be said of us that we have done aught to disparage the worth of literary culture at "Old Yale."

H. M. D.

NOTABILIA.

WE have always had a wholesome respect for the faculty, and have generally been able to see good reasons for their actions. But one old custom yet remains which appears too foolish and absurd to emanate from such a source. We refer to the custom of "writing home" on sixteen marks, during third term. We have tried to look at the matter in every light possible, but we fail to find the slightest reason for the course pursued. During our Sophomore Year no letters were sent until thirty-two marks had been accumulated, and we thought that this custom had gone the way of so many others for which more reason could be urged than for this. But it seems that we were mistaken; for some, at least, of our present instructors still continue the old plan, and the hearts of many anxious parents are made sad by the meaningless but dread-sounding words "Your son is placed upon the first stage of probation." This may be a small matter in the eyes of the faculty, and a mere joke in the opinion of

students, but it is no small matter, no joke, when parents receive such threatening words from such a source. Students may explain, but they cannot force from their friends the feeling that something must be wrong, that there must be some reason for the warning of our instructors. "Placed upon the first stage of probation" are no pleasant words to anxious parents, and to write them home in the name of the faculty, when they can mean nothing more nor less than that a man has incurred one-half of the marks which are given him for the term, is inexcusably trifling with parents' feelings. It is implanting in their minds a sort of distrust and anxiety for their sons which is not deserved. This, we repeat, is no small matter. The confidence of parent in child is a sacred tie, which should not be violated without reason or excuse. The good reputation of a child at home is a source of great comfort there, and of inestimable value to him. To sow the seeds of distrust is a serious matter. Letters for sixteen marks during the first and second terms may be defended, but all arguments vanish before the greater liberty of thirty-two marks which are allowed third term. Perhaps it is only a few sticklers for the letter of the law, and not the whole faculty, who are directly to be blamed for the continued observance of the old custom. But if there is a provision in the rules of the faculty which justifies any such proceeding, they owe it to their own dignity, to the manhood of the students, and to the feelings of parents that it be immediately removed.

For the third time at least in the history of the DeForest speaking, two contestants have been adjudged equal, and been requested to draw lots for the most coveted prize here. This seems to be the most farcical ending possible to such a serious and important matter, and it is not to be wondered at that the two gentlemen refused to stake the result of their hard labor on the mere "flip of a cent," and told one of the faculty that if there were any games of chance to be played, they

wished the faculty would play them, and not leave them to others. It is rather comical, to be sure, to think of President Porter and Prof. Hadley "tossing up" for the winner of the DeForest, but it is no more absurd than their asking the contestants to do it themselves. The DeForest is offered to "*that scholar* who shall write and pronounce an English oration in the best manner." If it is considered unallowable to divide it, it is the bounden duty of the judges to determine in some manner *the best man*. If they get into a tight place in the decision, it is their business to get out of it the best way they can. If such questionable alternatives as the "flipping" of a cent must be resorted to, it is theirs to employ them. The method of drawing lots is merely dodging the point, and it is unpleasant for the gentlemen concerned. The ultimate winner must always feel that the medal he possesses is not fairly his, and that it is his only by right of a little successful gambling; while the loser must feel that he is unfairly deprived of his just laurels. It is often a difficult matter, we know, to decide between two men; but in a matter so important there should be certain fixed standards of judgment, as we learn there are not. Every man decides by his own impressions and by his own conception of an "English oration." As a consequence, unanimity cannot be expected, opinions will be as diversified as the style of the pieces. If the relative merits of "thought, style, and delivery" were established, it would seem that the character of the pieces might afford the means of making at least some slight guess at *the best*. It has become quite a common practice here lately to divide prizes. Perhaps the idea is that more will be gratified. Poor gratification, however, we feel it is, for half a prize smacks strongly of no prize at all. It looks very much as though the judges didn't want to bother their heads about the decision, and rather than make a mistake, concluded to honor both. We know that this is not so, but if there can be no standard fixed, no distinction between pieces of very equal merit, we fail to see the advantage of prizes in emergencies.

Since writing the above we have learned on good authority that the faculty have decided that the two gentlemen may retain the honor jointly, and divide the prize. This is a very sensible conclusion, and the only one which with any decency they could arrive at under the circumstances. We are glad to know that there is to be no more gambling for the DeForest. It certainly can no more conflict with the provision of the giver of the DeForest that it should be held jointly, than that it should be given to *one* on any other basis than that of absolute superiority.

The College world has been quite excited of late over the new enterprise in the shape of a College paper to supplant the *Courant*. We do not know how long the project has been in the minds of the favoured few, but it came upon the College very suddenly about a week ago. Barely three days elapsed after it began to be whispered about before the plans were all consummated, the editors selected, and the subscription-list quite respectably started. In fact it sprang forth almost a full-fledged Minerva. That the new paper will be a great improvement upon the *Courant* typographically is certain, and that there will be an improvement in the matter of the sheet is highly probable. Altogether "the new departure" promises to be a progress and a success. But while we give our hearty support to the new enterprise, we must confess that considerable injustice has been done Mr. Chatfield. He has not been treated in that open and honourable manner which he deserved, as the founder and publisher of the *Courant*. If the editors had any fault to find with the management, it was their duty to acquaint him of the facts, and then, if he refused to accede to their demands, they could inform him that he must either give them more favorable terms, or they should be compelled to leave him and start a new paper. This would have been the true business-like and gentlemanly course to have pursued. Mr. Chatfield first founded the *Courant* under discouragements, and without the example of a weekly College paper to assure him of success. For

years he has been improving it, until it has become in all truth a good paper, and still the only example of a College weekly. To this, the labor of his hands, he has full claim. To the interest which he has excited in such a publication, to this field which he has broken up and rendered fertile, and to the support of the students he has a good and prior claim. It was due to him that he be consulted before any steps were taken. His love for the paper, and his fear of losing his support, we doubt not, would have led him to improve it, and remove whatever was objectionable in its management. We are no champions of Mr. Chatfield. His treatment of the LIT. has been far from honorable, but we think, considering the circumstances, that he should be treated with respect. The new paper will doubtless be better than Mr. Chatfield would have made his, but let the editors remember that they are reaping where another has sown. What Mr. Chatfield will do with the *Courant* we do not know. We suspect that any attempt to continue it will prove a failure. The interest of the students is excited in this new project, and their prejudices and personal feelings are enlisted in it. To fight against these, we feel, is mere "midsummer madness." To have one's house pulled down over his head is no pleasant feeling, and is something which one is not likely to allow without a struggle. Mr. Chatfield's feelings will doubtless prompt him to continue his publication, and we imagine he will.

However much we may question the sagacity of the faculty in important matters, we assuredly can have no doubts upon the point in relation to more trifling subjects. In "ye olden time" of College history, the fall term used to extend over Christmas. The students took advantage of this holiday to create a great deal of noise and disturbance. They formed in procession, and preceded by noisy instruments marched about the city "raising Ned generally." It soon became a great nuisance in the eyes of both citizens and faculty. All

measures were resorted to to put a stop to them. But they were of no use. In spite of the interdictions of the faculty and the "peelers" the student heart would rejoice, and did rejoice in the most hilarious manner. At last a happy thought struck the faculty, and it was decided to close the term before Christmas. This was, of course, a death-blow to the celebration. More recently the Fourth of July has become a gala day for the students, and the license which that day permits has resulted in very noisome but harmless demonstrations. Fireworks have been in great demand, and "from early morn till dewy eve" and considerably later, the College yard has been one big resounding fire-cracker. This year the term closed the day before the Fourth. Perhaps there is no connection between these two facts, but with the light of past experience about us, it appears at least rather suspicious.

The *Advocate* and the *Courant* have been enjoying a little tilt over the late ball match at Boston. We do not wish to interfere, but as the *Advocate* has taken occasion to cast some severe strictures upon our report of the game also, we feel called upon to reply. They take great offense at our criticisms upon the umpire, and bristle up at the thought that he could have been anything but fair and impartial. The *Advocate* enters into a long and laborious argument to prove that men are not infallible, and that "to err is human." It closes with the decisive words, "The truth is simply this, that an umpire cannot be either infallible or omniscpective." Just so. We do not expect perfection in an umpire. But it is a little too much to excuse an umpire's unfairness on the ground of human infallibility. Certain errors are expected, and attend all umpiring, but a certain general fairness is also expected, and the absence of it is not to be exculpated on the infallibility dodge. Whatever was the conduct of the umpire, the moralizings of the *Advocate* are wholly irrelevant, and prove only a common maxim in morals. The *Advocate* seems to be very

desirous to avoid the facts, and to discuss the matter in a general way. It talks much of our ungentlemanliness in questioning the decisions of the umpire, but it says very little of the objections we raised. Their strongest argument seems to be that Mr. Cone was formerly a player on the Boston nine, and has had considerable experience. This, we fear, is hardly a sufficient voucher for his conduct. We wish our cotemporary would look more to the incidents of the game than to such generalizations. It does, indeed, say with an air of triumph, that Chisholm was declared out on the home base when *he was not touched with the ball*. "This alone," it says, "would balance all the alleged errors of the umpire, if considered in its relations." Hardly. An exactly similar instance occurred earlier in the game, when a member of the Yale nine was decided out at second, and the baseman himself acknowledged he did not touch him. Yet no Yale man ever advanced this as an argument against the umpire. Here human infallibility may apply. Such errors are excusable, and our case does not rest upon such uncertain ground. The *Advocate* also takes great pleasure in saying that only one of the six Boston papers blamed the umpire. We should consider it of little importance if *none* had done so. But one at least was very severe in its strictures, and others noticed his unfairness, but tried to advance the human depravity argument as a justification. As for ourselves, we ask no stronger proofs than that a Boston crowd hissed a Boston umpire when he decided in favor of the Boston-Harvard nine, and that an officer of the Boston nine accused Mr. Cone, in the presence of Yale witnesses, of having sold the game.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from June 12 to July 6, a short period, but well filled with all that makes college life miserable. One week of exasperating review, two weeks of alternate boiling in Alumni Hall and nakedness in the privacy of our own apartments, and two days of heart breaking partings with carpets, bedroom furniture and classmates;—surely the lines have not fallen to us in pleasant places. In the midst of our troubles it was a relief to hear the announcement of the

Drawing for Rooms,

Which is usually a matter of considerable interest on pecuniary and other grounds; but alas! the locating officer had all the fun to himself this year. A large number of Juniors retained their present rooms, which, of course, worked decidedly to the advantage of the rest of the class. A good many misguided men went to South College, but Durfee was undoubtedly the favorite building this year. Thanks to the persevering efforts of Prof. Thacher, the Chapel fund is at last sufficient to warrant the immediate erection of a building for divine service and prize declamation. The new chapel will be located on the corner north of Farnam and east of Durfee, and will probably cost about \$90,000. It is reported that ground will also be broken for the Peabody Museum this summer, and that a site has been selected on the south-west corner of Elm and High streets. The

Concert

Given by the graduating scholars of Dr. Stoeckel's Conservatory of Music, assisted by the Yale Glee Club, at the lecture room of the Calvary Baptist Church, on Monday evening, June 17, was a great success. The Doctor presided in his own inimitable way, and his pupils showed careful training and several of them great proficiency. The Glee Club sang in remarkably good time and tune and added greatly to the attractions. The audience was large, and notwithstanding the intense heat, appreciative and enthusiastic. The ladies were much more numerous than at the

DeForest Speaking,

Which occurred Friday afternoon, June 28, in the College Chapel, proving beyond question that "music hath charms" which oratory

hath not. In accordance with the award of Townsend Prizes the following gentlemen spoke for the DeForest Medal:—1. Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert E. Coe, Bloomfield, N. J. 2. Sir Walter Raleigh, Alexander R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y. 3. Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry M. Saunders, New York City. 4. Gibbon's "Secondary Causes for the Rapid Growth of the Christian Church," Charles J. H. Ropes, London, England. 5. Gibbon's "Secondary Causes for the Rapid Growth of the Christian Church," John H. Hincks, Bridgeport. 6. Progress of English Poetry in the Treatment of External Nature, Frank D. Root, Coventry. The Faculty were unable to distinguish any difference in merit between the performances of Messrs. Coe and Hincks, and to them, therefore, was awarded the privilege of drawing lots for the prize. As they refused to do this, the Faculty after some discussion awarded them the DeForest in "joint proprietorship." Mr. Root's piece, also, was very favorably received by the audience. At the conclusion of the speaking the President made the following announcement of

College Awards.

Berkeley Scholarship (Senior), Greene Kendrick. English Composition—Honorable Mention (Senior), 1st rank, Charles C. Deming; Robert E. Coe; George F. Moore; Thomas R. Bacon, John H. Hincks (equal); Alexander R. Merriam; James H. Clendennin. 2d rank, Clarence Deming, David J. H. Willcox (equal); Ely R. Hall; Greene Kendrick, George Richards, Henry M. Sanders (equal); Leonard E. Curtis, Benjamin Hoppin (equal); Francis U. Downing, David S. Holbrook, Edwin S. Lines, Edward T. Owen (equal). Senior Mathematical Prizes—1st, Francis U. Downing; 2d, Charles C. Stearns. W. W. DeForest Scholarship (Junior)—Herbert M. Denslow. Winthrop Prize (Junior)—1st, Frank B. Tarbell; 2d, Edward S. Cowles. Sophomore Mathematical Prizes—George F. Doughty, Charles W. Minor, Edward P. Morris. Sophomore Composition Prizes (Third Term)—1st, Owen F. Aldis, Edward R. Dunham, Edward D. Robbins, Henry B. B. Stapler; 2d, Edward L. Curtis, William Parken, Edward W. Southworth, Arthur D. Whittemore; 3d, Pearce Barnes, Thomas W. Grover, Cortes Maxwell, Henry H. Ragan. Freshman Scholarships: Woolsey Scholarship—Carl T. Chester; Hurlburt Scholarship—William H. Hotchkiss; Runk Scholarship—Henry S. Gulliver. Immediately after the above announcements a majority of the students adjourned to Lake Saltonstall to witness the

Summer Regatta.

About the usual number went out in carriages, and ten cars carried the rest over the Shore Line R. R. As one of the boats was necessarily withdrawn, there was no double scull race, and the afternoon's sport commenced with the

Single Scull Race.

The entries were J. A. R. Dunning, '74; H. S. Potter, '72; J. W. Smith, '73; H. DeF. Weeks, '74. Smith made the best start, but was overhauled and beaten by Potter, who crossed the line in 17 min. $57\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Smith followed in 18 min. 13 sec., and Dunning in 18 min. $25\frac{1}{4}$ sec. Weeks' time was not taken. After a short delay the shell crews appeared and pulled leisurely to the starting line, and at the word "go!" the

Shell Race

Commenced. The entries were the University—F. Adeé (bow), Gunn, Cook, Flagg, McCook, Day (stroke); Scientifics—Smith (bow), Hill, Rogers, Cogswell, Buck, Davenport (stroke); Juniors—Boyce, (bow), Allen, Merritt, Russell, Myer, Oaks (stroke); Freshmen—Post (bow), Selmes, McBirney, Richards, Cutter, McClintock (stroke). The water was in a most favorable condition and the crews in excellent spirits. From beginning to end the race was interesting, and at the finish very close and exciting. The Juniors, though a light crew, pulled in such perfect form as to more than set off the inferiority of individual men. The University turned first, and were well under way before the Juniors were around; but they retained this advantage only as far as the point whence the two crews came down the lake in splendid style, the University pulling forty six strokes a minute and the Juniors forty-eight. It was for a long time impossible to tell which was leading, but at fifty yards from the end the Juniors were seen to be ahead and seemed about to finish the race in that order, when Day made the most brilliant spurt ever seen on Saltonstall, and the University shot across the line, winner by half a length. The Scientifics also pulled pluckily and altogether the race may be considered by far the best ever rowed in New Haven. The time was as follows: University, 19 min. 44 sec.; Juniors, 19 min. $48\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; Scientifics, 21 min.; Freshmen, 21 min. 28 sec. The Juniors were handicapped 15 sec. over the University, and so won the race and the first prize of \$75. The University also gave the Freshman a handicap of 25 sec. The cars and carriages were soon

filled, and the crowd rapidly disappeared in the direction of New Haven. Saturday evening, June 29, there was a barge race on the harbor to fulfill the conditions of the Phelps Prizes. At a boating meeting held Wednesday afternoon, June 19, Henry A. Oaks, '73, was elected President of the Y. U. B. C. for the coming year, Wm. E. Wheelock, '73, Vice President, and Frank H. Olmsted, '74, Treasurer. The University crew has been definitely selected and is constituted as follows: F. Adee (bow), Gunn, Cook, Oaks, McCook, Day (stroke).

Base Ball.

Enthusiasm in this line naturally died down after the last game with Harvard and but two matches have been played since. On Saturday afternoon, June 22, the Freshman nines of Yale and Harvard met at Hamilton Park. C. Deming, '72 was chosen umpire and the game was called at three o'clock. The fielding was excellent for Freshman nines, but the batting was very inferior to that of the last several years. Avery's pitching unquestionably won the game. The following was the score:—

YALE.			HARVARD.					
	O.	R.		O.	R.			
Hotchkiss, -----	3	2	Annan, -----	4	0			
Mitchell, -----	3	2	King, -----	3	0			
Strong, -----	4	0	Watson, -----	3	0			
Avery, -----	3	0	Willard, -----	4	0			
Reid, -----	4	0	Cutter, -----	2	1			
Irwin, -----	5	0	Kent, -----	3	0			
Smith, -----	2	1	Richardson, -----	3	0			
Patton, -----	0	2	Gray, -----	3	0			
Jones, -----	3	1	Bird, -----	2	0			
<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>		
Total, -----	27	8	Total, -----	27	1			
<i>Innings</i> —1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, -----	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	3—8
Harvard, -----	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1
<i>Umpire</i> —C. Deming, '72.								

On Saturday afternoon, June 29, the University, after a spiritless game defeated the Rose Hill Juniors. Monday evening, July 1, a University Ball meeting was held in Brothers Hall for the purpose of electing officers for next year. H. E. Benton, '73, was elected President by ballot, S. C. Bushnell, '74, Secretary, and H. B. B. Stapler, '74, Treasurer, by acclamation. Immediately after this business had been transacted, opportunity was given the *Courant* board to propose and explain the

New Departure.

H. W. B. Howard briefly set forth the object of the meeting, and was followed by all the new board and several members of previous boards, who developed at some length the new project, which is briefly this:—To start a new paper which shall be edited by three Seniors selected yearly by the retiring board, two Juniors and one Sophomore elected yearly by their respective classes. A name for the baby has not yet been decided upon, and many of the minutiae are as yet imperfectly arranged. Messrs. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor will print the sheet, and Mr. Hoadley will publish it. Enough subscribers have been already obtained to insure financial success for the first year. The Juniors and Sophomores have elected their editors, who, with the new *Courant* editors, compose the following board: E. A. Bradford, S. J. Elder, and J. H. Van Buren, '73; C. J. Harris and T. P. Wickes, '74; C. Tillinghast, '75.

Speakers at Commencement.

Thursday, July 11, in the Centre Church, those of the following gentlemen who have not been previously excused, having donned the traditional dress coat, will softly tread that ill used carpet and, in presence of the "wisdom, wit, and beauty of the land," will pour forth their commencement eloquence: J. H. Clendenin, R. E. Coe, C. C. Deming, F. U. Downing, C. F. Emerson, J. H. Hincks, D. S. Holbrook, B. Hoppin, R. R. Kendall, G. Kendrick, E. S. Lines, A. R. Merriam, G. F. Moore, C. B. Ramsdell, G. Richards, H. M. Sanders, F. Schell, D. J. H. Willcox.

The Day we Celebrate

Was observed in this city with that utter lack of common sense which usually renders it memorable. Hostilities commenced at an early hour, and fingers innumerable were burned before sunrise. The hard shower which blew up in the afternoon must have seriously interfered with the numerous picnics and pleasure excursions which had been planned and, doubtless, looked forward to by Young America with intense eagerness. The most extensive enterprise was the steamboat excursion to New York, gotten up by Boston parties and supported mostly by Boston people. College was very quiet. We missed the Olympic games, the pyrotechnic display, and the fraternal singing at the fence which so pleasantly characterized last year's Fourth. Another opportunity lost for bringing the classes together in a social way!

Yale Glee Club Concert.

The Glee Club assisted by Mr. P. C. Smith, '71, gave a very successful concert on Friday evening, July 5, to the enthusiastic and delighted citizens of Farmington, and to those sojourning there for educational purposes—which last class composed just half the audience. From first to last, the gentlemen from Yale were treated with marked consideration. *Boutonieres* made by fairy fingers were placed in the dressing rooms, each with a pin with which to fasten it on. The club, inspired anew after each piece by the applause of gloved hands, acquitted itself very creditably. A supper with mine host of the Farmington Inn and a serenade followed the concert. The trip, under the able management of the urbane agent of the Club, Mr. Sawyer, '72, was also a financial success.

Items.

The college pulpit was occupied Sunday, June 16, by ex-President Woolsey; June 23, by Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Centre Church; and June 29, by Prof. Fisher.—The advertisements which adorned the college grounds and buildings the last few weeks of the term had a far more business-like look than those of years past. Whether this fact has anything to do with it or not, it is impossible to tell; but an uncommonly large amount of furniture remains unsold, for instance, a remarkable carpet at 230 Durfee.—The under classes were compelled to sit during annuals with their coats on. We are informed that the favorite examination costume of the Seniors was a pair of pants and a handkerchief.—The number of Seniors who are going abroad after graduation is only equalled by the number of Juniors who go to spend the long vacation.—The grass upon the campus which was so long as to be inconvenient has been so poorly cut as to be unsightly.—J. H. Roberts, '73, will ring the bell next year, and the college will miss his voice in morning worship.—A fund on the Theoric system for the purchase of iced drinks was suggested during annuals, but fell through owing to the fact that every one insisted on being treasurer.—The new board issued their first, last and only *Courant* Wednesday, July 3. It was prepared under many disadvantageous circumstances, which undoubtedly accounts for its inferiority. Mr. Chatfield will probably run the *Courant* for a time himself; and it remains to be seen whether the college will support two papers.—A considerable number of students left their rooms for occupation by alumni during Commencement week.—The extraordinary lack of hotel accommodations in the city, owing to the prolonged session of the legislature, has kept away a large number

of graduates and friends of the college.—A member of the Junior class attained his majority at Rood's, Wednesday night, July 3.—The chapel music was of a very uncertain character during the Dr.'s recent visit to Boston.—A number of students took advantage of the half fares over the Shore Line R. R., and went to Boston to the Jubilee.—The Freshmen have commenced their kind attentions to the incoming class. President Porter has requested that they tender their solicitations and advice in a manner less obnoxious to railroad officials, travelers and citizens generally.—T. P. Vaille, '73, will have charge of commons next year.—Among the customs which '72 has abolished is that of sending promenade tickets to the Lrr. editors, and yet they expect the affair to be a success.—'73, as usual, was the last class through examinations. The class also felt that they had been misused when, glancing at the Literature paper, they saw that no opportunity had been afforded them of telling how the writings of John Webster "breathed the very odor of the charnel," and perceived that to pass in Astronomy it was not necessary to "elevate the pole to the latitude of the place."—The Berkeley premiums for Latin Prose Composition were awarded Wednesday, June 18, to the following Sophomores: 1st Prizes—H. W. Farnam, W. Parkin, J. W. Peck, A. B. Thacher; 2nd Prizes—H. Baldwin, E. A. Bouchet, G. L. Fox, T. W. Grover, H. A. James, F. H. Olmsted.—One of the ornaments of the Chapel choir as he glanced down on a recent Sunday from the sky parlor toward the pit and beheld an immaculate but obnoxious preacher in the pulpit, was heard to exclaim: "O Lor'! What has the college done?"—The Promenade invitations are very tastefully gotten up and reflect great credit upon Gavit & Co.—The mercury several times last week attained the alarming altitude of 101° in the shade.—A climax in bottle-breaking was reached on the last evening of the term by the high-stand denizens of the fourth floor of Durfee.—The following Sophomores have been chosen to declaim in the College Chapel on the evening of Presentation day: G. M. Gunn, H. P. Hatch, E. M. Lyons, E. Men-dell, H. H. Ragan, H. B. B. Stapler, G. M. Stearns, T. P. Wickes.

S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

The past month is noticeable chiefly for the annuals. Owing to the oppressive heat, very little else could be thought of. Some of the examinations were characterized by being more severe than usual. Quite a number have been dropped from the classes.—The first entrance examination for the incoming class occurs on the 6th of July. There is

another the 13th of the same month, and a third immediately preceding the Fall term.—The annual anniversary exercises take place Monday evening, July 8th, when extracts from a few of the theses of the graduating class will be read. The prizes of the year will also be awarded at that time, and the last but not least interesting exercise of the evening is the collation. Only a limited number of tickets for admission will be issued, on account of the size of the room. After this year the anniversary will be held in the Hall of the new building.—Later in the evening '72 have their class supper at the Tremont House.—The retiring Juniors had a class supper Wednesday evening, July 3rd, at Indian Neck. About two-thirds of the class attended. Leaving New Haven in the Nightingale they arrived there at nine o'clock. At supper toasts were drunk to the Faculty, to the Undine B. C., to Calculus, and to the ladies of New Haven, besides many others too numerous to mention. Last of all came the reading of a portion of the class history. Returning, they arrived at New Haven a little before five o'clock in the morning, in time to celebrate the Fourth.

Boating.

A Boating meeting was held on the morning of the 4th. The following persons were elected officers of the Undine B. C. for the coming year: H. T. Gause, '73, Pres.; E. J. Hall, '73, Purser; F. Cogswell, '73, 1st Lieut.; R. D. A. Parrott, '73, 2nd Lieut. The meeting was very thinly attended. Being held at the time that it was, that result was apparently intended beforehand.—A new shell will be purchased before another race, the old one being in a very dilapidated condition. The result of the recent race was due greatly to this, and to the oars, of which five had been broken on the lake previous to the race. More were sent for; but a telegram was returned saying that none of the kind for which they had sent were to be had short of England. This message accidentally reaching Davenport of '73, instead of Davenport of '71, S. S. S., and through great negligence not being handed to the latter until five days after it was received, there was no time to procure any kind of oars; hence Davenport was compelled to use one too short at both ends, so that the port side was too weak for the starboard. This accounts mainly for the poor steering and time made. It is not, however, fully understood how the Academic crew could take the 2d prize by rowing afterward a scrub barge race.—The Freshmen are to send a crew to Springfield to enter the Freshmen race.—During the race at Saltonstall C. T. Smith had a gold watch and chain stolen, and H. H. Buck, \$60 in money. They were taken from their clothes as they lay in the room above the boat house.

BOOK NOTICES.

Goethe: his Life and Works. By George H. Calvert. Pp. 276. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

Mr. Calvert undertook to compose a sort of Goethe-gospel, if we may so call it, in which the various features and expressions of the great German's character should be combined into a grand whole. In other words he has not written a chronological biography, but has treated separately Goethe's studies, his surroundings, his intimacies and his works.

It would be pleasant to accord unqualified praise to a work of this kind; but the fact is that the book has faults considerable enough to demand mention. Mr. Calvert has introduced into his estimate of Goethe matter which has about as much connection with the subject in hand as "chops and tomato sauce" had with the trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick. His luxuriant rhetoric becomes now and then distressingly jumbled. The specimens of translation which he offers are for the most part failures. More than this, Goethe's refined selfishness and loose morals are worshiped by him as thoroughly as his other and nobler characteristics.

With these detractions, which affect our enjoyment of the essay, but not its real value, Mr. Calvert has been successful. He is thoroughly in love with his subject. He criticises appreciatively and discriminately. His hints and comments are full of thought. In a word, he has drawn no mean picture of a vast and a splendid man.

Notes on England. By H. Taine. Translated, with an introductory chapter, by W. F. Rae. Pp. 377. New York: Holt & Williams. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield.

In this collection of desultory essays, Taine elaborates his theory of English character. He deals with men, not with things; or if he deals with things, it is only so far as they throw light upon men. Of course, in describing a foreign people one seizes upon those traits which are unfamiliar to him; and Taine's analysis of English character amounts to a comparison between French and English ways of thinking and acting. It is not to be expected that most Englishmen, or Americans either, will altogether sympathise with the Frenchman's views. The lack of any profound religious convictions prevents him from thoroughly appreciating the religious side of the English mind. To him the street preacher proclaiming the gospel to the outcasts of London, is only a singular phenomenon. The public sentiment of England against the employment of oaths in conversation is in his eyes a piece of religious prudery. On the other hand, the frightful immorality which hangs on the skirts of the Derby, though he sighs over it a little, seems to strike him chiefly as lacking the "brilliancy, dash and liveliness" which belong to French licentiousness. But on the whole, Taine is as cosmopolitan, as free from prejudice, as sympathetic, as it is possible for a man to be. He may jump to conclusions which the facts will not warrant, but he is not blinded by French prejudices. He admires the Englishman for his robust physique and his force of character, but finds him lacking in the finer graces, the adaptability to circumstances, and the *élan*, which go to make up

the Frenchman. Taine's comments and suggestions, wittily and pointedly expressed as they are, are calculated to do away with many false impressions. He shows that the quintessence of all things desirable is not in England. He shows the English people where they are strong and where weak. If his book should lead to the adoption of some French ideas, it would do a good work.

Smoke. By I. S. Turgenev. Pp. 291. New York: Holt & Williams. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield.

This is a Russian novel whose plot is as follows: Gregory Mikhailovitch Litvinof falls in love with Irene Pavlovna, daughter of Prince Paul Vasilevitch Osinine. The prince has lost his possessions and is living in Moscow in a state of destitution. Irene is beautiful, with the beauty of which novelists are so lavish. "Her complexion was clear as porcelain, and her cheeks were tinged with a rosy flush, such as is rarely seen at her age; her thick tresses were of a golden hue, shading into brown; and her deep gray eyes, veiled beneath lashes as long and shining as those of an Egyptian goddess, and arched by high and delicately pencilled eyebrows, were truly fascinating." What wonder, then, that when the Court visits Moscow and gives a ball at which Irene is present, Prince Alexander Feodorovitch, Count Blasenkrampf, and all the rest of the Russian nobility, are captivated by her charms? What wonder that the Czar's chamberlain, Count Reusenbach, invites her to grace his house in St. Petersburg? What wonder that she weeps copiously at the thought of leaving her beloved Gregory Mikhailovitch, but that, dazzled by the opportunities for conquest that open before her, she decides to go? On hearing the news the devoted lover exhibits the proper feelings and beats his head against the wall in the truly traditional and time-honored fashion. Then they go their separate ways. She marries General Valerien Ratmirof and he meanwhile becomes affianced to the angelic Tatiana Petrovna Chestof. Now it appears that the circle into which Irene Pavlovna is introduced is not compatible with her tastes. Her husband and his friends are not *au fait* in music and the fine arts, and in fact are quite vulgar generally. It accordingly happens that when she meets Gregory Mikhailovitch in Baden-Baden, where he is awaiting the arrival of his betrothed, her love for him returns. Her passion is reciprocated and they agree to elope. His resolution wavers once or twice, but she recovers him thus: "She seized him by both hands and laid her head upon his breast, while her hair, loosened from its sumptuous folds, fell about him like a perfumed cloud." At the last moment, however, her own courage gives way. She would like to have him go to St. Petersburg, where she might always enjoy the pleasure of his society, but she will not ostracise herself. This not being satisfactory to him, he leaves her forever, having previously broken the heart of Tatiana. For two years he judiciously devotes himself to soothing rural employments. At the end of this time he returns to Tatiana, is pardoned and accepted.

If one takes up Turgenev's fiction simply to while away the hours of a hot summer day, he will find in it only what we have described,—a series of vapid incidents strung on a thread of unpronounceable Russian names. But the truth is that *Smoke* contains a great deal more than is apparent on a superficial reading. Turgenev possesses in a high degree the power of character-

ization,—a power in comparison with which originality of plot is of insignificant importance. This skill in delineating character is exhibited in its highest degree in the portraiture of Irene. That alone would place *Smoke* in the front rank among fictions.

Fly Leaves. By C. S. C. Pp. 233. New York: Holt & Williams. New Haven: Judd & White.

Here is some of the most delightful humor we ever saw. The author, while performing feats of versification and rhyming which almost take one's breath away, pours forth a torrent of fun, under whose influence the most melancholy man would be provoked to a smile. The volume contains good natured take-offs of the modern English poets from Tennyson to Tupper, and a good deal besides, all of which must be read to be appreciated. If any one wants a hearty laugh, let them read the Proverbial Philosophy, or Changed, or In the Gloaming, or—but an enumeration of the good things would amount to a table of contents.

The Dickens Dictionary. By Gilbert A. Pierce, with additions by William A. Wheeler. Illustrated. Pp. 513. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

This dictionary contains, besides an analysis of each of Mr. Dickens' works and full explanations of the circumstances of their composition and publication, accounts of the more than fifteen hundred characters of Dickens' creation. The motto of the manual well explains its object: "If he be ignorant, who would not wish to enlarge his knowledge? If he be knowing, who would not willingly refresh his memory?" It seems to us vastly better to become acquainted with Dickens by carefully reading him than to acquire a superficial knowledge of him through the medium of a compilation like this; but for purposes of reference, of which almost any one at some time feels the need, this dictionary is admirable. Nothing is wanting to make it convenient and complete.

A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. George Curtius. Pp. 369. New York: Harper & Brothers. New Haven: Judd & White.

So far as we can see, the publication of Dr. Curtius' Grammar was quite uncalled for. Prof. Hadley's Grammar is based upon that of Curtius', and contains not only all that is valuable in the original, but much additional matter.

The *Yale Index* shows about the usual number of perhaps excusable typographical errors, most of which have been pointed out by the *Courant*. Besides these there are other mistakes for which the plea of oversight is hardly sufficient. Such are the error in the list of delegates to the Psi Upsilon Convention and certain deviations from the usual and proper alphabetical order of arranging the names. Thus Richards is incorrectly placed before Graves in the list of 1st base singers of the Yale Glee Club; Slade before Shepard among the 2d tenors of the College Choir; and Richards before Hall and Kendrick and Lines before Downing and Holbrook among the honorable mentions of the second rank for English Composition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Boston Illustrated. Pp. 120. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

Spectrum Analysis Discoveries. From the works of Schellen, Young, Roscoe, Lockyer, Huggins and others. Pp. 142. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck, Judd & White.

Choisy. By James P. Story. Pp. 131. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

A Good Investment. By William Flagg. Pp. 116. New York: Harper & Brothers. New Haven: Judd & White.

Is it True? Tales Curious and Wonderful. Collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Pp. 208. New York: Harper & Brothers. New Haven: Judd & White.

My Little Lady. Pp. 354. New York: Holt & Williams. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield.

Three Generations. By Sarah A. Emery. Pp. 244. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The Whispering Pine. By Elijah Kellogg. Pp. 300. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The Fatal Marriages. By Henry Cockton. Pp. 233. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

—♦♦♦—

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Those of our readers who have been wont to turn from the stronger meats of the preceding pages to the Editor's Table for a desert of choice morsels of nonsense, culled from our reviews, must this month suffer disappointment. During the short time since our last issue, our College exchanges, large and small, have, with few exceptions, maintained a rigid decorum. The *Southern Collegian* and *Virginia University Magazine*, having wound up the collegiate world to a proper respect for the intellect of Virginia, rest in silence on their laurels, and ceasing to be vituperative, cease also to be interesting. The *Acorn* issues a sheet of unexceptionable literary merit. Even the "mixed" periodicals cut no feminine capers for our delectation. The supply of poetry, too, from which we can usually expect, with certainty, so many tid bits, shows a discouraging improvement. No would-be swans have "made geese of themselves," in the endeavor to preserve in metre the fragrance of the roses, strawberries, and other luxuries of the season, whose effect is generally so apparent in the writings of June. In spite of the abundance of these delicacies here, we are forced to conclude that in other parts of the Union they have been a short crop.

Still, amid the universal barrenness we find a few green things. We would not, however, thus designate the *University Herald*, of Syracuse University, whose virgin number lies before us. It is printed on the best of tinted paper, and numbers among its contributors "some of the best minds of the University, the city, and this section of the State." With such help it may expect success. Class statistics from this institution are responsible for designating red hair as "Syracuse" color; because it is "just beyond Auburn." Only an accurate knowledge of the geography of the N. Y. Central R. R., will enable the reader to perceive the point.

The *Herald of Health* discusses the "physical basis" of College students, and comes to the cheering conclusion that their health is above the average—but sagely adds that it might be still better if they would eat less and sleep more.

The *Nassau Lit.* rejoices in the entire absence at Princeton of "that overbearing, conceited, 'small aristocracy,' generally known as class feeling, to be found in some New England Colleges."

An ocular phenomenon has appeared at Williamstown, in the shape of a young lady who, beside an ordinary pupil, has also an academic student in her eye.

We know not whether nature or the printer has been so liberal to the Senior Class at Michigan University, but, by reliable class statistics, their tallest man is $61\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and their shortest 54.

The poet of Union casts a retrospective glance over his College course, and this is how he felt in its earlier stages—

" 'Twas but yesterday we stood,
Strong in resolve, weak in our knees,
Amid the wise and good
Who, Heaven ordained, watched o'er our way."

Nothing but our own sympathetic recollection enables us to infer that the occasion referred to in the second line is the entrance examination.

Lady—If you continue talking thus, Sir, I really must hold my hands over my ears.

Student—Ah, dear lady! your little hands would not cover them.—*McKendron Repository*.

College Days, in an article on libraries, sets down the College library of Yale at 27,000, instead of 60,000 vols., and the total of College and Society libraries at 60,000, instead of 97,000 vols.

The same paper poetizes to the extent of a page on "The Loves of the Students," beginning thus—

" O, the girls! The witching girls!
Snaring the student shaking their curls
Causing poor tutors to groan in despair,
Making Professors' wives lecture and—swear."

The *Denison Collegian* sends us a familiar nursery rhyme thus transformed:—

" Ich sehe gern ein hündelein,
Und streichle ihm den kopf,
Es schwänzelt mit dem schwanz' so fein,
Als frisst das gute geschopf," &c.

The same paper incidentally furnishes one more proof of the benefits of the "mixed" system, in the following:—

" We are informed that the President will furnish *any* lady the standing of any student, who may happen to be waiting upon her, on the presentation of her application."

We have again occasion to protest against the pertinacity of the College *literati* of the States of Virginia, Iowa, and Indiana, in confounding the use of the auxiliaries shall and will.

But, to return from these Western wanderings, we find waiting our notice the *Yale Courant* of July 3, posthumous and only child of the board of '73. We cannot more easily and accurately sum up its merits than by returning

the criticism with which we have ourselves been several times favored by this same paper :—"Without referring to the fact that it is the first of the new board, the number reflects credit on its editors."

We are in a dilemma about penning an obituary on the virtues of the *Courant*, popularly supposed to be defunct—being, on the one hand, loth to miss the opportunity for a cheerful funeral, and on the other, somewhat fearful less the deceased may yet show itself an unpleasantly lively corps. It seems best, until further developments, to preserve a dignified neutrality on the subject, and to content ourselves with offering, in a general way, a hand of greeting to the gentlemen on whom has fallen the lot of bringing into the world a new College publication. We need not speak of the ability of the board which has been selected and elected for the purpose. To quote again, their "literary record" may be allowed to "speak for itself,"—as far as it will. We extend to them our hearty good will, our intelligent sympathy—which will, undoubtedly, be more appreciated at the end of six months than it is at present—and the advice which long editorial experience qualifies us to give, "be (editorially) virtuous, and you will be (financially) happy."

We have seriously meditated the omission of those closing sentences suggested by this festive College season, and stereotyped in every college printing press of the country. But respect for hitherto unviolated custom proves too strong for us, and we proceed to put into as few sentences as possible the orthodox reflections, greetings, and farewells. We remind the undergraduate world of that period of recreation which is now imminent, and urge them to employ it wisely. We tearfully proffer to the graduating class a modestly affectionate farewell. We venture to bring to their notice the fact with which they may be already familiar, that they are standing "at the threshold of life," "On the shore of the untried sea of life," close to the busy whirl of life—in short, that "life" under every possible similitude, is close upon them ; and we venture also to repeat the hope indulged by their successors that they will never try to make more noise in the world than they have made around College. We greet with effusion the "gentlemen of the incoming class." May the *Klotho* of *Alumni Hall* be in the ascendant, and may rust cover the shears of *Atropos*. We offer, also our tribute of esteem to the gathered *Alumni*. Their venerable forms fill us with emotion. We know that it is good for them to be here. We pray that it may be good also for the College. Kind Providence grant them all long lives, long purses, and liberal hearts.

For ourselves, we drop the quill, and, free from editorial and scholastic toils, jingle our triangle in lightsomeness of heart. And, as we bear that sacred emblem to a region never before blessed by its mild radiency, we leave behind our hearty, and, at the same time, classical farewell. *Valete omnes.*

W. B.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JULY, 1872.

[CCCXXX.

TO UNDERGRADUATES.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition the YALE LITERARY PRIZE MEDAL, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions: he must be a member of the academical department and a subscriber to the LIT.; his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, October 19th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

The present Board also offer a Prize of \$10 for the best fictitious story, under the same conditions as the LIT. Medal, except that it must not exceed in length seven pages of the Magazine, and must be handed in on or before the 1st day of October. The Editors will reserve the right of withholding the prize, if in the minds of the judges no piece of sufficient merit be received.

S. O. PRENTICE,
Chairman of Board of Editors.

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We are happy to introduce again to our readers the best of the LIT.'s patrons, Blair & Dudley. Their new store and goods look very inviting.

Were it not against our principles, we should be tempted to perpetrate a miserable pun upon Kimberly and Goodrich's Lykens Valley coal. But we forbear. Neither the firm nor the coal needs a pun to attract attention.

"The *time* is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

So sighed the immortal Hamlet, but he doubtless had no Benjamin & Ford to repair his watch and spare his curses.

Fenn's "big boot" need not scare possessors of small feet. He keeps all sizes, makes and patterns.

Thill can give you a "fit" every time. He don't have to "try, try again."

For pure medicines and a careful compounder, go to Tyler's. He also makes splendid Soda Water.

Hurle's trowsers are unequaled, and in general cutting he has no superior.

When you take your Post-office "constitutional," drop into Brown's and get your cigars, tobacco, &c.

"Row on the dark and deep blue ocean, row,"
And buy your boats of Waters, Balch & Co.

Redcliffe is very satisfactory and accommodating in supplying "bums," private and otherwise.

George Brown has had a long experience in society pin making, and does very careful and tasty work.

Franklin's motto is "cheap but nice."

Lewis already has a large student custom, which his goods and prices well deserve.

Willmott's gorgeous window is only a foretaste of what can be found within.

You can't buy anything in this world "without money and without price," but Douglas and Anthony sell their bags and trunks at very low figures.

Bliss' tailoring establishment is an old college institution.

Crofut & Co. keep the best of goods, and advertise in the Lit. Moral: patronize them.

Dawson & Jones have a fine store, offer nice fruit, and are a gentlemanly firm.

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

Traeger keeps a very good substitute.

Davies is the popular college engraver and plate-printer.

Lockwood's establishment has been long and favorably known to all students. His work is the best of recommendations.

The next thing to being handsome is to have one's picture look so. Notman has the best of recommendations as a photographer. He makes the Senior class look quite respectable.

For clothes diplomatically cut, after the style of the Pope, the Prince of Wales, London, Paris and New York, go to O'Sullivan's.

Hale's is the popular student livery. He keeps the best of saddle and carriage horses, and lets them at reasonable rates.

All who have more money than they can spend should deposit it with Scranton & Co. We presume that there will be a great rush there this term.

Kirby offers special inducements in designing and pin work. See adv.

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